

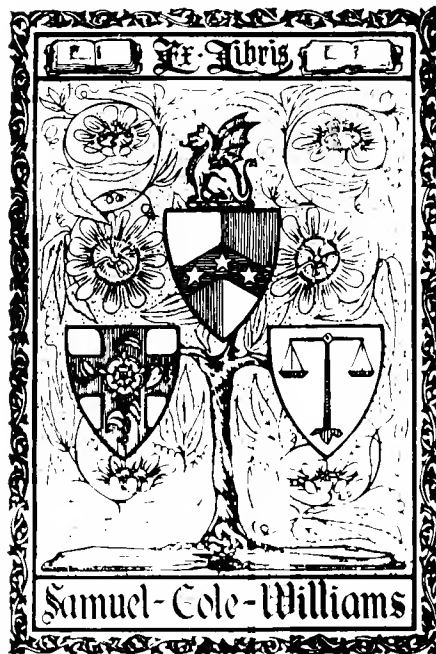


A STORY OF THE WAR



BY A LOUISIANA SOLDIER.

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**NEW ORLEANS.**



# A SOLDIER'S STORY OF THE WAR;

INCLUDING THE MARCHES AND BATTLES

OF THE

## WASHINGTON ARTILLERY,

AND OF

## OTHER LOUISIANA TROOPS.



"Chosen men for occasions of difficulty. There are no troops in the world that can be taken indiscriminately for brilliant services, and undoubtedly none more so than for storming works."  
—CARNOT.

"Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
Have I not in the pitched battle heard,  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds and trumpets clang?"—SHAKESPEARE.



NEW ORLEANS:  
1874.



THE writer of the following pages asks the indulgence of subscribers for not having prepared a more costly work—an omission due to the present disturbed financial and political condition of the city. This narrative was not written with any hope of profit; but should the reception given indicate an interest on the part of the public in the State troops during the war, or justify the expense, this will be followed by a more complete work, giving incidents of the return home of the disbanded army, and containing the muster rolls, personal narratives, and other information relating to Louisiana companies and regiments who were out in service.



# A SOLDIER'S STORY OF THE WAR.

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## INTRODUCTORY

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LIKE many better soldiers, when I came back from the war, I determined at once to adapt myself to the changed condition of things in the South and not to waste any time or weary the patience of friends with fighting over old battles. I kept my resolution for more than thirteen years after my first battle. Still one cannot always be discreet—some experiences, like the secrets told of the ears of Midas by the whispering reed, will have expression.

What I have now to say is what is being said by the fifty thousand soldiers from this State who wore Confederate uniforms during the war—by the fifty thousand refugees who went from this city after its capture—in fact, is the same story that will be talked over by forty millions of people North and South, or so long as the present generation shall remain alive. Secessia, amid her desolation, looks to the old battlefields, as the Sphynx does towards the ruined cities of Egypt; and whether we will or not, in our dreams or daily ideas we are constantly hearing the command to “March;” to pack up our slender baggage and go vagabondizing from one miserable town to another searching food, shelter and rest for your tender ones, if you are a woman; or, if a man, to take your place in line of battle, and receive the bullet that has already been moulded for your breast. The old ideas cannot be



rubbed out—will come back ; some unseen influence will march you over the well-tramped, fenceless, grassless and herbless fields—through the forests whose trees have been cut down or completely killed by the volleys of musketry

Do not these fancies come to all of us ? Do not some of our old men who dry up and drop off, and tearful-eyed women who still pray for shelter and protection from beggary—do not the surviving soldiers who find it hard to cope in skill or robust health with younger rivals brood over these memories ?

My excuse for writing this narrative is that I never at first intended it ; I thought only to pass a wearisome hour in a letter to an old friend. Once commenced, I could not end ; at the same time many old comrades, the subject once suggested, begged me if I proposed writing about the war at all, to take for my theme the soldiers who went from Louisiana.

I have tried to do this, though at the same time attempting only a rough military narrative. I want only to try and show how large bodies of our young men went through the transformation of the citizen into the soldier. How we learned and became reconciled to the rough life of camp ; consented to new ways of thinking and living, and suffered, as it were, a general breaking up and wreck of our previous identity and existence.

A story of such great changes in worldly circumstances, of any class, ought to have its charm, if properly brought out ; the charm that we find in Crusoe, in the Blythedale visionaries who renounced the luxuries of civilization and became farmers, in the nun who buries herself in the cloister, or in a St. Francis who renounces his riches and weds himself to poverty. You will perhaps not care for the dull details of a soldier's life in itself ; but when it is

added that it embodies the experience of many men of well known names who have since made themselves distinguished in industrial enterprises, in positions of trust and responsibility, and as worthy and virtuous citizens every way, their marches will not be without interest. Some of us too, have seen the world outstrip us in the struggle for existence; our rough life in the army has made us duller than rival applicants or contracted for us bad habits, and we will have to limp along and get on the best we can; but this crude narrative will not have been written in vain, if it succeeds in awakening any sympathy with the young men who are coming on, and whom we will leave behind us, or if it awakens with those who give employment any increased tolerance or respect for soldiers whose convictions meant, for one out of every three—DEATH!

This narrative will be rather of the cheerful or careless sort—one not intended to awaken foolish feeling about our struggle, or which had better be forgotten. It will pick away, Old Mortality-like, a little of the mildew and moss from the graves of martyrs of conviction; but it will be tempered with the reflection that the surviving comrades, who marched barefooted and without food, have since had better days; and that their adventures in hard straights will be read with something of the same interest as that of those princes of romance, whose lives are no longer cared for the moment they become happy and comfortable. But enough: when we came back from the wars our friends treated us with so much sympathy, that we preferred entering by quiet streets to witnessing their generosity or tears; and the monument recently erected in Greenwood, tells us that our heroes have not been forgotten. I believe that the services of our troops deserve to be recorded not only in

monumental marble, but in the page of history ; in such works as those of " the grand old masters," as well as of the humblest scribes. Not as belonging to any regiment or batallion, but as illustrating what our beloved State did when we were all placed in the balance—as showing what the LOUISIANA SOLDIER did in times that tried men's souls. My belief is that it is a great misfortune for a State not to recall the names of her great dead—not to hold them up as models for the old and young, and to keep them from falling into obscurity. We are made good and useful more by example than by the pulpit or school-house ; and if Louisiana had preserved the legacy of great names which she has produced, she would have escaped much of the misery into which she is now plunged ; her men of ability would prefer glory to the thrift which follows fawning ; and she would probably, as is the case with Georgia or Virginia, be again on the road to prosperity.

The man who gives his life doing what he believes to be his duty, makes a bequest which has an actual value to a State not exceeded by that of lands and money. The day of her ruin is when we regard the time serving and corrupt with equal favor with the good man and hero.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE ROLL CALL

I went out to the war with a large number of young men in the Batallion of Washington Artillery, and as the reader is henceforth to be familiar with the name, a word will here be said as to its early history

In 1839, Gen. Persifer F Smith gave the first decided

impetus to the volunteer companies of the city, and contributed greatly to their organization. He was really the founder of nearly all above Canal street. It was by his efforts that the Washington Regiment was organized, and it remained under his command until the breaking out of the Mexican war, at which time he was appointed General of the brigade composed of it and three other regiments. Eleven days after the call for volunteers, the Washington Regiment was descending the river in transports on its way to Mexico.

Previous to its departure the regiment partook of the nature of a legion in its organization: that is was composed of horse, foot and artillery

General Smith distinguished himself at Monterey—rose to be Brevet Major General, and by his talents caused himself to be retained in the U. S. Army in spite of the absence of a military education. He died in command of the Department of the Pacific shortly before the war.

The company of the Washington Regiment which more than any other bequeathed its organization to the Washington Artillery Battalion, first appeared as an organized company in 1840; but this organization dwindled down to seventeen men in 1852. In those days the company, then known as the "Native American Artillery," afterwards as the Marion, was drilled by Capt. R. O. Smith, and subsequently by Brig. Gen. E. L. Tracey James Beggs, Capt. H. M. Isaacson, Gunnegle,\* Bannister and

\* Lieut. N. G. Gunnegle is the oldest member of the organization known to be alive. He joined in 1840, when the Artillery went by the name of the 1st Company Native American Artillery. The well known Armory on Girod street was then a blacksmith shop, but was gradually adapted to military purposes. In 1845 \$30 a month was appropriated by the State to maintaining an armorer. Capt. Forno, who was a few years since killed by a railroad accident on the Jackson Railroad, had, up to the date of the Mexican War been its captain; but at that time he resigned or perhaps was promoted to be Lieut. Colonel. Forno was succeeded by Capt. Isaac Stockton, much to the surprise of Gunnegle's friends, who had wasted their time and money in advancing his claims.

some others are names that are still associated with the old organization.

Then Soria became its Captain and the honor cost him his life. That is, the Artillery on the occasion of some rejoicing had carried out to the Levee at the foot of Canal street, four guns which were fired to the four points of the compass in honor of the event. It was while ramming a cartridge home that the piece he was loading prematurely exploded. His arms were torn from his body, and he sustained such other injury as to occasion his death shortly after. Until the Battalion went to Virginia, the coat and equipments of Captain Soria hung as a memento of his services in its Arsenal or drill-room.

The company still numbered not over fifteen members, with H. J. Hunting, 1st Lieutenant, and Dan. Harrison, 2d. The Captaincy was now offered to Leeds, who declined, and afterwards to Col. J. B. Walton, then Secretary to Mayor Waterman, and who had served in the war with Mexico, as the Colonel of the Washington regiment. This was two or three years prior to the war.

A growing interest in military matters now became prevalent as sectional passions increased in intensity, and the feeling was increased and encouraged by leading men\*

The latter went as 3d Sergt. and ultimately was courtmartialed for refusing to fill a position to which he had never been elected, but was ultimately acquitted. Stockton, whose company in the Mexican War was the first of the Washington Regiment, enlisted 64 men, and died after his return. At the time he went out the old privates in the company furnished officers for four or five regiments. Add was then Adjutant and Brecklove Major of the Washington Regiment, Jas. Strawbridge, 1st Lient. and Greene 2nd. The regiment advanced as far as Barita in Mexico, and has still some twenty-five members alive, several of whom went out with the Battalion to Virginia.

Gunnegle served as Treasurer, Secretary, keeper of the Arsenal, and 2nd Lieut. till 1857. He applied for leave to serve in Virginia, but was refused on account of age.

\*"With the commencement of the year '61 a stranger visiting our city would have deemed its streets the parade ground of one vast encampment. At every step a soldier is met, and martial music fills the air. The tramp of armed men is heard by day and night, and the reverberation of the drill room assails the ear upon every side."—*True Delta*.

who foresaw the approach of war. Partly from this cause, partly because the men began to work with a will, and through the talents of Col. Walton as an officer, the Artillery steadily increased in number and reputation.

A fine armory had been given it by the city, situated on Girod between St. Charles and Carondelet, and from this the Batallion armed as infantry, marched to assist in the capture of Baton Rouge from the U. S. authorities, previous to the commencement of hostilities.\*

In the month of May† the Batallion was accepted "for the war" by President Davis, an arrangement which caused us to be classed as Confederate instead of State troops contributed by Louisiana. This arrangement, had afterwards the effect of giving us some advantages over other troops, or disadvantages (for both were contended

\*On Jan. 10th, 1861, the first active steps towards separation were taken, and the steamer National started for Baton Rouge after midnight for the capture of that place with a strong force of citizen soldiers. They were "young men mostly of hot blood, and determined to do the State some service." An expedition down the river got off at 10 o'clock the day after. At Baton Rouge, Jan. 11, P. M., Major Haskins commanding at the arsenal capitulated 50,000 stand of arms and other munitions. The companies from New Orleans now held the barracks. Some of the Baton Rouge companies deemed themselves slighted by not being sent to take charge of the place, and intimated that they would disband. Great excitement in consequence.

Three companies afterwards disbanded, retiring in high dudgeon. The volunteer troops of Baton Rouge finally took charge of the Barracks. Capt. Voories during the expedition commanded the Washington Artillery, Captain Charles D. Dreux, the New Orleans Cadets, and the Orleans Guards were under Captain S. M. Todd and Lieut. Girardey. The whole expedition was under the command of Col. Walton.

†As early as the month of December, 1860, a requisition was sent to Governor Moore for guns, stores, battery, horses, forges, etc., in order to put the Batallion in a condition for service in the field. On the 27th of March the petition was renewed, and subsequently made to the Secretary of War at Montgomery. The following extract quoted from the application of the commanding officer will show what was then its condition:

"The Batallion Washington Artillery, under my command, numbering upon the rolls over three hundred men, two hundred and fifty for service, and divided into four companies, with a battery complete in all respects, of six bronze six pounder guns, two twelve pounder howitzers, and one eight pounder rifled cannon, is ready and desirous to take the field. The Batallion can take the field within a very few days after being notified, and provided with horses, camp and garrison equipage, etc., which of course I will be obliged to make requisition for upon the Confederate States."

for) among which was the appointment instead of the election by the men of their officers.

We were mustered into service on the 26th,\* and then marched in a body to Christ's Church, and preached to by Rev Mr. Leacock, who recommended us to remember that we had been educated to be gentlemen, and to bring back our characters with our arms. This advice of the worthy Doctor caused us afterwards some mental discussion in settling in our own minds whether a soldier could or ought to be any thing of the sort, and whether it was not better to leave his society manners, pride, prejudices about birth, education and modes of living, and nearly every thing that makes up the word, behind. However it may have been, and this is what we suppose the Doctor intended to advise. They, most of them, retained their cheerfulness and a disposition to do their duty in camp or society and probably gained more in manly feeling than they could have ever acquired any where else.

To complete its outfit the citizens of New Orleans contributed \$7,000—the Ladies' Association alone giving

\* The Washington Artillery were out in full dress uniform yesterday with fine band. After delighting the spectators who lined the streets, with a display of their accurate maneuvering, they were drawn up at Mr. T. C. Twichell's, St. Charles street, and presented with a beautiful Camp flag of the Confederate States. "You take with you," said the speaker for the ladies who presented it, "their blessings and the Godspeed of every loyal heart in the entire community." This morning at 8 o'clock, the Battalion—every man—will be mustered into service by Lieut. Phifer. On Monday at 6 o'clock they will take their departure for Virginia. The reserve corps of the Battalion will be left here until further notice. Lieut. W. Irving Hodgson has been detailed on special duty as an agent and resident quartermaster of the Battalion; also in command of those detailed from the corps for home duty. The honorary members will escort the Battalion to the Railroad depot on Monday evening. In the course of a little while from now the reserve will probably be on the way to some other point of action than Virginia.—*N. O. Crescent*, May 26, 1861.

This prediction came true. Under the call of Gen. Beauregard for ninety days men for the army of the West, Capt. Slocumb, or rather Capt. W. I. Hodgson, at that time taking out the 5th Company of Washington Artillery, 250 strong, and with them gaining full as many laurels as were obtained by the first four companies in Virginia.



\$500, and the large houses and corporations aiding with equal liberality.

The following were the names of the officers and of those who on Sunday morning May 26th, 1861, answered to Lieut. Phifer's roll-call—a very solemn moment—and who thus became mustered into the Confederate service:\*

#### STAFF.

*Major*.....J. B. WALTON, *Adjutant*.....LIEUT. W. M. OWEN,  
*Surgeon*.....DR. E. S. DREW, *Quarter Master*.....LIEUT. C. H. SLOCOMB.

#### NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

*Sergt. Major*.....C. L. C. DUPUY, *Quarter Master Sergt.* STRINGER KENNEDY,  
*Color Sergeant*.....LOUIS M. MONTGOMERY.

#### COLOR GUARD.

*Corporal*.....GEORGE W. WOOD, *Corporal*.....E. L. JEWELL,  
" .....A. H. PEALE, " .....J. H. DEARIE.

#### BUGLERS.

F. P. Villavasana,

Jo. Kingslow.

### ROLL OF FIRST COMPANY.

*Captain*.....H. M. Isaacson, *Jr. First Lieutenant*.....J. B. Richardson,  
*First Lieutenant*.....C. W. Squires, *Second Lieutenant*.....H. G. Geiger.  
*First Sergeant*.....Edward Owen, *First Corporal*.....F. D. Ruggles,  
*Second Sergeant*.....J. M. Galbraith, *Second Corporal*.....E. C. Payne,  
*Third Sergeant*.....C. H. C. Brown, *Third Corporal*.....W. Fellows,  
*Fourth Corporal*.....F. F. Case.

Thomas S. Turner,  
G. M. Judd,  
E. J. Kursheedt,  
J. W. Kearney,  
C. Rossiter,  
W. Chambers,  
W. F. Perry,  
J. E. Rodd,  
M. E. Jarrean,  
J. A. Tarlton,  
T. Y. Aby,

C. Chambers,  
G. W. Muse,  
L. Labarre,  
M. Mount,  
P. A. J. Michel,  
J. M. Payne,  
R. McK. Spearing,  
A. F. Coste,  
J. R. McGaughy,  
E. A. Cowen,  
F. A. St. Amand,

W. T. Hardie,  
H. Chambers,  
E. V. Wiltz,  
J. P. Manico,  
L. E. Zebal,  
H. L. Zebal,  
W. R. Falconer,  
G. B. DeRussy,  
F. Lobrano,  
C. A. Everett.

\* The Battalion, when in Virginia, was several times recruited to fill the places of the killed, wounded and disabled, who averaged about one hundred to each company.

**ARTIFICERS.**

S. G. Stewart,

W. D. Holmes,

Israel Scott,

**DRIVERS.**

Geo. Bernard, Sergt,  
Michael Hock,  
Charles Rush,  
Jno. E. Scheman,  
Jno. O'Neil,  
W. K. Dirke,

Pat. Mooney,  
H. Meyer,  
Jno. Jacobs,  
Thos. Kerwin,  
David Nolan,  
Wm. Forrest,

Fred. Lester,  
R. Nicholas,  
Jno. Charlesworth,  
Jno. Anderson,  
Mathew Burns,  
Jas. Heflogh.

**ROLL OF SECOND COMPANY.**

*First Licutenan*.....C. C. Lewis Com'dg,   *Third Sergeant*.....H. C. Wood,  
*First Lieutenant*.....Sam'l J. McPherson,   *Fourth Sergeant*.....C. Huchez,  
*Second Lieutenant*.....C. H. Slocomb,   *First Corporal*.....J. D. Edwards,  
*First Sergeant*.....J. H. DeGrange,   *Second Corporal*.....C. E. Leverich,  
*Second Sergeant*.....Gustave Aime,   *Third Corporal*.....Jules Freret,  
*Fourth Corporal*.....B. V. L. Hutton.

H. N. Payne.  
J. S. Meyers,  
Tracey Twichell,  
T. J. Land,  
J. W. Emmett,  
J. A. Hall,  
G. Humphrey,  
W. C. Giffen,  
J. C. Woodville,  
A. A. Brinsmade,  
E. L. Hall,

R. Axson,  
Wm. Roth,  
E. D. Patton,  
A. G. Knight,  
J. D. Britton,  
W. A. Randolph,  
W. F. Florence,  
J. W. Parsons,  
J. Howard Goodin,  
Thomas H. Suter,

F. Alewelt,  
F. P. Buckner,  
G. E. Strawbridge,  
A. R. Blakely,  
R. Bannister, Jr.  
R. C. Lewis,  
H. B. Berthelot,  
W. J. Hare,  
J. H. Randolph,  
W. H. Wilkins.  
Sam'l Hawes.

**ARTIFICERS.**

John Montgomery,

Leonard Craig.

**DRIVERS,**

John Weber,  
Toney Hulby,  
John Fagan,  
George Barr,  
Wm. Carey,  
B. B. F. McKesson,

William Little,  
James Crilly,  
John Cannon,  
Jas. Leyden,  
Ed. Loftus,  
Ewin Lake,

James Brown,  
W. F. Lynch,  
Louis Roach,  
William Oliver,  
Corn'l McGregor,  
Alex. Bucher.

## ROLL OF THIRD COMPANY

<i>Captain</i> .....	M. B. Miller,	<i>Third Sergeant</i> .....	L. Prados,
<i>First Lieutenant</i> .....	J. B. Whittington,	<i>Fourth Sergeant</i> .....	J. T. Handy,
<i>Second Lieutenant</i> .....	L. A. Adam,	<i>First Corporal</i> .....	E. L. Jewell,
<i>First Sergeant</i> .....	Frank McElroy,	<i>Second Corporal</i> .....	A. H. Peale,
<i>Second Sergeant</i> .....	A. Hero, Jr.	<i>Third Corporal</i> .....	W. H. Ellis,
	<i>Fourth Corporal</i> .....		W. A. Collins.

Napier Bartlett,  
H. D. Summers,  
J. H. Moore,  
W Mills,  
Robert Bruce,  
J. H. Holmes, Jr.  
T. H. Fuqua,  
O. N. DeBlanc,  
E. W Morgan,  
P W Pettis,  
E. Riviere,  
F. Kremelberg,  
Chas. Hart,  
Sam'l C. Boush,  
Geo. McNeil,  
J. H. Colles,  
Frank Shaw, Jr.  
E. Toledano,  
W. S. Toledano.

P. O. Fazende,  
Fred. L. Hubbard,  
Jos. H. DeMeza,  
L. E. Guyot,  
J. F. Randolph,  
S. Chalaron,  
J. T. Brenford,  
C. W. Deacon,  
Stringer Kennedy,  
Howard Tully,  
Wm. Leefe,  
I. W. Brewer,  
C. H. Stocker,  
J. R. Porter,  
S. G. Sanders,  
B. L. Braselman,  
R. P. Many,  
F. A. Carl.

C. E. Fortier,  
R. Maxwell,  
E. Avril,  
E. Charpiaux,  
T. M. McFall,  
M. W. Cloney,  
Ed. Duncan,  
C. A. Falconer,  
H. J. Phelps,  
T. Ballantine,  
E. W. Noyes,  
M. W. Chapman,  
W. P. Noble,  
W. G. Coyle,  
L. P. Forshee,  
George H. Meek,  
J. C. Bloomfield.  
A. B. Martin,  
R. Turnell.

### ARTIFICERS.

Jos. Blanchard,

Jas. Keating,

## ROLL OF FOURTH COMPANY

<i>Captain</i> .....	B. F. Eshleman,	<i>Third Sergeant</i> .....	G. E. Apps,
<i>First Lieutenant</i> .....	Jos. Norcom,	<i>Fourth Sergeant</i> .....	J. D. Reynolds,
<i>Second Lieutenant</i> .....	Harry A. Battles,	<i>First Corporal</i> .....	Geo. Wood,
<i>Second Sergeant</i> .....	W. J. Behan	<i>Second Corporal</i> .....	J. W. Dearie

A. D. Augustus,  
B. F. Widler,  
J. R. McGowan,  
J. M. Rohbock,  
H. F. Wilson,  
C. C. Bier,

G. L. Crutcher,  
J. F. Lilly,  
T. J. Stewart,  
Sam'l A. Knox,  
Wm. Palfrey,  
L. C. Lewis,

H. N. White,  
Jno. B. Chastant,  
W. Snead,  
H. D. Seaman,  
F. H. Bee,  
C. W. Marston,

J. C. Wood,  
Jno. S. Fish,  
F. A. Brodie,  
E. Lauer,  
G. Beck,  
R. F. F. Moore,  
H. H. Baker,  
J. W. Burke,  
Jno. Meux,  
J. B. Valentine,  
Phil. Von Coln,  
T. B. White,  
Bernard Hufft,

J. H. Smith,  
G. Montgomery,  
Isaac Jessup,  
A. F. Vass.  
W. W. Jones,  
P. C. Lane,  
T. Carey,  
W. P. S. Crecy,  
W. C. Morrell,  
W. T. O'Neill,  
A. Banksmith,  
Frank Williams,

C. A. Deval,  
E. A. Mellard,  
J. W. Wilcox,  
V. D. Terrebonne.  
E. F. Reichart,  
Thos. H. Cummings,  
R. H. Gray,  
S. T. Hale,  
J. W. Lesene,  
Chas. Hardenburg,  
J. C. Purdy,  
E. Jaubert.

### ARTIFICERS.

Levy Callahan,

Jno. McDonnell.

### BAND.

J. V. Gessner, *Leader*,  
T. Gutzler,  
Ch. W. Struve,  
J. Arnold,

Jno. Deutsch,  
Jno. Geches,  
Peter Trum,  
Jno. Lorbs,

Thos. Kostmel,  
J. H. Sporer,  
Charles Meir,

## CHAPTER II

### DEPARTURE FOR VIRGINIA.

THERE will never be a time of such intense public feeling in the history of New Orleans, or perhaps in that of the country generally, as that which attended the departure of the first troops at the commencement of the late civil war. Writing at this day, one is almost inclined to doubt the impressions which still remain in his memory, not to speak of those half effaced, which are occasionally brought to mind by the conversation of old comrades or friends, or by glancing over old letters or files of papers. Can it be possible, you say to yourself, that business men, though always in our city known for generosity, would give away clothing, arms or horses, without scarcely thinking of the matter: or that salaries were continued, by liberal houses, even after the employees had enlisted for the war;

that the stores were closed on the day of our departure, the streets were crowded to suffocation, the balconies lined with smiling and crying women, and that those were esteemed most happy who had departing friends upon whom to lavish their gifts, or bestow their flowers?\*

That certainly is the only time we can remember when citizens walked along the lines offering their pocket books to men whom they did not know; that fair women bestowed their floral offerings and kisses ungrudgingly and with equal favor among all classes of friends and suitors; when the distinctions of society, wealth and station were forgotten, and each departing soldier was equally honored as a hero.

On the day of our departure we certainly had a little touch of the millenium of good feeling, and it was nearer like Utopia than one generation can ever live to see a second time.†

\* The Washington Artillery embraces as large a representation of our old and permanent population, the sons of our old citizens, as any military organization in the city. Every member of it is a gentleman; many occupy high positions in social and commercial circles, and the parting scenes were most affecting—*Delta, May 28.*

† Rev. Dr. Palmer delivered from the steps of the City Hall an address from which we quote the final passage:

"The alternative now before us is subjugation and absolute anarchy—a despotism which will put its iron heel upon all that the human heart holds most dear. The mighty issue is to be submitted to the ordeal of battle, with the nations of the earth as spectators, and with the God of Heaven as umpire.

"With such an issue we have no doubt of the part that will be assigned you to play, and when we hear the thunders of your cannon echoing from the mountain passes of Virginia will understand that you mean in the language of Cromwell 'to cut this war to the heart.' It is little to say that you will be remembered. And should the frequent fate of the soldier befall you in a soldier's death, you shall find your graves in thousands of hearts, and the pen of history shall write your martyrdom. Soldiers farewell! And may the Lord of Hosts be round about you as a wall of fire, and shield your heads in the day of battle." We make room for an equally touching farewell from the sermon of Rev. Dr. Leacock of the Sunday previous:

"Remember that the first convert to Christ from the Gentiles was a soldier. Inscribe the cross upon your banners, for you are fighting for liberty. In but a few hours more you will dare the toils of the battle field, and may God protect you in your absence. Our hearts will follow you—our ears will be open for tidings of your condition, and our prayers ascend for your safety, success and return. Let us, as the last thing that we can do, commend you to the care of Him who alone can assist."

But though the route to the depot was scattered with flowers, the thought also began to enter our minds that we had assumed the hard and unprosaic duties of soldiers, and that individual freedom and happiness were now to be left behind. The day too, in spite of our glory and the enthusiasm of our friends, was suffocatingly hot—so much so as to cause the death of two of our men,\* as it were, in the ranks, from sunstroke; and although every other military organization turned out in honor of those whom they envied the priority of departure, and allowed us to go to the cars through their divided ranks, it would have added greatly to our bodily comfort to have had more air, even at the sacrifice of some of the music of the brass bands, proffers of gifts, sympathy and excitement. We suffered the torture of unaccustomed heavy clothing, knapsacks, and the dusty march of three hours duration, but meanwhile were being equally suffocated with roses; but what young man or soldier who has just enlisted ever cares for fatigue, when compared with such glory; or would exchange the happiness of seeing his whole past life brought out, as it were in tableau, at the moment of leaving it probably for ever, for ten times as much fatigue?

Our Battalion, at starting, consisted of three hundred men, who, most of them, had parents or other friends to bid them good-bye. Had they known that an interval of four years would separate them—that thirty battle fields were to be strewn with their bones, and that every other man of their number would be crippled or killed, the scene would not have been more affecting than it really was.†

\* One of them F. A. Carl, singularly enough was an old soldier who besides speaking five languages, had served three years in the Russian Royal Artillery and fought in the Hungarian struggle.

†Israel Gibbons, himself an excellent soldier, and at that time writing on the *Crescent*, thus describes the scene:

“The departure yesterday was a perfect ovation. No previous military

A great many fathers, in shaking hands with the men, would ask us to look after and keep an eye on their sons. It generally turned out that the parties recommended would be the first to be killed, or that difference of temperament prevented an opportunity of acquaintance, much less doing the solicited service.

departure has been honored with so tumultuous a demonstration. The Battalion moved in four columns, with the drivers as a fifth or auxiliary, and with a large turn out of honorary members. Their escort were the Orleans Light Horse, Capt. Leeds, the Orleans Guard, 500 strong, Capt. Theard, and the Louisiana Cadets. All along this route the scene was one of the most unexampled enthusiasm. The men made noise with cheers and huzzas, and the ladies silently expressed their feelings with their flowers and handkerchiefs. The scene at the Depot was indescribable. All the carriages of the town were here filled with loads of beauty, and the balconies, windows and house-tops were filled with people.

"We never before saw ladies of fashion, respectability and wealth do as much as they did last evening for a final view, leaving their carriages, dodging under mules heads, and wading ankle-deep in dust. The crowd extended a half a mile beyond the Depot—to the edge of the swamp. They gave all sorts of evidence of the very highest heart-feeling, and everybody had wet eyes. As the twilight faded into dark, the train rumbled off, groups of people were seen sitting about on the piles of lumber, waiting for the ladies to have their cry out, before starting for home.

The Honorary Members who turned out upon this occasion, were:

Brig. Gen'l E. L. Tracey, Col. A. H. Gladden, Hon. Gerard Stith, W. A. Freret, Esq., John D. Foster, M. D., E. T. Parker, Adam Giffen, Norbert Trepagnier, Hon. P. H. Morgan, M. A. Foute, Jules Tuyes, Hon. Wm. G. Austin, M. D., D. Maupay, Alfred Munroe, E. B. Smedes, John Holmes, Col. C. A. Taylor, A. S. Withers, Hon. C. M. Bradford, T. S. McCay, Hon. John T. Monroe, E. C. Hancock, A. P. Harrison, Mark F. Bigney, E. F. Schmidt, H. G. Stetson, John Calhoun, Hon. John B. Leefe, Wm. G. Hewes, Maj. Thomas F. Walker, John Pemberton, R. L. Pugh, Jacob J. Herr, Hon. J. O. Nixon, J. C. Ferriday, A. P. Avegno, Dan'l E. Colton, Charles T. Nash, T. L. Leeds, H. W. Reynolds, B. F. Voorhies, R. L. Outlaw, G. H. Chaplain, W. B. Bowles, W. L. Allen, Col. S. H. Peck, T. L. Bayne, P. N. Wood, H. Doane, Geo. W. Hynson, Col. Geo. W. Race, Wm. H. Hunt, W. C. Lipscomb, Col. Daniel Edwards, R. Esterbrook, J. M. Davidson, C. F. White, F. Wing, Howard Smith, M. D., W. M. Pinckard, Wm. Ellis, A. W. Bosworth, George Connelly, J. D. Dameron, G. S. Hawkins.

The names of the members of the Battalion who went as officers in various regiments or who continued the existence of the organization in the city, were Capt. O. Voorhies, Jr. First Lieutenant, T. A. James, Second Lieutenant, M. S. Squires, First Sergeant, O. F. Peck, Third Sergeant, A. Luria, Color Sergeant, J. Thomas Wheat, Quarter Master Sergeant, E. L. Hews, First Corporal, Charles Thompson, First Artificers, C. H. Waldo, D. Kelly, Treasurer (afterwards Capt. W. Irving Hodgson).

PRIVATES.—Anderson J. B., Bruce N. M., Baker Marion A., Blair J. C., Blow R. A., Butts E. S., Brand F. A., Bisland J. J., Bloomfield Benj., Barton R. G., Culbertson C. W., Caldwell A. F., Correjolles G., Churchill W. E., Carey F. S., Calmes W. N., Dudley L., DeMerritt J. W., Delamore Jas., Evans Geo. P., Estella M., Easton T. B., Finley L. A., Jr. Fisk John S., Ferriday W. M., Grayson J. B., Jr. Graham L., Grandpre P., Gordon W. E., Goldsmith F., Halsey W. S., Hutton B. V., Henning Wm. H., Hanlou Jos., Harrington S., Hawthorn



The leave-taking of the young men, generally with their relatives, it must be admitted was much more hurried than with their wives, or more often with their sweet-hearts, (for we were nearly all at that age when it is difficult to keep from having at least one.) Some of us were compelled to remain in ranks and be witness to these tender leave-takings—to watch the lustrous eyes, suffusing cheeks, the heaving breasts, the last fond smile, and the concluding kiss—all taking place in less time than it takes to relate it; and to become, as it were, each of us, by sympathy, an actor and *particeps criminis* in the love-making or love-ending tableau that was going on. It did not take a great many minutes to complete this part of the drama—though it was curious in one respect—that of bringing together so many couples of education and refinement and making them act out the drama of their loves, or at least a specimen chapter. All these little incidents were remembered long after and frequently talked over in camp, and very often when we had all become growlers, not much to the credit of the *dramatis personæ*. The fact is, there was some little forgetfulness about these vows after the arrival of the Battalion in Virginia, while the fond and trusting hearts that were left behind, subsequently found themselves so situated, after the capture of the city, as to render any such remembrance inconvenient.

These little love episodes, too, as we soldiered further

A. T., Harvey C. M., Hedges J. H. H., Hemines D. P., Johnson F. A., Johnston T. G., Johnston D. C., Jones O. G., Kennedy John, Lipscomb, A. A., Leverich Chas. E., Lonsdale H. H., Lowe B. M. Jr., Lange F. G., Morell W. C., McLearn John G., McNair H. M., Miller J. H., Norris J. B., O'Brien R. M., Pierson, J. G., Prados J. B., Phelps W. V., Perkins J. A., Quirk Wm. C., Rodgers, J. C., Roquet A., Robira A., Reid W. A., Smith Alex. Jr., St. Amant —, Spedden E., Speering C. F., Sambola A., Steven W., Stewart —, Stroud George, Sanford C. H., Savage A., Seymour J. W., Simpson G. W., Summers H. D., Tisdale B. F., Tisdale E. K., Tracy M., Vaught W. C. D., West Geo., Wingate W. W., Wingate E. H., Walshe B. T., Willard E. O., Webb J. V., Wolf O. B., Wyche J. F., Wordall F., Ximines W. A.

on, were destined to have their influence, in a remote and indirect way on all of the Batallion, even those most indifferent to the sentiment, and so far from the fond absent being remembered with sympathy, was the cause not unfrequently of loud swearing. For instance, the first detail made of a member to return home (naturally enough) was the man who had just married a brand new wife. Then there were faithful spouses who found opportunities to overtake the Batallion in its various marches, who were either obtaining or entreating to obtain, their husband excused from some camp service, and which, if obtained, would throw the wearisome duty on some less fortunate batchelor comrade. While on the other hand, the latter class would either be absent from camp at every turn, when the presence of the fair was to be obtained, or writing love-letters home, or seeking for furloughs, mostly, of course, with reference to attractions left behind.

At length we were marched into the cars by companies and assigned our places for the journey. The knapsacks, belts and other useless plunder of one sort and another with which we were all more or less burdened, was quickly disposed of upon the hooks over head, or under the seats, (Damocles swords were suspended above,) and every man made himself as comfortable as could be done in a car crowded to its utmost capacity, and on the hottest night of the year.

It need hardly be stated that there was too much excitement for the first half of the night to allow of much sleep. The men laughed, and danced and sung as if possessed by hysteria. The sardine boxes which we had brought along to be eaten when rations run short, were opened before we reached the first station, and the various flasks much sooner.

## CHAPTER III.

## ALL ABOARD—A CAR WHEEL ANABASIS.

IN spite of all of the heat and dust, and the drawback of having no place or opportunity for comfortable sleep, we were most of us in excellent spirits, and our upward journey to Richmond was one all the way through of wild excitement.

But gradually the older and more serious members began to settle down to pipes and tobacco—to staring out at the trees which seemed to rush homewards like an army of giant phantoms, and to realizing that their past habits were cut off from their future. The loud talkers, who had indefatigably told heavy stories which the noise of the train prevented any one but themselves from hearing, began to show signs of exhaustion; and as the night wore on there would sometimes be a brief hush, undisturbed by anything except the heavy breathing of the sleepers. Then the train would stop at a station—one man would be heard complaining of the oppressive boots of his vis-a-vis neighbor against the pit of his stomach, while another would expostulate at the length of legs from behind which projected over the top of the seats and inconvenienced the complainant's head.

We were now made to realize that those with whom we would be most thrown together were the comrades who resembled each other in the single matter of height, and were in character and tastes the most widely different, and that our first study would be to learn to adapt ourselves to each other's ways. And a very difficult lesson to learn that subsequently proved.

For instance, the next morning about day light when the train stopped for water, a clear branch was discovered

running near the railroad embankment, and the men began to tumble out, considerably worn and pulled down, to profit by the best opportunity we would have of washing. The provident soldiers now would produce towels, soaps, combs, etc., and save for the trouble of bending on their knees and bathing like Diana with the brook for a mirror, would manage to make their toilet about as well as if they were at home, or in a fashionable barber's saloon. The only trouble would be that the man who came after would be unprovided, or was too lazy to go down into his own knapsack, and consequently would have to borrow. Before the first borrower had concluded, a second application to borrow would be filled, with similar requests following in rapid order from others, until the owner becoming wearied with waiting would timidly request that the articles be returned when all were through. An hour or so afterwards when the matter was under investigation, it would be made to appear that the soap was regarded as Battalion soap, and that there was nothing more to be heard of it; that the tin wash basin which its fastidious owner had fondly fancied would accompany him in all of his campaigns, had been left behind at the halting station; that the towel had been hung out to dry; and as for the comb somebody had brought it along, but precisely who, nobody could tell!

Of course it need not be said that the owner of the wash basin felt ruined and discontented for the balance of the day, and the day after; for when the time for ablutions came again, he found no friend that was willing to lend him any of the articles before mentioned, and so his satisfaction and happiness at leading the life of a soldier would receive its first check and begin to wane.

"It's not that I care about a d—d little cake of soap," he

would feelingly growl, as his Alnashar visions of soldiering began to disappear like the bubbles that were made from the missing cube; "it's not that I can't make a raise of another towel and comb; but it's the principle of the thing. I begin to believe that about one half of the Battalion are beats that intend to live off the other half, and I want it understood that they won't work that game any more with me. I've got at any rate a bag of good perique tobacco left," (says the speaker filling his pipe and anticipating a movement among the crowd) and if you hear of any body inquiring for any, send them to me, and they will find out where they *can't* get it.

And so far from receiving the sympathy which his misfortunes merited, the victim was affectedly condoled with and taken aside by some one of every group in which he happened to enter, for the purpose of drawing from him a further recital of his wrongs.

We dozed on through the following day, pulled out a novel now and then, or talked in a somewhat more quiet strain than on the night before. Some of the men had still enough enthusiasm left to occupy their time in scouring their sabres; others who had not left civilization entirely behind, produced cards and an ear of corn, which, such is the wickedness of the times, need not be explained to any body, meant a mild game of poker. This included for several days quite a large circle, but this gradually contracted with the pocket books of the players. The game always remained popular, particularly after pay day, though owing to certain difficulties about chips, the number who kept constantly occupied at it was limited. There was a small devoted circle who applied themselves faithfully to it on the cars and off, at night at the guard tent—around the bivouac fire, and sometimes before and

after the bloody carnage of battle. The counters were of gold not unfrequently, at starting—the cards gilt-edged. But the last time I saw the game in camp, the players looked unwashed and ragged, and the papers taken from a bloody knapsack were dealt on an old red cotton handkerchief. The prize that was contended for was a chicken which had been pressed into service, and the loser was to have the privilege of cooking and eating this, and sucking the bones. There is nothing like having a passion or mission in life; and except for the difficulty of paying for the chips, card playing seemed to be as popular a way of killing time as any

As we journeyed on, we passed through several towns where we were welcomed with great eclat by the population, and indeed the same might be said about every village and isolated house. There was always a sign, as was the case with all the troops who first went out, that the sight of the soldier touched some profound and sympathetic cord. At every depot there would be gathered the most beautiful ladies of the place, who would enthusiastically stream out and welcome us as Calypso and her nymphs did Telemachus, giving us at leaving, flowers, cold chicken, gloves, aprons and knic-nacs of every sort. Sometimes the reception would be at a regularly laid table, as it was at Huntsville—sometimes in a ball room, as at Iuka Springs, and then after fifteen minutes of waltzing of fast city youth and bashful girls (who thought much to the astonishment of the former, that it looked nicer to be held by the arms instead of being encircled around the waist,) the cars would again move on.

Knoxville and Chattanooga each furnished impressions, but our pride had been humbled along that portion of our route by having to ride all night in box cars. Our

special glory was reserved for Lynchburg, and in after years we never grew weary of gloating over the honors there bestowed upon us. It was on Sunday about noon that we first stood drawn up in line in the principal street, and there were many carriages filled with ladies who lent the charm of their presence to the occasion. One of them was a gorgeous looking beauty who seemed from the glances she bestowed, to have fallen in love with some one of us at first sight. We each of us flattered ourselves with having wrought the charm, and doubtless thenceforth would have recounted around camp fires a good many Arabian night romances, or stories of ourselves, similar to that of Queen Christiana and Ronzares, promoted from a coming soldier, to be a Spanish grandee. But a civilian who was standing by her carriage, dashed these hopes by bringing a message of invitation to one of the color corporals, and this was followed up by an introduction, exchange of rings, correspondence, and all that. Possibly the romantic meeting would have ended in something else, had not death swept away both before the second year of the war.

We passed the remainder of the day and night in Lynchburg, the citizens entertaining us at their houses—that is, all with the exception of the Zenophon of this narrative and a dozen other unfortunate wretches. These were detailed on a very dark, chilly night, to stand guard over the cars on the railroad—none of us well knew which. The first guard mounting, proved as dangerous as it was irksome. Having been placed on the embankment, the sentinel was ordered to march forward on the side of the cars fifty feet and return, keeping meanwhile a bright look out for the enemy. He started to march, as directed, on the track by the side of the train, but had not proceeded fifty

feet before his path (owing to the narrowness of the embankment suddenly ended.) As it was very dark, he was not made aware of this state of things, until he found himself about twenty feet below, with his sabre sticking in the ground, and very much wondering how he so suddenly reached there.

We stood our guard watch of two hours and were then allowed to crawl among some sacks of corn in one of the freight cars, and sleep there until again wanted. By the time we had got through our second dose of guard mounting, there were a dozen of their country's defenders who began to have a low opinion about soldiering.

The only other incident I shall now stop to relate, previous to the arrival at Richmond, was that performed by a young private of that day, and a well known merchant of this. While the train was in motion, proceeding to the last point of our week's journey, a very pretty and patriotic young girl appeared near the track with a bouquet of flowers in her hands, of which to her evident regret, she had no opportunity of disposing. The rear of our long train was composed of platform cars, laden with the guns which were afterwards to accompany us into the field, and underneath whose rattling chains at night the men would crawl and sleep. Upon the last of these platform cars a sentinel was standing, who thought it a pity that such a pretty bouquet should be left behind. The train was going slowly around a curve. Acting up to his idea, he jumped down without accident, took the bouquet, and the moment after succeeded in regaining the train. In fact, he did more—he not only gallantly took the bouquet, but a kiss besides, from the lips of the astonished donor. The same sort of thing happened at a way station where a young lady locked in a room on the second story,



offered a bouquet, then a ring, and finally a kiss to anybody that would climb after them. The work had to be done on a shutter and the outside of a window sash, nevertheless, we had such a variety of talent, that the work was accomplished.

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## CHAPTER IV

### THE CONFEDERATE CAPITOL.

We were very much disgusted on arrival at Richmond, for arrive there we at last did, to find that instead of being allowed to take a run around and see the place we were shut up in a tobacco warehouse and a sentinel placed at the gate. While some of us were meditating an imitation of the too lively Zouaves who had been shut up temporarily in an upper hall, and who made a very practical use of their new sashes to let themselves down to the ground, the welcome order came to march to a hotel breakfast. This was our breakfast of adieu, the last we were ever to eat altogether, and when finished, we moved toward camp.

We were now marched in a comfortable frame of mind through the streets of Richmond, led on by the exhilarating notes of Gessner's brass band, which accompanied us from New Orleans, and we spread to the breeze the most costly and beautiful standard borne by any of the Confederate or holiday troops.\*

\*This standard made of very costly silk, yellow upon one side and red upon the other, represented the coat of arms of Louisiana and of the Battalion. It was said to have been made in Paris at a cost of \$750, was heavily mounted in silver and was presented by the ladies of New Orleans, in a speech delivered by Senator Benjamin in which he predicted the war.

It was replied to by the gallant Capt. Wheat, then the color bearer of the Battalion. Towards the close of the war when its preservation became difficult

The uniforming of the members which was done by first class city tailors, had been an item of something like \$20,000 and with brass scales, white belts and gloves and flashing sabres, no organization in the world, as was afterwards told us by President Davis and Lee (to which latter we reported,) ever presented a braver appearance.

Still, in spite of our ardor, there appeared a certain coolness on the part of spectators, which had been previously lacking in our reviews. We did not understand it then, but did afterwards. The fact was, the town was overrun with soldiers, till, as the phrase then was, you could not rest. This was the meditative view taken by the business population, who were occupied rather in thinking of the additional amount of money that would be spent in the city than our showy appearance, and in the few words that we were permitted to exchange in ranks, the people of Richmond began to descend to a low figure. But we soon had cause to change this opinion in every respect; and certainly the ladies of the city, when in the afternoon our camp had been pitched, and who came to see us by thousands, magnificently atoned for any lack of enthusiasm during the day.

It need not be added that there was no city of the Confederacy with which we became so familiar, or to which we became so much attached, as Richmond. It was in

amidst incessant marching, it was sent to grace the Louisiana table of Mrs. Slocumb, at a fair given at Columbia, S. C. The colors were however stolen, before its arrival from the valise of the soldier who had been entrusted with it, together with the valise itself; and though rewards have been offered nothing has ever been heard of it from that day to this. Several of the battle flags that went with the different batteries were brought back. The silver socket was all that was ever brought back of the standard.

It was displayed for the last time on the works in front of Petersburg, on the morning of July 4th, 1864, as a sort of defiance suggested by the day. The production of this flag was speedily responded to, by the hoisting of apparently all of the regimental colors along both Federal and Confederate lines. It was of course subject to a heavy cannonade during the day, though without once being struck.

reality for the next four years our second home, and became the permanent one for a good many of the members, who there contracted ties of marriage and of business, and never returned to the Creseent City. There were none of us but what formed a large cirele of friends of every class among the inhabitants, and as time wore on, we found a very large population from our own eity gathered there, and in the surrounding camps. To take a Virginia soldier's impressions of Riehmond from his pleasant recollections, would be the play of Hamlet with the part of the young lord of Denmark omitted. They were our gleams of sunshine.

But to return to camp. After the work of putting up tents, which we found to be a tremendous bore, the hour for evening drill had arrived, and a very large crowd had gathered to witness our manœuvres, including President Davis himself. We were overwhelmed with invitations to houses, and received them just as readily without any introductions, and inside of camp lines, as we did in private salons. I used to wonder how Romulus and his fellow-robbers, when they seized on the Sabine women—how they managed in the short time they had for acquaintance, to adapt their booty to individual taste—whether, for instance, the white whiskered robber, who had been compelled to take a sentimental prize, did not afterwards have to swap her off to some young comrade, in exchange for another that was domestic and who had no nonsense about her. But as far as making acquaintances went in our experience, it was astonishing how the different eliques and classes seemed almost instinctively or naturally to find out and adapt themselves to their own kind, whether they believed in blood, money, talent or education, whether carefully brought up or fond of a wild life, of a religious

or business turn, or fond of intrigue and adventure. One of the latter sort, I remember who was on guard at the time of the parade, made a lady acquaintance which made him leave his post to accompany her home; which kept him in all sorts of scrapes for the balance of the war, and which years after led to the singular fainting away of "a star," (for she finally went on the stage,) in a way that the audience could not understand. By a singular sort of coincidence a second lady of the same party became attached and afterwards married to a soldier who was never once absent without leave, and is now well known in our city for his business capacity.

Discipline was very rigidly enforced, and the guard tent was the centre of intelligence, partly because of the details for duty from the various companies, partly because it was generally filled with offenders who had gone off to town without leave, and the narrative of whose adventures about every class of city society was fully as lively as the average newspaper chronicles. Though the guards were very strict (rendered doubly so because they themselves had probably already been caught and made to do extra duty) there never was any means found out for keeping the men in camp when there was no prospect of battle. They would cross the lines, apparently to go after water to bathe, or wash their clothes, (for we were already commencing to do this) and would show no alacrity about coming back. As the sight of a soldier dressed to go to the city would have been enough to have led to his arrest, the plan would be to start badly dressed with a bundle as if for washing, but which in reality contained the best suit. The washing in reality was mostly done by colored *blanchisseuses* who were constantly about camp. When this plan could not be worked at night, some such ruse as

turning a horse loose and rushing after it would be resorted to.

Meanwhile in the matter of sleeping accommodations, we fared rather roughly, for a time. Our blankets were of the thinnest sort, and hardly large enough to envelope a cat. When you covered your feet, your breast would be uncovered, or a gentle zephyr would be playing about your ears or back. Besides, for the first night there was nothing between us and the ground, and we could not well get to sleep without undressing. If ever there was a thoroughly disgusted crowd when the bugle summoned us at day break to roll call, ours was that one. The complaints went to the officers, and the one especially in command could be heard harshly swearing about everybody and everything all through camp. That was the worst day we ever had for growling and rough talk. Then too we had nothing to eat but very tough fried beef, cut in small rhomboids, instead of the magnificent flaps of porter house steak to which many of us had been accustomed. One of the companies had an excellent cook, J. H. Ingraham, who has since become conspicuous among the colored members of the Legislature;\* but Joe, the one we had, was such a travesty upon the noble *chefs* of the Crescent City, dressed in paper caps and white aprons, that it made us furious to hear him lying, chattering and frying, as if in defiance of our misery. Joe subsequently gratified us by deserting to the enemy, and figuring very largely as an intelligent and well informed contraband. In some of McClellan's reports the northern papers spoke about giving him an important command.

\*Dick Kenner, one of our cooks, has also since been a member of the Legislature.

## CHAPTER V

## SURE-ENOUGH SOLDIERING.

WE remained about Richmond, awaiting orders, several weeks,\* undergoing daily a good deal of hard drilling,

\* The following is a letter written by Fishback to the N. O. Crescent, dated July 7, 1861 :

"The third and fourth companies of the Washington Battalion artillery leave to-day for Manassas Gap, whither the first two companies have already preceded them.

A delay in obtaining the cannon, harness and drivers, the latter still wanting, has thus far detained them from what is known as "the scene of action." We leave Camp Beauregard with few regrets. Heat, cold, dust, rains, flies—each tent looked as if a swarm of bees had been hived in it—altogether, contributed to make us the most wretched band of patriots upon whose heads ever descended a hot sun or drenching rain. It was a soldier's life with all its hardships, with none of its pleasures or excitements. Our only amusement was cleaning sabres, mounting guard, going through the motion of loading cannon, and lastly, sleeping under the shade of two stunted trees—the only chance for shade there was in the camp. And then, too, to be so near town, and not be able to get there oftener on an average than once a week! The old steeples and roof-tops, as looked down from our camp upon the southern metropolis, was for us an enchanted city—something about which we might sigh, dream about, and form strange fancies, but could not often see. Any one who obtained two "permits" during the week was viewed with considerable envy and jealousy, and when he returned with his pockets filled with candy, sweetmeats and whisky, and told big stories of having dined with Jeff. Davis, and advised his Cabinet officers, we regarded him in the light of a distinguished traveler just returned from some remote land.

I do not know what we should have done, if we had not at length grown weary of so much camp life, and learned to pass the sentinels' lines without always remembering to give the countersign. We began to make acquaintances, to accept invitations to houses, and there were vague rumors which hinted at successes among the fair sex of a more enduring kind.

For myself, my modesty led me to be satisfied with the friendship of a pretty widow, the relict, I think, of some deceased butcher; and I can't boast that I ever succeeded in obtaining from her partiality more than an occasional beefsteak or mutton chop.

Returning late one night, I concluded to sleep till tattoo upon a long bench which occupied the side of our stable, stealing from a horse his bundle of hay for a pillow. I suffered considerably from nightmare, and on awaking was not a little astonished to find pillow, straw hat, and the best part even of my flannel shirt, all gone.

The streets of Richmond are crowded with almost as many soldiers in uniforms as were those of Paris in the Allied Occupations of 1815. I walked all over the city without counting more than ten young men who were not dressed *a la militaire*. Bar rooms and hotels are coining money—your plain drinks, (whiskeys, for instance, which cost, perhaps, twenty-five cents per gallon) sell for fifteen cents a glass, and mint juleps and sherry cobblers at twenty-five cents, so that a campaign of six months would be in what the soldier gets for pay worth exactly three hundred and sixty-five drinks!

We are limbering up our cannon ("Key up that sponge-staff there") for the last time here, and the men are filing off ("Never make the turn until the word, march")

and becoming accustomed to our new duties, (which at first we found extremely irksome, and which took up most of our time) as best we could. The men when not on guard duty, drilling, policeing camp, loading the ammunition chests, would hunt the shade of small trees, and only move with the shadow, or would be seen stretched out in the tents, like so many sullen, discontented animals, in the depths of a cave, glaring out angrily and selfishly from their limited quarters at every intruder.\*

By this time, having in our leisure nothing to do but sleep, notice and comment on individual character, we had come to be pretty well acquainted with each other's failings and strong points. Like every other organization, the Batallion had its aristocracy and popular favorites, and coming, as we did, from a large business centre, those who had been previously engaged in commercial pursuits gave the tone to the balance of the organization—the book-keepers and *attachés* of the large cotton, commission and grocery houses assuming, or having accorded to themselves the first rank. Those whose opportunities as clerks had thrown them much with the every day world, had sufficient powers of self-assertion to claim probably the next grade, while, as likely as not, the men with the most learning, the deepest experience, rarest talent, and eccentricities, generally were regarded rather shyly in the mess

for the last drill; and now having packed our knapsacks, pitched our tents, and kissed the sweethearts we leave behind, you will see us for the future more actively employed, with the scowl of battle upon our face, and hanging upon the flying ranks of the foe."

\*Some such speech as the following, was very commonly heard: "Now don't all of you come piling in here, unless you want to knock the tent down; there's some cussed galoot that makes it a point to stumble over the tent ropes and pins every time he passes, who has nearly done it already."

"Come, Tom, take a rest, and dry up. You've managed to smuggle in the best canteen of whiskey brought into camp, and you can't throw off on old friends that way. Out with it."

And after one more growl about bringing around the whole Batallion, the coveted canteen would be reluctantly handed over.

and social relations of camp. For instance, a French Colonel who had accompanied us as a volunteer, hardly became known by name, and would never have been promoted to the rank of a Corporal. The same was true of one or two Prussian officers. Of the half dozen lawyers, and the same number of writers, none of them were much thought of—that is in the first year of soldiering. But the truth was, that the men of most ability had no opportunity of showing their special talent, and had but little of any other kind—generally becoming disgusted with camp life among the first, and too contemptuous or despairing of the scanty honors within their reach, to take the trouble to obtain them. “The world is full of the successes of common place men,” says the proverb, and undoubtedly the working characters of every day life made the best soldiers with us.

The real aristocracy, however, in the harsh life of a camp—as well as everywhere else—which outranks all others, is that which can always command money, and which knows how to spend it. On a long march in after years, it is astonishing, when provisions are scarce, how much respect we can have for a comrade who has money enough to buy a loaf of bread for himself as well as his poorer mess-mate. Such a man would be forthwith invited to join the best messes, and be allowed to shirk, if not the entire mess work, at least its roughest parts; and his influence in obtaining leave of absence, a horse to ride, or some body to stand his extra guards, would extend throughout the camp.

The best men would frequently fail of commanding much influence, through modesty and the absence of a stirring, bustling disposition. There for instance, was Professor Gessner, well known now in our city as an accom-



plished teacher, who was scarcely known in camp, except as a faithful, brave soldier; and the same remark would apply to Ernest Byer, the present Prussian Consul at Mobile, and who has since made a fortune in buying cotton. Corporal Coyle has since found it easier to control the coal or towboat business than he did in four years service, to get made Sergeant; while our well known Notary of the present day, A. J. Hero, though the smallest man in the company, through his vigilance, energy and unremitting attention to his duties, became Captain of the Third Company.

In what has been said in our social distinctions, reference is had rather to the make up and material of the Battalion as we started out, than to its character, as we soldiered on. The young snob who believed implicitly in blood, in his father's wealth, family position, or felt elevated above ordinary mortality from having obtained a fat situation in a banking house or insurance company, got bravely over these ideas as he soldiered further on—forgot to part his hair in the middle, and learned to regard men rather by their worth than their artificial position. On the other hand, those who were not known at all at starting, in many instances continued to obtain influential places in the Quartermaster's or Commissary department, and make their influence felt in the distribution of rations. The tendency of this class, who were generally thought to be partial, and were therefore unpopular, was to assume style and airs in proportion to their power; however small and insignificant our honors, we liked to have them recognized for what they were worth.

In the last year of the war, when the provisions given out for three days could have been easily consumed at one meal, I received with several others, an invitation to take

dinner with the Commissary of our company. Although we had nothing but fried middling and baker's bread for our repast, no reader at this day can realize how much awe the hospitality of our Amphytrion inspired, even in the breasts of some of the higher officers who happened to be present. As each guest present felt in honor bound to eat only a fair share of the delicacies spread before us, one can judge how much of the company's rations had been actually stolen; the effect however of these gorgeous spreads, was to create the impression that the detailed commissaries were reveling in the luxury of Lucullus; or something like the celebrated banquet given years ago in this city, where a politician on the verge of ruin, spent in one night \$40,000 in entertaining his friends.

There were a good many other classes that might be named, such as the class who continued to obtain soft places, and to shirk duty by flattery and playing in a very modest role as courtiers—such too as the musical choirs—a class much envied, who through their talents were always welcomed, not unfrequently to the exclusion of less fortunate rivals.

Having stated thus much of the criticisms which soldiers, for absence of other employment, passed upon each other, it is but just to add, that with no hope of glory or of doing more than what every man ought to do for his country, they bore their trials, the meanest of them, with excellent spirit. Their miseries which were indeed great, were met with no discontent. There was no crime—there were no murmurs—and there was a patient acquiescence in orders, except when men were detailed to be away from the battle field, and these were hardly ever obeyed.

## CHAPTER VI

## OUR FIRST BATTLE.

Having bade adieu to civilization and comfort at Richmond, a dusty day and night of travel brought us to Manassas. I remember nothing of this, except that there were two or three ill-natured disputes among the men who were out of humor about seats, and that the farther we traveled, the less impressed seemed the world, at the sight of a soldier's uniform. It was evident that the farmers, so far from regarding us as patriots, were concerned only about the best means of preserving their fences and crops; our predecessors in soldiering had taught them this much already. Instead of fair women to welcome us with flowers, we saw if we got out of the cars, only cynical landlords who regarded with an evil eye any attempt at a free use of his water or towels, or who would indulge in sneering remarks in reference to a lavish extravagance in the matter of soap.

Arrived at the depot, which was afterwards to become so identified with our recollections of Virginia, we were set to work in the hot sun at getting off our guns, horses, and ammunition chests. We had then to take the road to "Camp Louisiana," whither two of our companies, 1st and 2nd, had already preceded us. We found them pleasantly entrenched on the south bank of Bull Run, in rows of tents connected by an arbor shade, and which latter was as great a luxury to us as Jonah's Gourd was to the much complaining prophet. Our comrades who preceded us consoled us for our fatigue and travel, by welcoming us to a dinner on beans—equivalent on the field to covers at Fritz's or John's at this day. Still it was not without some agony and depression of soul, that we came down to sheet-

iron crackers, or hard-tack, or reconciled ourselves to the afterwards familiar smell of fried bacon, with which, to tell the truth, I have, ever since the war, associated military glory. Now commenced those longings for sweet-meats and vegetables with which our soldiers for four years were consumed, and so hardly, indeed, did it fare with us in diet, that the most intellectual men in the Battalion probably spent more time in painful or envious thought as to the best means of obtaining pies, chickens and eggs than we did on any other subject—patriotism, danger, home and sweethearts, all included.

Those were the days when alarms were of very frequent occurrence—when the imagination was excited by talk of masked batteries, black horse cavalry, “Tigers,” Zouave slaughters, and the like—when cautious sentinels would watch the ears of horses to discern the first tread of the foe, (thirty miles distant) or when the return of the battery-horses from watering, would lead to a rush of the guard to arms, or to the prancing around of the officer of the day with a drawn sabre, and a tremendous shout to the off-duty men to “Fall in.” I remember one fine looking officer, dark, bushy whiskered, and covered with a red-lined cloak, who went through the pantomime of rushing to meet the whole of McDowell’s army, so dramatically—in the style of Forrest, say—that we all voted him, in camp talk, promotion at once.

But at last the alarm which we had felt in our bones for days previous did come—a rocket had been seen—as well as a pillar of smoke, and these marked the approach of the enemy. The most prudent betook ourselves to packing and looking after rations—bathers came in from the Run; idlers quit lazing in the shade, and even the cooks who were dancing or singing around the camp fires, became

silent and watchful. We did not wait long—soon came the bugle sound to “Hitch up,” and of “Boots and saddle,” and in a moment all was confusion. In less than an hour afterwards the white tents had disappeared and we were galloping off to positions assigned us at the various fords.\*

I was lying on a caisson the next day, reading an old farmhouse novel, when we saw the enemy appear on the opposite heights. I did not believe then it was worth while turning down a leaf, even when we could see the gleam of the sun on their brass pieces or arms. A light curl of smoke, followed by a shot, which we could see coming towards us, and which looked like an India rubber ball thrown through the air, convinced us that the first shot had been actually fired. We shifted our position—as their guns were of longer range—and soon saw our line of infantry moving towards the Run. The regiments that then moved forward were mostly composed of sanguine impetuous young men, the pick of the fighting material of the South, who moved forward with loud shouts and an exultant swing at the prospective combat, and who were so impulsive and imprudent, that they threw away their knapsacks and blankets in order to have more freedom of movement. They felt the need of them badly before we were through with our fighting.

As the day advanced (the 18th of June) the enemy made an attempt to cross the Run—our batteries were shoved forward, the infantry opened fire, which rattled

\*General Evans of South Carolina, was the first to lead his Brigade into action at Stone Bridge. It consisted of the Fourth South Carolina Regiment and Wheat's Louisiana Battalion. Sustaining them, was General Cocke's Brigade, consisting of the 17th, 19th and 28th Virginia Regiments, commanded respectively by Cols. Cocke, Withers, and Robert T. Preston. These Brigades were the first to bear the brunt of the action, as they were exposed to a concentric fire, the object of the enemy being to turn our left flank while we were endeavoring to turn his right. These regiments of infantry were sustaining the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans, who had two of their guns at this point, which made terrible havoc in the ranks of the enemy.—*Richmond Dispatch*, July 6th.

along the line in murderous volleys, and the skirmish or battle of Bull Run was brought on.

It was just as much of a battle, so far as our artillery was concerned, as any we afterwards were in, as we were under heavy fire and continued in action until the fight was decided. It had been commenced, according to Swinton, through the "silly ambition" of Gen. Tyler, "who got it into his head that the enemy would run whenever seriously menaced." In pursuance of a belief that the man that got Manassas would be the great man of the war, and of an intention, as he expressed it, "to go through that night," he drew up his forces on Bull Run parallel to the Confederate troops, and opened an unmeaning fusillade. The result did not correspond to his expectations. The Confederates did not scare worth a cent; on the contrary, they suddenly charged across with a loud yell, and astonished Tyler by completely disrupting his left flank. Meanwhile the guns of the Washington Artillery, which had been distributed about, at the various fords, kept up an active fire until the foe had disappeared.

The following memoranda of the affair of the 18th, was made by Adjutant (afterwards Lieut Colonel) Owen, to whose journal frequent reference will be made in these pages :

"Camp was broken up on the 17th, owing to the driving in of our pickets and the advance of the enemy. Troops withdrawn from north side of Bull Run. Baggage was ordered to Manassas; bivouacked in a pine thicket, near McLean's. Guns placed at McLean's and Blackburn's Fords; we were roused on the 18th, before day, the batteries getting closer to the fords, and one detachment being sent to Union Mills. Zouaves seen moving about in the woods on opposite heights."

A portion of the second and third companies were ordered to Blackburn's ford. Geo. W. Muse, a young man of much promise and amiability was the first victim of the war in the Battalion. Gen. Beauregard, after the engagement, sent us word that we had behaved "like veterans."

The troops kept about their same positions during the following day, though subject to frequent movements and alarms. At a consultation of our Generals, held at McLean's house, afterwards used as a hospital, Beauregard said on the 20th, "Let to-morrow be our Waterloo." If his prediction had been carried out, for which the Confederate Army had every facility in the route of Manassas, it is not too much to suppose that the history of the Confederate war would have been somewhat different from what it is.

The following was the report of Gen. Beauregard, of the action of the Washington Artillery upon the 18th of July :

"It was at this stage of the affair that a remarkable artillery duel was commenced and maintained on our side with a long trained professional opponent, superior in character as well as in the number of his weapons, provided with improved munitions and every artillery appliance, and at the same time occupying the commanding position. The results were marvelous and fitting precursors to the artillery achievements of the 21st of July. In the outset, our fire was directed against the enemy's Infantry, whose bayonets, gleaming above the tree-tops, alone indicated their presence and force. This drew the attention of a battery placed on a high, commanding ridge, and the duel began in earnest. For a time, the aim of the adversary was inaccurate, but this was quickly corrected, and shot fell and shells burst thick and fast in the very midst

of our battery, wounding in the course of the combat, Capt. Eshleman, five privates, and the horse of Lieut. Richardson. From the position of our pieces, and the nature of the ground, their aim could only be directed at the smoke of the enemy's artillery; how skilfully and with what execution this was done, can only be realized by an eye witness. For a few moments their guns were silenced, but soon reopened. By direction of Gen. Longstreet, his battery was then advanced by hand, out of the range now ascertained by the enemy, and a shower of spherical case, shell and round shot flew over the heads of our gunners; but one of our pieces had become *hors de combat* from an enlarged vent. From the new position our guns fired as before, with no other aim than the smoke and flash of their adversaries' pieces, renewed and urged the conflict with such signal vigor and effect, that gradually the fire of the enemy slackened, the interval between their discharges grew longer and longer, finally to cease, and we fired a last gun at a baffled, flying foe, whose heavy masses in the distance were plainly seen to break and scatter in wild confusion and utter rout, strewing the ground with cast away guns, hats, blankets and knapsacks, as our parting shells were thrown among them. In their retreat one of their pieces was abandoned, but, from the nature of the ground, it was not sent for that night, and under cover of darkness the enemy recovered it."

The guns engaged in this singular conflict on our side, were three 6-pounder rifle pieces, and four ordinary 6-pounders, all of Walton's battery—the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. The officers immediately attached, were Capt. Eshleman, Lieuts. C. W. Squires, Richardson, Garnet and Whittington. At the same time our infantry held the bank of the stream, in advance of our guns, as the



missiles of the combatants flew to and fro above them; as cool and veteran-like, for more than an hour, they steadily awaited the moment and signal for the advance.

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## CHAPTER VII

### BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

The battle of Manassas was, in many respects, the most curious, and at the same time, the least eventful of the war. If the Federals had given battle on Saturday instead of Sunday, (the 21st of July,) they would have encountered the Confederate army without Johnston's command, whose men, as it was, only arrived at the most critical moment. If the Federals had delayed their attack a few hours longer, Beauregard, dreading Patterson's arrival, would have attacked them, with all the advantages of position on their side. In no battle of the war was there so much of the heroic element developed; the leading generals fought like private soldiers. Gen. Johnston threw himself into the thickest of the fight, and led the gallant 8th Georgia Regiment on with their glorious colors in his hand; Beauregard charged at the head of Hampton's Legion. He was riding up and down the lines between the enemy and our men, thoroughly combative, shouting them on with desperate ardor. Still the battle was going against us. Bee, Bartow, Fisher, Branch and all the field officers of some regiments were killed while struggling to maintain the Confederate line. This was being slowly driven back a mile and a half. But now the quick eye of Jackson discovers a weakly guarded battery and swoops down upon it; Beauregard at the same time pushed for-

ward to regain his line, and so the chances went balancing from one side to the other—the Confederates at one moment driving, at the next being driven. Finally, while Johnston, like Wellington about Blucher, was sighing for his additional regiments to appear in sight, Kirby Smith, who had come fifteen miles since the battle commenced, now rushes forward, and though he falls wounded, cheer after cheer from the Confederates tells that the battle is won.\* The rest was but the stampede of a panic-stricken army towards Washington.†

We make the following further extracts from Adjutant Owen's report :

"Gen. Kirby Smith coming up on the left, the enemy are routed; we firing the last gun. At 4 P. M. I rode over the field and saw the effects of battle for the first time. Men lay killed and wounded on every side—broken muskets, pieces of clothing and dead horses and disabled cannon were scattered about.

"We had been fighting Sherman's, Griffin's and Sprague's Rhode Island Batteries. In the panic they left all their guns where they had been fighting, near Mrs. Henry's

\*His coming up, I heard one soldier remark, was like the throwing of four aces upon a poker table. There was nothing more to be done but to sweep in the stakes.

†JULY 21.—Enemy shelling different portions of our line from the high ground on the other side of Bull Run; it is evident we will have another battle to-day.

7 A. M.—Five guns under Capt. Squires ordered to Lewis House, near the Stone Bridge. Enemy moving towards our left; Evans and Wheat fighting there and falling back. Two rifle guns ordered forward. Enemy still pushing us, and it now becomes evident, from the clouds of dust which rise over their line of march, that the enemy's main attack will be directed here. Gens. Beauregard and Johnston ride by us; fresh troops ordered up; our guns ordered in. We go into position under heavy fire, and fight the enemy's batteries around Henry House. Jos. Reynolds falls mortally wounded. In the thickest of the battle Gen. Beauregard, Capts. Chisholm and Hayward ride up. Gen. B. said to Col. Walton, in passing,

"Hold this position there, and the day is ours. Three cheers for Louisiana."

The cheer was taken up on our right and left and ran the whole length of the battle line. At this instant the General's horse had his head shot off, and his Aid took Sergt. Owen's mare, much to the latter's disgust.—*Batallion Journal*.

house. She, poor old lady, was between two fires, and was killed in bed. We buried her in her garden.

"Lieut. Dearing and I brought in the colors of the 2d Michigan Regiment, and gave them to Gen. Beauregard. 5 P. M. President Davis arrives from Richmond—is received with great cheering. The pursuit has been checked; why we cannot tell. It is reported the enemy are going at "double" for Washington. Bivouac on the field."

The fact that the last gun of the day was fired by our battery will be confirmed by the following from the *Petersburg Daily Express*, July 26th, 1861:

"The Washington Artillery, who had drawn their guns up the hill and in front of the house known as Mr. Lewis'—Gen. Cocke's and Gen. Johnston's headquarters, and which was riddled with shot—commanded by Major J. B. Walton in person, gave the enemy about this time a parting salute. \* \* \*

"Before the ball had well reached the point aimed at, a whole regiment of the enemy appeared in sight, going at the "double quick" down the Centreville road. Major Walton immediately ordered another shot "to help them along," as he said, and two were sent without delay right at them. There was no obstruction, and the whole front of the regiment was exposed. One-half were seen to fall, and if Gen. Johnston had not at that moment sent an aid to Major Walton, with an order to cease firing, nearly the whole regiment would have been killed."

Draper, in his history of the war, says that the panic was produced by the jam over one of the bridges, and the unexpected explosion of a shell in the midst of the fugitives.

Considering that the route of the Federal army was complete, the most astonishing thing in the world was that none of the desperate ardor that had characterized the generals and troops came to the surface now. The promptness of Evans, on our left flank, in forming a new line of battle with a handful of men, different from what he had anticipated, together with the resistance of Wheat's (La.) Battalion, the 4th Alabama, and 8th Georgia, had stemmed the tide until the other Confederate troops, who were totally unprepared for the situation, could come up; in other words, about all the generalship

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that was displayed or much needed, was to animate the troops on the ground, and to shove in the balance as fast as they arrived on the field. But when the battle was over, the leading actors were either killed, worn out, or ignorant of their victory, or incapable of profiting by it. I remember seeing some officers stop, before charging, to read the news of the glorious victory to a brigade who had not been in the fight at all, and the slowness with which the brigade moved off in pursuit, contrasted strongly with the impetuous rushes which the men learned at a later day to make. It is hardly credible to think of our attacking afterwards impregnable positions like Gettysburg and Malvern Hill, and showing lack of the requisite fire in the moment of victory. A little of the daring of Cortes or Pizarro was what we needed. Jackson, who had been pointed out as standing like a stonewall, and whose cry of, "We must give them the bayonet," had largely decided the battle, earlier in the day—Jackson had too little influence to control, and neither he nor Longstreet (the men on whom Lee afterwards principally relied,) had fairly come to the surface. We had three commanders-in-chief during the day, and it was to the weakness of some one of them that our cavalry charged only for a mile or two. As Greeley truly states, "there were hours of daylight when our troops rushed madly from the field like frightened sheep, yet their pursuit amounted to nothing." The truth was that the Federal army was in a great deal worse condition than Lee in his final retreat, (who took two hundred prisoners a few moments before surrendering at Appomatox Court-House,) and if the cavalry of Manassas had corresponded to that of our enemy's in the last fight, there is no reason why the whole of the Federal army should not have been bagged.

As for what followed after the battle,\* all of the military rules were observed, and by ordinary prudential lights the war was prolonged as well this way as perhaps by any other means that could have been adopted. But this policy did not correspond to the wishes and dreams of the men, who were, from impatience of camp life and disci-

*\*Extract from the Adjutant's Journal.*

JULY 22d—Raining this morning; rode down the turnpike towards Centreville, the route of the fleeing column; we pass large numbers of prisoners coming in; the road is strewn with guns, clothing and dead men; abandoned ambulances and wagons—some filled with wine and luxuries of every kind. Many citizens, members of Congress and others, came with the Federal Army to "see the fun;" ladies came as far as Centreville—we have seen several carriages coming in.

At Cub Run suspension bridge, everything is jammed and smashed up. Captain red here a good supply of red blankets and overcoats, which were distributed to the men on returning to camp.

24—The enemy has fallen back to Washington, and everything is supposed to be in a great confusion. In fact, persons coming from there say, all organization is gone; why we don't move on and enter Washington, Pres. Davis and Gen. Beauregard best know.

AUGUST 1st—Still encamped at our old camp-ground, going through the dull routine of camp life. We see many visitors daily who have come on to visit the battle field; we are kept busy riding about and pointing out objects of interest; enough of the exploded caissons belonging to Sherman's Battery, has been carried away to build a house; we live splendidly: Chickens, eggs, vegetables, milk, ice, and claret, *pâté de foie gras*, sardines, etc. Mr. Slidell of New Orleans, visits our camp; we are now according to the papers, the *famous* Washington Artillery.

SEPT.—Change our camp to Centreville, call it Camp Orleans—it is laid out beautifully, and the Third Company has its streets covered by an arbor of branches and leaves.

OCT.—Move camp to Fairfax C. H., (Camp Benjamin.)

NOV.—The Army falls back to Centreville; fortification thrown up on the height; our camp is near Gen. Beauregard; a new supply of tents have been sent us from New Orleans; our camp looks very pretty.

DEC. 25—Begin building winter quarters on Bull Run, on the old battle field of the 18th July.

30—The winter quarter camp is laid out, regularly, with a street for each Company; the houses are of logs, and are roofed with planks, and all have glass windows; the officers have double houses, two rooms on a line and at right angles with the Company Street, the staff on a line in rear of the Company's Officers, the long stable for the horses are in front of the camp, as is also the park of Guns.

JAN.—Gen. Beauregard and Staff have left us: have been ordered to the West; much regret is felt at his being removed. Gen. Joe Johnston is in command; we have hut 30,000 men here, and learn that McClellan is massing a large force at Alexandria; we anticipate a retreat from our present position; we have some sport; one day it was fighting a snow ball battle with St. Paul's Chasseurs Battalion.

MARCH 6—Attached to Gen. Longstreet's Division by order of Gen. Johnston.

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pline, compelled to die a thousand deaths, and rot away in idleness. In the same way that in times of revolution, the public prefers the bloodiest tragedies on the stage, or that the soldier selects the wildest and most bizarre novel for camp reading—in the same way ought our generals to have found work for an army, upon whose ranks, inaction was more fatal than the bullets of the enemy. For a cause that from the first could not hope for success, if continued on until one side or the other was exhausted, appeals to extraordinary motives should have been made, daring chances should have been encountered, the feelings and passions which make a frenzied people superior to all military force, should have been stirred up. To do something was the true policy of the Confederacy. Our troops were then the flower of the South, men capable of extraordinary things. They could have been made to disperse and re-assemble, in and out of the enemy's country—as was once done by a Roman conspirator who, finding his six hundred men surrounded, ordered each man to shift for himself and report at Rome, hundreds of miles distant. Any plan as wild for instance, as that of Mahomet and his few followers who broke down the Eastern Roman Empire, would have been better than slow strategy, where our enemy had every advantage in military resources, in the facility of filling up their regiments with foreigners, and in the more patient temper of the troops. The fact that the South sent so many men of education and accomplishments into the ranks, lying about camps idle for months, was an evidence of the devotion of her people, and at the same time of the heavy strain there was upon her. A man ignorant of fencing, and who fights without rules, will frequently disconcert his experienced antagonist; on the same principle having to meet

a foe who would always be better prepared than himself for standing a long war, the South ought to have adopted a policy which savored rather of madness and desperation than one of retreats.

Possibly the war in this way would have been ended in a few months. If so the means suggested were the best. If otherwise, it ought to have been the best reason for preventing the total destruction of property in the South.\*

\*Col. J. B. Walton, states that the Battalion carried into various portions of the line on the 21st, thirteen guns under the commands of Miller, Lewis, Richardson, Squires, Rosser, Slocumb, Battles, Norcom, Garnett, and Whittington, three rifled six pounders, and the balance 4 twelve pound howitzers and smooth six pounders. The battery under Lieut. Squires, received the first fire from the enemy's guns. Fire was shortly after opened by Lieut. Richardson; Sergeant Owen dismounted one of the enemy's guns. About 10 A. M., the artillery was upon the crest straggled for during the day, subject to a terrific fire, the men working as silently and composedly as when on ordinary drill, until the fire of the enemy was silenced. About 1 P. M., Lieut. Squires took position on the Stone Bridge Road, and opened fire upon the retreating columns of the enemy until ordered (momentarily) by Gen. Johnston to save our ammunition; soon after, having obtained their range, our shots fell like target practice upon an enemy retreating by thousands. "The last gun of the 21st was fired from one of the rifles of my battery." Sergeant J. D. Reynolds, killed—wounded, Corporal E. C. Payne, 1st Company; G. L. Crutcher, 4th Company.

Gen. Beauregard in his report says, that two pieces of the Washington Artillery under Richardson, four under Imboden, confronted Hentzleman's Division, and another at about 11 A. M. The Confederates then had only Evans, (Wheat's gallant Battalion,) Bee and Bartow, and two Companies of the 11th Miss. Against this odds, scarcely credible, our advanced position was for a while maintained, and the enemy's ranks constantly broken and shattered under the scorching fire of our men. Col. Early, with the 7th Va., and Hay's 7th La., came on the ground immediately after Elzy, and took position near the Chimn House, under a severe fire, outflanking the enemy's right. At this moment, under a combined attack all along the line, and by the aid of the fresh troops, we finally carried the contested plateau, and "Early's Brigade pursued the now panic-stricken enemy."—*Beauregard's report, battle of Manassas.*

*Telegram sent of the Battle of Manassas.*

RICHMOND, July 24—(*Crescent* 25th.) Out of the four hundred of Wheat's Command engaged, less than a hundred escaped being either killed or wounded. The Catahoula Guerillas, Capt. Bahoup, belonging to the Battalion, fought with desperation.

*Letter from a member of Wheat's Battalion.*

(*Crescent*, August 1st 1861.) On Sunday 21st, at sunrise, the enemy commenced throwing shot and shell among us; the enemy fired as if all hell had been set loose. Flat upon our faces we received their showers of balls; a moment's pause, and we rose, closed upon them with fierce yells, clubbing our rifles and using our long knives. This hand to hand fight lasted until fresh reinforcements drove us back—we carrying our wounded with us. Major Wheat was here

## CHAPTER VIII.

## CAMP LIFE.

After the battle, we had for some months\* no other inci-

shot from his horse; Capt. White's horse was shot under him; our 1st. Lieut. Dick Hawkins, was wounded, shot through the breast and wrist, and any number of killed and wounded were strewn all about.

The New York Fire Zouaves, seeing our momentary confusion, gave three cheers and started for us, but it was the last shout that most of them ever gave. We covered the ground with their dead and dying, and had driven them beyond their first position, when just then we heard, three cheers for the Tigers, and Louisiana. The struggle was decided. The gallant Seventh had "double-quickened" it for nine miles, and came rushing into the fight. They fired as they came within point blank range, and charged with fixed bayonets.

When the fight and pursuit were over, we were drawn up in line and received the thanks of Gen. Johnston, for what he termed our extraordinary and desperate stand; Gen. Beauregard sent word to Major Wheat, "you, and your Battalion, for this day's work, shall never be forgotten, whether you live or die."

## CAMP AND GENERAL RECORD.

\*Our Battalion sustained, during its first year, a severe loss in the resignation of some of its best officers, among whom were Capt. Isaacson and Lieutenants Lewis, Slocomb, Whittington and Adams, whose talents had greatly contributed to the successful organization of the Battalion in its infancy, and most of whom afterwards did good service in other companies. The truth was, that an officers' duties involved so much constant care and trouble, that the position was scarcely to be envied, and we had a good many instances of officers from other corps who honored us by entering our ranks, and like D'Artagnon and his friends of the "Three Guardsmen," were contented to do the duty of a private soldier in preference to holding command.

Aug. 7.—The Louisiana troops now concentrated at Brenville, near Centreville. The 6th and 7th Regiments and Wheat's Battalion near by, Col. Seymour commanding. The time is now arrived for concentrating them all in one brigade. Hon. John Slidell and Warren Stone among the visitors.

Aug. 24th.—The Washington Artillery in New Orleans, turn over \$1280 as the result of a concert given to assist destitute families.

Aug. 16.—Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon) a guest of Beauregard for two days. The news was soon transmitted by some waggish skirmisher that "Old Fuss and Feathers" had been bagged at last, and the Prince enjoyed the joke largely, until a Georgia regiment was met, which manifested a disposition to anticipate the action of a court martial.

Oct. 20th, 1861.—The first and second company stationed on Munson's Hill. The first had been sent to different points on secret expeditions, one of which was going thirteen miles in the enemy's lines, surprising a camp, etc.

Nov. 26.—Amount expended and due for equipping State soldiers up to date, beside private contributions, \$2,300,000. Gov. Moore states that "the Secretary of the Confederate States made his first requisition on me for three thousand volunteers in April. Before this was filled, the Secretary made a second requisition for five thousand men. In July a third was made for three thousand more. Eight of these regiments and two battalions are now in Virginia, one in Mississippi, three in Kentucky, and five within our own State. There have been besides fourteen companies of infantry mustered in for the special defence of this State, and four companies of artillery. Thirteen other companies are at Camp Lewis—making an aggregate of 20,202, raised by the State, besides, as I believe, 3891 men of independent organizations, or 24,003 in all."—*Governor Moore's Message*, Nov. 26, 1861.



dents in our life than the changing from one camp to another—the distribution of uniforms, drill, guard-mounting and an occasional detail to go with the wagons to Manassas Station to get corn and provisions. This latter duty or privilege, of riding in a six-mule wagon, driven at full speed, which almost jolted the teeth out of you, was regarded in somewhat the same light at that day as a drive over the shell road would be now. It was a happiness to get a half a dozen miles from camp, and besides that we had a chance of meeting up with friends from other organizations; and, if we had any money, of spending it. These meetings were not, however, generally very satisfactory, and resulted only in showing how men let down as they soldiered on. If the writer of the “Guide to Politeness” had had his rations of water limited to what he could carry in his canteen, it is doubtful whether he would have insisted so strongly that no man could be a gentleman who did not wash his face at least once every day. Possibly, too, in time he would have had his views modified as to the amount of mud upon a man’s back or straw in his hair admissible in strictest drawing room etiquette. Count D’Orsay and Beau Brummel would in the end have become disgusted at having to substitute a tin plate, *a la* Jack Strop, for a Venetian mirror—to trying to imagine that his frying pan at dinner represented costly plate or Sevres china, or to using clothes brushes to which the backs of the battery horses might have advanced superior claims. We were so overwhelmed with absurd changes and variations upon all ordinary modes of living, that things became, after a while, as was said by the Texan (when he saw every thing he owned burned down or destroyed) “perfectly ridiculous.”

The worst of it was, too, that though somebody was

always falling a victim to these *contre temps* or innovations, the jokes gotten off about them would not always be of the most original or outrageously funny sort. They seldom, for many of us, amounted to much beyond awakening a sad smile, the first time they were told; and they did not pan out any better as they grew in age. But with the majority they wore well, like army clothing; and they were a well-spring of joy to a good many old buffers, whose hearty haw-haws would at the same time reward the narrators, each time they were told, and threaten the stability of our rather rickety tents.

One of these standing camp jokes I may as well mention here, as an illustration of what tent-life is in summer, rather than from any fondness for inflicting old stories. It was about some man who went dead in some particularly hot camp, and whose ghost, some nights after, haunted his old comrades; not because of any remorse, or for the reasons that ghosts usually come. The ghost's real reason, he stated in answer to a cross-examination upon the subject was, that hell was so cold compared with the heat of camp, that the place seemed to have burned down and frozen over, and he had consequently got a leave of absence to come back for his blanket. This joke had a big run in both armies; in fact there was only one other that was oftener quoted; that of the sutler who found he had to compete in selling whisky with a chap who had gone behind his tent, and who, with aid of a gimlet, was underselling him from the sutler's own barrel. One of the yarns said to have secured the passage of the conscript law, was told of an officer who had leave of absence to go home and raise a volunteer regiment, six months after we learned what soldiering was. When the Secretary of State inquired how he was getting on, the

officer reported that he had not yet made any enlistments, but that he had had his eye on a d—d fine looking recruit.

In the days when it began to be said that one had to take a good wallow in the mud to make himself respectable, the visitor who had the hardihood to appear in camp in citizen's clothes had a terrible gauntlet to run in the way of advice, suggestions and comments. How many kind voices would extend him invitations to "Come out of that hat," with such corroborative hints thrown out to convince him that he ought to act promptly, as that his legs were "sticking out." It would be pointed out that his Parrot shell hat might explode; and if a timid turn, he would be agonizingly warned for "God sake to lie down, we are going to explode a cap." The joke was not always confined to the civilian: it was just as exasperating if you were a grand officer and prancing around in gold lace, to create no other effect than the shout of, "Here's your mule."

But as has already been said, a soldier's life is too hard, too much like that of a frontiersman or gambler's, to admit of much sentiment or generosity. The instinct of self-preservation prevails; "everything for me—nothing for you" was the rule generally carried out. Men in those days who had been accustomed at home to jovial dissipation in midnight suppers, with a crowd of similar spirits, bent on amusement or excitement, would sometimes go off alone to the station, from the various regiments and make a small investment in fire water. Now, happiness! This would consist in stealing off to the shade of a fence corner, or of getting under the wagon, if its protection had not already been previously pre-empted, and the happy proprietor would then think that happiness consisted in having a full canteen, and being untroubled by

flies. Soldiering, which is founded on rough military rule inculcates the principle of looking very carefully after self, and it is not easy to remember many names who very often lost sight of this rule—possibly because they had nothing to give, but there were times when, in spite of the hard life by which we were surrounded, their better nature would crop out. We could give our lives for our country, but found it hard frequently to divide some trifling comfort.

But once in a while the old spirit would flash up, and the generous disposition shine forth. For instance, it was the fortune of one of us at the battle of Manassas to get run over by a caisson full of ammunition, and with eight or ten men on it besides. The battle was not over, and any one who had a flask of liquor, was likely enough to need it himself. This fact, however, did not keep Jack C—— from generously extending the last drink in his flask. To know the value of this act, one must have soldiered or traveled across the plains.

On the other hand a wounded man of an adjoining regiment was carried off by a comrade from where he was, bleeding to death, and sent to a hospital, where he recovered. The two men came together again in Pizini's Restaurant—the wounded man eating ice-cream, his brother soldier without a cent of money, and as hungry as a thirty miles march could make him. The man who had been wounded did take the trouble to lay down his spoon long enough to shake hands, but that was all. His omission to offer his comrade a crust of bread probably arose from forgetfulness or lack of more money, as he at any rate gave his life to his country.

Once a man who had one of his legs shot off, begged so hard for his life that some of us picked him up and carried

him away, although it was rather a neglect of duty, as the firing might at any moment have recommenced. This poor fellow had a pocket book containing \$2.50 which he gave to one of us to carry, and which was handed back to him when he was put down. The man counted over the Confederate money attentively, in spite of the pain he must have suffered from his wound, and rather intimated that twenty-five cents were missing. But he got over this feeling presently, and then offered us about fifteen cents a piece for having saved his life. It was a noble offer on his part, as he proceeded to tell us that he was wounded and helpless, and would need the money more than we did.

Some of us helped off a Federal soldier who was similarly wounded; he afterwards met one of our command as a prisoner, and gave him a piece of tobacco, and an old knife, both of which he begged from somebody else, by way of showing that he wished to do what was right. Some such gossiping comments as those above made, would occur as likely as not, while we were marching side by side on the road, when some comrade had been sufficiently rich and generous to buy a flask of liquor and divide its contents with his friends, or where a detail had purchased the article by forming a joint stock association. I shall tell, and then proceed, one more incident which I heard in a similar crowd, by way of showing that we sometimes become hard-feeling and brutal, but afterwards saw our selfishness in its truest light: Tom C—— was a gallant Louisiana Sergeant, who had been wounded in every fight he went into, and whose position near the colors made it certain in his own mind that he always would have the same luck. Passing through Atlanta towards the close of the war, on his way to Chattanooga, he mentioned his presentment to a relative, who told him

to telegraph back any casualty he might meet with, if he had a chance. C—— went into battle, his color-sergeant was wounded and the colors fell on C——. He had not proceeded far with them, before he was shot through both hips. A friend gave him a plug of tobacco and a canteen of water, promised to send his telegram, and the regiment moved on. The doctor came around and refused to move him or dress his wound, as it appeared beyond cure, and thousands of others were suffering. Tom lay there for two days, was carried from the field by his relative, and ultimately recovered enough to hobble about on crutches.

About the time he had recovered enough for him to take the cars and go home, a comrade came to the same house whom Tom had once helped when in great danger, and which comrade, if he had been so disposed, could now have rendered Tom a good many little services. But his friend did nothing of the sort. Tom, who was not only very polite and respectful, but almost reverent towards every woman, had found warm friends in the household among the lady inmates, who rightly regarded him as a hero, and had it not been for the coming of his handsome and showy comrade, probably Tom, in spite of his crippled condition, would have carried away the heart of one of the party. But after his fellow soldier's arrival a cloud came over Tom's fortunes ; his simple stories, and honest, artless comments upon life lost their freshness and charm ; his sweetheart took or seemed to take a fancy for his comrade, and he began to suspect that his friends were getting weary of rendering service to a cripple. He left one morning with a heavy heart. He had to start at daylight on a chilly, tempestuous morning, and as it was with the utmost difficulty Tom could drag one foot along after

the other, he had hoped that his comrade would take interest enough in him to help him into the carriage, and assist him at the cars. But this comrade who had been talking to the ladies late the night before, and who was very sleepy at the moment of departure, did nothing of the sort. He simply rubbed off enough sleep from his eyes to be able to yawn a "Good bye, old fellow—if I wasn't so d—d sleepy I'd go and help you off." This was the last that the two men saw of each other.

But if Tom had seen the ladies at the breakfast table, and seen especially the flashing eyes of the young lady he loved, he would not have been unavenged. His comrade was told plainly that she could not see how one soldier could be so profoundly selfish and indifferent to a wounded fellow soldier; and there were no more smiles henceforth for him in that house.

The man that told the story said it was himself that had treated Tom C. so badly; and he thought his conduct was as shabby as the ladies had represented, when he had been a little while longer out of camp, and began to look at things unbiassed by the selfishness which soldiering naturally makes.

I speak about such little incidents, because every man worth speaking of, had to do or see some practical soldiering, and in all probability held an obscure position and has a hundred little remembrances in his own history similar to the above. Nearly every reader knows how it was himself, because in all likelihood he as a good citizen, "just went along," without bothering much about the matter, whether he was a soldier, or held high position. There are other and better narratives, which tell of our brilliant officers who were every moment galloping by with jingling spurs, gold lace and scarlet sashes; and who

for all mention made of the soldier in their pages—did pretty much all the service and hard fighting by themselves. It deserves however to be stated, while confining myself mainly to an outline of a soldier's life, that nearly all of our Southern officers, were too proud to fare any better than their men; and practically in their lives, carried out the example of Alexander, when he threw away a cup of water in presence of his thirsty troops.

It deserves to be said that they went in with all of their combativeness to the surface—bracing themselves in the stirrup, with a lusty wave of their sword, and using a musket like a soldier; or later in the war, sitting still on horseback meditatively, as if each man in a regiment had learned what to do, and as if it was better not to bother it with any interference in action, or interruption. The latter was really the style of fighting that prevailed with the veteran regiments. The men kept on as long as they felt that they were doing any good, and then if not satisfied, as if putting it to a vote, would stalk disgustedly off. The tone of the officers in the few cases, when no general command had been given to fall back, would be that of obstinate jurors, or that of a man in a stage-coach who has been detained, and asks his fellow-passengers to wait with him a little while longer, till he gets through with his dinner. An officer's troops would always stay with him, when there seemed to them any sense in the men keeping on, and sometimes would refuse to retire, when ordered to fall back. The best evidence of this, is the fact in such battles as Malvern Hill and Gettysburg, the storming brigades of the Confederate troops lost forty-four per ct. more than Napoleon ever lost or than was lost in the Franco-German war. The official reports of Gen. Gordon showed that the losses amounted



to one man in every three wounded—one man in every ten, killed in one battle, not to speak of absentees or prisoners. There were brigades where the killed and wounded were over one half.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### A WARLIKE HOTEL.

I OUGHT not to have left so far behind all mention of Manassas station, which point every soldier had more or less occasion to visit during the first year of the war, and about which every one who then did duty has probably a thousand recollections to relate. Apart from its military value, it was the most uninteresting place in existence. In rainy weather, when the wagon trains of the whole army came to it every day, the mud was at least two feet deep—so deep that a horse would sink up to his belly, or in walking a square on foot, one would have his boots pulled off his feet, at least a half dozen times. Beside the cake and pie stands, the most conspicuous feature about the station was Belcher's Hotel—a building almost as large as the City Hotel, though the prices for meals and lodging were rather higher. The walls were rushed up very much like a barn or stable, where the wind on cold nights would whistle through the cracks or intervals of the planks, which were at least a half inch apart. The building was too stories high, and was heated when cold weather came on by an immense stove whose smoke all settled inside.

There was always a large crowd surrounding the stove, though they never remained in their seats more than ten minutes at a time, on account of the smoke. Most of the men who surrounded it appeared like the Blind Calendars

mentioned in the Arabian Nights story, and sat with their eyes firmly closed. Candles about the building were consequently of no use. The last thing you did at night was to wash your eyes in cold water, if you could find any, and the first thing in the morning—to get out of the building as quick as you could, strike for camp, and swear you would never enter it again. It was destroyed, with everything about Manassas, when Gen. Johnston made the first of his everlasting retreats, together with a very large amount of Commissary stores, and every other building there was about the place.

We had occasion to do some hard fighting in a few miles of this famous depot, when Lee was chasing Pope out of his “Head-quarters (or hind-quarters as the joke was) in the saddle;” but we never got to see it again until after the war. At that time the innumerable wagon roads that seemed to lead everywhere, had disappeared, though the fences were still absent. But the town of Manassas has sprung up more prosperously than it had ever been known to be before. A new quarry of red sandstone had been discovered—new stores had been erected from this, as well as a printing office, and a comfortable hotel. Faint traces of the old breast-works could just be discovered, overgrown with grass, and that was all.

One of the pleasantest of our resting places I can remember, was one known as Camp Orleans. This was, perhaps, on account of the shade—perhaps because we had some distance to go for water, and thus had a better opportunity of getting out of camp limits. The spring was the great centre of attraction for our own batallion, two or three Louisiana regiments, and the Tigers, Guerrillas and other companies, who composed the gallant Colonel Wheat's Batallion. A little distance off was a

little village, known as Centreville, pretty much abandoned by its ancient inhabitants to sutlers, ready made forts, quaker guns and all the paraphernalia of war. I remember nothing in the way of incident connected with the place, except the pleasure we all experienced at the commencement of the Indian Summer, at sometimes having to stand guard over the Commissary tent, where there were sometimes a few perquisites of office, and at once having an opportunity of rescuing a couple of ladies from a runaway team of horses. That is, the horses actually ran away, and by rescuing them, I mean that one of us had the honor of helping them from the carriage after the horses had stopped and the danger was over.

Then the whole army went to Fairfax and did nothing particularly worthy of mention, except to execute a beautiful retreat, which was much gloated over at the time, and which simply amounted to striking our tents and burning everything we did not want to carry back with us, immediately after firing off a sky-rocket. It took us all night and part of the next day to get back to camp from about the same place where we started.

Our next camp was called Camp Hollins, and here we were again getting into all sorts of scrapes. We kept our quarters in excellent condition, cutting broom-straw, which grew plentifully, for pallets, and generally having a rather pleasant time around camp fires, dodging smoke, telling stories, and borrowing from our comrade's tobacco pouch, where there was an opening. We had some drills and fancy parades, but these were almost the last we were to have. Once in a while some improvidential youth would be detected in furtively making use of a government horse to visit friends at a distance, and sometimes there would be a court-martial or two, resulting from this grave

violation of discipline. The same party of ladies who had been rescued from the runaway chariot, were the cause of the exercise of one of these exhibitions of camp discipline; and if the reader will picture to himself the difficulty of obtaining a horse under patrol of two or three guardsmen—riding a dozen miles during a snow storm, where your horse would fall down three and four times in descending long and slippery hills, he will have an idea of the restless feeling produced when you are kept a long time inactive in camp. Then we were ordered all of a sudden to go to cutting down trees, chopping them off in prescribed lengths, and then hauling them to a new camping ground, preparatory to building winter quarters. We soon acquired sufficient experience to lay those notched logs one upon the other, and cover them over with shingles prepared for the purpose; and when this was done, with the addition of a rough puncheon floor, window sash, brought in by parties on horseback from some remote abandoned house, and a door, the habitation of a dozen men was in short measure completed.

## LETTER WRITTEN IN TENT.

CENTREVILLE, Dec. 6th, 1861.—This will be my last letter from this place, so at least our officers encourage us so to believe, and feeling that we are thus encouraged for some wise purpose, we give fancy free rein in laying out plans for the future, quartering ourselves for instance in Richmond, and dancing and reveling through the winter solstice with the natives. Meanwhile, time drags wearily enough. Our only amusement is to build air castles (I wish it was winter quarters) around a big fire and dodge the smoke, and should we remain here, I think more of us will die from too much Centreville on the brain, than from all other causes

whatever. I don't say that the town is any more dull and sensationless than many others that we both have probably passed through ; but it seems so to us. I doubt if an incident or adventure ever took place within its dreary limits, unless the necessity of passing through or of staying all night, of some benighted traveler in such a God-forsaken collection of boards, might be regarded in that light. Society of the softer sex, there is none, coffee-houses, there are none. A blacksmith shop, a few stores kept by men who swindle the careless soldier at extremely cheap rates, and the ghost of a hotel so unredeemably dismal, that a night spent in a snow bank would be preferable to entering its portals ; these and a few other houses, built upon an almost perpendicular street, constitute the town.

From this atmosphere, a few friends of different regiments, together with myself, resolved for one day to escape. Freedom, though only for a few hours, was a sufficient motive for me, but with my friends, a determination to obtain a lost dog, was an additional inducement. Our conversation naturally turned upon the qualities of this faithful follower of man, and from my friends I learned that his complexion was a billious, soap colored yellow, that his body was bereft of its tail, and that his legs were disproportionately long for his body, had it not been curtailed of its narrative already. What the use of this sorry cur was, I was unable to ascertain, as the mere asking of such a question might have been construed by a soldier's mind, into an affront. But, I learned that the mere permission to hunt for him required the signatures of half the officers in the regiment, besides one or two Brigadier-Generals, in order to pass the pickets.

Gradually the conversation subsided into subjects of

less interest, (excepting of course, inquiries of every wayfarer, in reference to the lost animal,) and one of the party, who seemed familiar with localities, and anxious to talk, pointed out surrounding objects of interest. Among others he described the occupant of a small house—two rooms and a small garret, which was, he said, familiar to soldiers as the “Widow’s,” and where those who were fortunate enough to have fifty cents were wont to repair for their meals.

The doorway, continued my informant, is always thronged with a hungry crowd, under the eye of a sentinel, of officers and privates, who restrain their impatience until the board is spread, by wallowing on the beds, or smoking pipes, with their legs above the kitchen mantelpieces, ejecting saliva at the hissing stove. Whether the guests visit the widow from admiration of the sex, or the culinary art, my friend thought impossible to say, her pretensions to beauty and skill being about evenly balanced. But eating or love making, no one seems able to boast of much preference, her smiles being distributed with the same impartiality as the tit-bits, gizzards and livers of her table.

Conspicuous at one time among the widow’s admirers, was a sandy-haired youth with a “coming stomach,” whom you may know as Charles. Charles’s parti-colored ties, moccasin vests, bear greased locks, and glittering appearance generally, had constituted him at one time the cynosure of the bar-rooms and banquettes of your city; but the sun of his glory has long since set, and nought remained of his former splendor, but a dirty shirt. His face bore but little evidence of a familiarity with water, while the tangled jungles of his head were equally untroubled with the inroads of brush or comb. His hands dangled at his

side, coarse and dirty, like a couple of smoked hams, and in short, as mouldy and wilted a looking bird was Charles, as was to be found in the Confederate camp. It was about this time that chance led him to the widow's door. The visit awakened old memories, and was attended with purchase of a comb. The second interview involved the washing of his face and hands, and each succeeding visit was succeeded by a similar change and transformation. Whether this brilliant metamorphosis was wholly due to the humanizing influence of woman, or partly to his month's pay, and the holding of strong hands at poker, my informant did not take it upon him to say ; but at any rate, the moments of Charles, which are not absorbed in painting a pair of tremendous boots—tops, soles and all, are generally whiled away in the widow's salons.

Thus discoursing and listening to the statistics of another soldier, whose mind appeared to have been much occupied with the study of mules, wagons, and other means of conveyancing not mentioned in law writers, not forgetting meanwhile, to make constant inquiries in reference to the missing dog, we passed through a country war-seathed, exhausted of almost every supply, and almost depopulated of its native inhabitants. No traces of anything like an inclosure were to be seen.

The zig-zag worm fences had disappeared at the first appearance of winter, and a rail is now almost as much an object of curiosity as would be the presence of the great rail-splitter himself. Much was said at the time by the few farmers, who remained, about the destruction of their property, and stringent orders were issued from camp. But the soldiers, whose blood was freezing, were not in a condition to weigh calmly the difference between *meum* and *teum*. It was doubtless good that farmers should

have fences, thought the soldiers; but it was also good that patriots should keep warm, and so the last sign of one has long since disappeared.

Our roads led us over the black waters of Bull Run, by the famous stone bridge and stone house, (the Hougomont Chateau of our Waterloo,) and through the memorable battle-field itself. The fallen trunks of the trees which were cut down to intercept the enemy's path near the bridge, are still remaining, and the broken, splintered tops of others attest where the whirlwind of battle has passed; otherwise, a few shreds and patches of cotton which mark the position of the batteries, a house almost destroyed by the balls and, lastly the graves of the dead, are the sole remaining indications of the greatest battle ever fought upon this continent.

We had not proceeded many miles farther before we came to a house, which appeared to be still inhabited by its owners, and whose external appearance, and the savory smell from the kitchen, gave us some encouragement to hope for dinner. It is not generally thought necessary by the soldier to waste much time in knocking or pulling at the bell, and so we entered the parlor without further ceremony. By way of announcing our arrival, one of the party, in a large, broad-brimmed hat, and with blanket thrown around him, in Indian style, seated himself at the piano, and favored us with some music, with a touch about as light as would have been produced by a horse galloping across the keys. We had sung or rather shouted the Marseillaise and other airs, and one or two couple were waltzing in bonnets and other articles of female paraphernalia which we found in the room, when just at that moment the door opened, and through the dust which had been kicked out of the carpet, we saw the angry face of



the lady of the house. There was evidently no use of apologizing or attempting to mitigate her wrath. So putting on a courageous face, we told her we wanted dinner—we were ready to pay for it, and were obliged to have it—that we were not particular, and that anything in the way of chickens, eggs, butter, and other light dishes of that sort, would easily satisfy us. This we finally persuaded her to give us, and before we had finished the meal, she admitted we were not as hard-looking cases as she at first thought us to be, and that we might, if we chose, return. Meanwhile, one of the party who had been out on the back porch, discovered the lost dog Tige, lying sleeping in the sun, and was beckoning, whistling, and employing all the endearing names which are generally found most successful in attracting a dog's attention, but without avail. Tige seemed to be afflicted with the aristocratic affectation of deafness; but at the first movement that was made by the soldier in his direction, he uttered an indignant velp, and sought refuge under the kitchen floor. His retreat was, however, useless. The lady of the house abandoned him to his fate, and the remainder of the party coming to the rescue, a part of the flooring was removed, and Tige was ignominiously dragged from his hiding place. His captor now took his prize under his arm, and bidding adieu to our hostess, we all started for camp.

Our return was not attended with many incidents. The soldier who was so well informed on the subject of mules had rashly exhausted his stock of ideas in the morning, and so we trudged on through the mud in silence, by the side of the heavily laden wagon. Once, upon the way, one of us ventured to enter at the back of one of those wains, and had appropriated a seat beside what appeared

to be a closely muffled soldier, but was not a little astonished to find, as he crowded into one-half of the seat, that it was in reality a lady. He was about to vacate the premises, with a profusion of apologies, when she laughingly told him he might stay—that she wanted some one to talk to and would be glad of his company. She was the wife of an officer, who, she proceeded to inform me, (I might as well admit it was myself,) had come on a flying visit to look after her truant husband.

But the road soon forked. I had besides to get down and show my pass to the sentinel, who examined it very carefully up side down. Here, too, our faithless cur availed himself of a moment's freedom, and took to his heels, and although we made the air vocal with Tige's name, we soon found, as one of my disappointed comrades gravely observed, "all hell couldn't whistle him back."

We gained our camp without further adventure, and I soon fell asleep, dreaming that I led the hostess of the day to the altar in the dress of a Vivandier, and that your Fat Contributor acted as grooms-man, in a flannel shirt and red-topped boots.

FISHBACK.

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## CHAPTER X

### IN WINTER QUARTERS.

THERE is nothing about which soldiers more pride themselves, or about which they show more jealousy, than in retaining the few fair acquaintances it was their fortune, during their marches, to make. Whether it was the pastry cook and her little girls who sold pies at Centreville, the village teacher, elderly, motherly old ladies, or dashing,

showy belles, who would move around on horseback, or travel in the ambulance wagon, most of the young men were keenly sensitive to their good opinion, and however awkward, backward or indifferent to ladies' society at home, would always put the best foot forward, where the presence of the fair was to be met with about camp. For them the immaculate collar, which had only been worn on a half dozen state occasions, would be carefully extracted and adjusted—your neighbor's high-top boots would be borrowed, and a contribution generally levied on the slender stock of effects admitted by camp wardrobes.

The most amusing part of the matter was the way in which the old soldier would continue to adapt their appearance, manners, or past history to the ideas of their new friends, and it need hardly be said that the traveler's privilege of relating wonderful and marvelous stories was not forgotten. Old sporting characters soon learned how to dandle babies in their arms, or rock cradles in the most domestic manner in the world, or to sanctimoniously join in hymns with as much fervor as they had in times past trolled out bacchanal songs. Some of these old soldiers acquired extraordinary proficiency in the use of the long bow, however it might be with the artillery practice. We had a saturnine, red-faced company commissary, who was with the Washington Regiment in the Mexican war, a thorough martinet in all military matters, and who never wearied of relating wild and hair-breadth narratives of personal adventure—all with the most gloomy composure. As showing what this gallant soldier had achieved, it may be stated that he was present at one massacre, and was the only man who escaped. It ought to be recorded, too, as a part of history, that he once had a *conducta* of Mexican wagons and mule trains, laden with gold, to bring

through a mountain pass, and was almost certain his convoy would be attacked and captured by robbers. What was he to do? Why, to make up a party at Monte at the first *pueblo* with a Mexican *propietor* of the richest mine in the world, and who happened very conveniently to be on hand at the time. The game was made—the unhappy old soldier soon found to his chagrin that somehow he could not lose—that he won as many wagon loads as he already held, and that he was now burthened with a dozen more *impedimenta*. His apprehensions proved well founded—just as he had finished acquiring this *embaras de richesse*, the guerrillas “struck the train, as he all along expected, and had captured every thing. And worse than that,” would the old soldier conclude with great energy, “d—n my Confederate soul if they did not take every rag from our backs—even from a party of young ladies who were along with the *conducta*, on their way to a convent. We made a pretty figure, let me tell you, when at the end of our journey we were all carried into a *posada*, wrapped up in sheets and horse blankets.”

There were plenty others, like Henry Phelps, who had a good deal to say about Mexico, or like the Hon. Ned Riviere (of the last legislature,) and Sam Rousseau, (the brother of the Federal General,) who had soldiered in Central America, under Walker, and who were accorded the privilege of distinguished travelers in telling of a hundred mile march made in one day, or of having rations of monkey meat distributed out, as our armies did bacon. But they were overawed when Commissary Hart was about, and never put forth their full strength or quite did themselves justice in his presence.

Then there would be another heavy conversationalist who had had some experience at sea, and who finding the

land well occupied, was compelled to take to salt water, and told as exciting sea-stories about Confederate rams, blockade runners and submarine boats, as Sinbad and Maryatt could have done. We had several of that sort, who used to practice and polish up their yarns at night, around camp fires, preparatory to the next "pirout;" and these artless *raconteurs* would have a queer group of eccentricities gathered around in long blanket coats, with cowls, one here and there in a Mexican jacket or red flannel drawers, while a third would be tink-a-tinking at the guitar. There was a mess of queer fish, who from having some defects of temper, were forced to occupy the same winter quarters—an eccentric poet in one case, in another a cynical prodigal, who had spent a pretty fortune in a few months on friends who had politely laughed in his face when his money was gone; another, singular to state, was the nice man at home who played on the piano and parted his hair in the middle. But defects are developed in other ways in camp than with a comb, and the musician, though engaged to marry a beautiful and wealthy girl at home, (perhaps on account of it,) finally left us with a never-ending furlough.

One night there came a singular report in camp. It was whispered that a move the next morning was to be the word, and there was an immense amount of bustle and packing in consequence. When we went to bed we were only permitted to sleep till three the next morning, and were then aroused without bugle call. And after cooking, as was done by the Grand Army at Moscow, over the flames of our burning quarters, and eating (in part) our rations and good many baker's dozen of biscuit, and drinking a tin cup of coffee each man, we took our places rather silently at the pieces and moved off.

We are now upon the first of our retreats—the retreat from Manassas to Richmond. A frosty morning shows us the whole Confederate army drawn up in the road, the men facing towards Richmond. There is a slight tremor or depression at first, indicative of a fear that something has gone wrong, or else we would not have to fall back; this soon wears away; and the infantry meanwhile march with arms at will, and the air of men who carry heavy burthens, and with that movement which indicates that long marching is before them. At the head, or in front of their divisions and regiments, ride the men whose names occupy the page—sometimes the lying page—of history, flanked by cavalry outriders and a cloud of skirmishers. Then come the slow moving trains of ammunition, supplies, and ambulances containing the sick and wounded.

As the day advances, and we discern that the retreat is not the result of any anticipated misfortune, the men, who are glad of any break in camp monotony, regain their spirits.

To understand the first comment frequently made about this and other long retreats, the resident of New Orleans should take a look at the large, life-sized picture, which represents Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. The dead horse, and attendant scavengers—the broken down wagon or forge—abandoned equipments, the sick and wounded by the wayside, make up some of the details at which many of us looked very hard before enlisting, and of which we thought very frequently afterwards. This picture was brought to mind by one of the dreary sights about camp, especially during the winter season and on a long march, that is by the number of dead horses who perish from hunger, cold, bad treatment, or exhaustion.

In this and other marches it was sometimes said that we could have walked all day upon the prostrate bodies of the horses which fell by the wayside. The mule was a much more hardy animal—his carcass was very rarely seen. He endured so well that in time he took the place of the battery horse, (as at Drury's bluff) and we all laughed at the manner in which a mule would shake himself when struck by a bullet, as if divesting himself of some superfluous hornet or gadfly. But a horse once down was like Lucifer—he fell to rise no more. A smooth place would be worn in the mud by the moving to and fro of his head and neck, or where he had thrown out convulsively his legs; and then a lingering death, a swollen and bloated carcass, or bones covered with collapsed hide, with the crows holding a coroner's inquest upon the neighboring tree tops.

To see these serviceable friends of man, and almost indispensable adjuncts of a good army, lying by the wayside, was very depressing, for the reason well known to a soldier, that dull, sluggish horses can never be trained to the point requisite for efficient cavalry horses. Almost as much depends, in a successful charge of cavalry, on the horse as on the man. Raw recruits mounted on well-drilled horses, are more serviceable than veteran troops mounted on clumsy, low-spirited animals. At the battle of the Pyramids, the horses of Muzod Bey's cavalry charged repeatedly in squadrons after their riders were killed. So did the French horses at Waterloo on the English under the same circumstances.

And after the Marquis Romana was compelled to leave his horses on the shore of Denmark, at the embarkation of the troops for Spain, they formed themselves into two hostile armies, as the ships of their late masters faded in

the distance, and charged upon each other with such fury that the earth shook for miles around, and the terrified inhabitants of the country fled panic stricken to their houses. So terrible was the slaughter of these fine Andalusian horses, that out of a body of 10,000 but a few hundred remained alive.

I have always thought in reading this in history, that this was the way in which the inhabitants accounted to the government for some of the missing chargers. This supposition is supported by a remark I once heard dropped by a quarter-master, that the mortality was always heavier with horses when near the cities, and that the deaths reported would sometimes be excessive when in close proximity to a faro bank. There was a great deal of mortality among the horses too, at the close of the war, especially among the cavalry. Capt. G——, upon being questioned by the Federal Commander as to what in the deuce had become of all his stock, reported that “Ze buffalo gnat—he eats them all.”

By the time that McClellan had discovered the uses of Quaker guns in forts, we were far away on our retreat towards Richmond. I leave it for abler judges to decide as to the policy of keeping an army inactive for months at a time—composed as that one was, of the flower of the South—of retreating to the peninsula, and then retreating from there. What Jackson did in the valley, ought, it seemed to us, to have been done with the army about Manassas; and it seemed to us that if a General has enough inventive genius, he could always find opportunities, like Napoleon, for striking blows with his force whether large or small. But General Johnston probably knew best—he was a cautious, prudent, and thoroughly able commander, who never was caught unawares, but a little long in finding his opportunity.



We had some terrible weather in getting down to Orange Court-House, and the most perfect picture ever made on my mind of blissful sleep occurred on this march. Next to the cooks, who as the men of genius of a mess, gave themselves more airs and made themselves more disagreeable than anybody else, were those who superintended the erection of quarters, purchased supplies, etc. On the occasion referred to, after long and tedious marches and counter marches, making feints upon one place and then on the other, the army was overtaken about dusk by a tremendous storm. The leader of the mess, who exercised great tyranny about having all mess-work done exactly right, was absent when our tent was put up, and some of the lazy ones had contented themselves with a hasty structure, made of rails propped against a fence, that ran at the bottom of the hill. The consequence was, besides what fell over us, the water ran under our blankets from the hill above. Sleep was impossible for many—we were drowned literally out.

“A quarter less twain—six feet scant,” and similar soundings out was the cry, and there was nothing to do but to get up, build large fires of the rails, and keep as warm and dry as we best could.

While standing thus before the fire, miserable and discontented, we were compelled to regard, and this with great envy, a comrade notorious for his indolence, who had laid a rail foundation for his bed, and who, covered with his gum cloth, and undisturbed by the underground streams which worked such misery to the balance of us, contrived to sleep like an infant during the whole of the terrible storm. If he had once turned over, or he had discovered the uproar among the elements, he would have been drowned out too; and it certainly showed a great deal

of forbearance to let him sleep on, and merely step in between him and his share of the fire, without molesting him.

This storm brought about another accident. The musical characters had rigged themselves up with extraordinary splendor, to make a serenade outside of a hospitable mansion, or rather to lay the foundation to giving a little musical soiree inside. Nothing favored them, not even the weather—the crowd were wet and disagreeable, when they arrived, and what was still more exasperating, the comrade who had floated around the world was inside—had got possession of the field, was telling all of the yarns he had rehearsed in camp, and was singing with perfect indifference to the arrival of the chorus. It was in vain the latter tried to snub him, and give him the cold shoulder, and intimate that he did not belong to the select few. The first comer held his ground ; and whenever any music was called for, would, while the chorus was affecting bashfulness, plant himself absent-mindedly and dreamily at the piano, and nothing but a torpedo or bomb-shell would ever have moved him until he got through. The part of the joke however, which made the chorus most swear was, the young lady of the house hung on his lips as if he had been a god, and the submissive subject of the admiration, so far from having shown any repentance for having crowded out those tip-top fellows, the musical chorus, got desperately wounded in the next battle, and then married the lady.

## CHAPTER XI.

## ON THE ROAD.

WE camped a week at Orange Court House, and this left no other impression upon us than that our three day's rations of bread at starting, were heavier than the balance of our baggage. Most of the rest of the journey to Richmond was made by cars. Previous to entering one of these, one of the messes had bargained for a small supply of fluids, which the treacherous Boniface, after receiving our money, and finding the men on board of the cars, neglected to produce. He failed, however, to carry his point. An impromptu detachment was immediately started back to his hotel. the humorous George Meek, was placed in command. and made for the next half hour, as fierce a looking non-commissioned officer as one would wish to see. The order to "arrest that man, seize on him," was given to the great terror of the treacherous Boniface; (who would probably at that moment, have given a thousand dollars to be out of the scrape,) to the accompaniment of drawn sabres. However, before carrying him before the Commanding General, whom our host supposed had sent us, we consented to listen to his prayers. Any quantity of canteens would be given us, or the money returned. The sound of the locomotive whistle, made us contented to take the latter.\*

*\*Extract from the Adjutant's Journal.*

MARCH 8.—Began our retreat from Bull Run, at 8 P. M. Marched to Suspension Bridge: distance three miles, and reported to Gen. Longstreet.

9.—Marched to Gainesville.

10.—Marched to Warrenton.

11.—Marched to camp in Jones' Wood.

12.—March to, and camp near Woodville.

13.—We are near Hazle River.

14 and 15.—Still near Hazle River.

16.—Three miles from Culpepper Court House.

17.—Marched ten miles past Culpepper.

18.—Crossed the Rapidan at Barnett's ford, and camped one mile from Orange Court House.

But arriving at the next station, our good genius came to the rescue. A South Carolina Lieutenant who had been to a still and came back laden with twenty canteens, wished to travel on our train. The orders were positive to allow no one but the companies to come aboard. This was however deemed an exceptional case, and although the officer of the day was shouting and gesturing to "put him off," some of the men contrived to keep the order from being obeyed, the officer of the day meanwhile making wrathful imprecations and signs which hinted at court-martial. The storm however was foreseen and anticipated. The principal offender, as soon as the train stopped, hastened forward to his Captain with one of the canteens in his hand, and affected to believe that no officer of the day in the world could have wanted to put off a man laden down with whiskey. The Captain kept the canteen, and admitted that his command had perhaps been misunderstood, owing to the noise of the train. No other incident until our arrival at Richmond.

Our Battalion camped nominally the first night at the Depot, but the understanding seemed to be that we could sleep where we chose, and there were not many who did not avail themselves of the extraordinary opportunity of sleeping in a civilized bed. There were too, some precious moments of freedom vouchsafed to us after we had gone formally in camp, in which we were permitted to renew

22.—Marched through Orange Court House. and camped on Terrell Farm, five miles from Orange Court House. We halt here for the present.

APRIL.—We have enjoyed our camp near Orange Court House very much; the ladies are pretty—we have formed a dancing club which meets twice a week at the Hotel, Orange Court House. The band of the 1st Regiment furnishes fine music. Among the members, are Gen. Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and the officers of the Washington Artillery.

Received orders in Church, to prepare to march. Began 8 P. M.; marched down plank-road to Fredericksburg. Very wearisome marching.

12.—Shipped seven Guns by rail to Richmond; horses and wagons go by Turnpike.

old friendships, and witness a very curious and motley gathering from every part of the world. As nearly every one was only temporarily absent from home or camp, in search of a commission, or enjoyment of a short furlough, the city was naturally in the gayest of spirits, and every one lived extravagantly, while his money lasted; and when gone, did not have much difficulty about hunting up a friend who would divide his table, purse, or medical supplies with him. So that each stratum of visitors became thoroughly impecunious about the time its furlough expired, and would be succeeded by another, whom military accidents or necessities brought within the radius of the city.

The population of the town at that time was extraordinarily large, for the amount of accommodations, and no one under the rank of a Colonel, could hope ever to obtain a room at a hotel, or portion of one; and very frequently at late hours, a dozen distinguished officers were seen stretched out by envious callers about the entries. These latter would be denied the luxury of even a seat in chairs, from scarcity of room, and sometimes unceremoniously be invited to skip off by the diamonded clerks, or previous claimants of the space. During my night in the city—at a very late hour—happening to think about going to bed, I was put in possession for the first time, of this information. There was nothing to do but sally into the streets and meditate over my homeless condition, for which I had abundant leisure, or to endeavor to meet with some adventures that would kill time until day break.

I had not proceeded far, before I discovered that the population was far from having all gone to bed, and upon inquiry of a soldier, I found that he was as badly situated in the matter of sleeping quarters as myself. The previous night he had managed to find some sort of couch

about a livery stable; but upon returning, he found another occupant ahead of him. The night was chilly, and what made the matter worse, we had many of us in marching worn overcoats and double suits of uniform, on account of the smallness of our knapsacks. This extra clothing, through vanity or comfort was soon disposed of, once we had arrived at Richmond, but at night, with no lodging, was much regretted.

Happening to pass the theatre, I entered. It was at that time owned by M<sup>me</sup>. —, who was an old actress herself, and who, from scarcity of talent or infatuation, placed in leading parts a half crazy actor named Dorsey Ogden. One of Otway's old plays (*Venice Preserved*) was at that time on the boards, and one of the incidents of this was the dragging of the heroine around the stage by her back hair. The poetry of the play was so antiquated or inverted that the soldier audience did not even stop eating ground peas to try to catch it. But the back-hair dragging magnificently atoned for Ogden's absurd acting and absence of everything, except a very fine wardrobe; so much so, that the poor heroine was encored and had to be dragged a second time.

A very beautiful theatre was built during the war, and furnished extravagantly. It was always largely crowded—so much so on the first night, that I lost both hat and overcoat in making my entrance.

What had suggested the idea of my entering the theatre at that time, was the hope of meeting up with some friend who would get me shelter. I did not get this, but did manage to join a pretty large crowd of soldiers who were moving towards obscure lodgings, and in keeping in company with these I proceeded to an attic room containing

eight unattractive beds, and succeeded, without opposition, in getting the whole of one of these.

Feeling out of danger in the morning, I ventured to inquire of one of my new acquaintances how it happened that I alone had occupied a whole bed. The soldier told me that for his part he would not have occupied any such couch at all, if he never got any sleep; and in answer to further inquiries explained that a man had been killed in it a night or two previous, growing out of a quarrel as to who had the right of ownership for the occasion. I saw something of the case afterwards in the papers, but the tribunals could obtain no evidence, either through the ignorance, or disinclination to speak, of the witnesses.

Going down to breakfast, I met up with an old Louisiana friend, who, different from every one else, was dressed in an elegant civil costume—a thing at that day regarded with great envy, and the certain index of a soft situation and a plethoric purse. My friend was Jim Morris, (who used to be well known on St Charles street, and in the army in Violet Guard circles,) and on scanning his costume I discovered that it all probably belonged to its wearer; that is, it was not a mosaic gala, composed of the temporary loans of a half dozen messmates, which we, like the first Napoleon in his days of poverty, were compelled to wear.

I need not state that I felt exceedingly flattered at finding a friend thus dressed, who seemed glad to see me, and in the fervor of my delight I shook him by the hand until the breakfast began to get cold.

Jim had once been a young doctor of much promise, but became seduced by fast company. At some sort of supper or entertainment one night he had won \$1500 at gaming; and this success or misfortune gave him a ruling

passion, to which he devoted his time henceforth—neglected medicine, and for some years his old friends lost sight of him. When I next saw him, he hunted up all of his old friends. At first glance, from certain hard lines about his face, it was easy to see that Jim had not fared well with the world. His object in coming to see us was to borrow \$10 a-piece, which he was confident he could raise the next day. We succeeded with some work in raising the money, and took the opportunity of trying to persuade him to settle down to his profession. He listened attentively, went away with the money, and beyond the raillery of friends, who smiled at our innocence in wasting both money and breath, we heard nothing more of Jim or his promise until the meeting referred to.

As soon as we had shaken hands, instead of sitting down to the table, he made me put on my hat and carried me off to a restaurant near the Spotswood, picking up more comrades on the way, among whom were Kingslow, Handy and Ballantine; we obtained the best breakfast the market afforded. He told me it was worth his money in the way of getting up an appetite, to see an army friend eat, and upon this calculation, he probably ought to have been well repaid and stimulated by our example. After returning the borrowed money, and showing a good deal of curiosity as to whether I had ever entertained any doubts about repayment (which I was forced to confess I had,) he invited us to make his room our headquarters, and to always come there when we were in town from camp. Dr. Jim now held the rank of surgeon, but I don't think my excellent advice about reform had had much of a beneficial effect; but he showed that he had been immensely pleased at having a friend that took that much interest in him, and never afterwards tired of doing me little services.



I left my friends in the doctor's company, after dropping a hint of caution. When I saw them again their features were overcast with what was then known as a flour-barrel expression of countenance, and their manner was very sad. The explanation was soon made. The doctor's company had been found so pleasant, that they had not had the heart to tear themselves away, until our accomplished bugler had lost \$150, and the others more than twice enough to pay for the breakfast.

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## CHAPTER XII

### THE PENINSULA.

At the end of April, we proceeded down the James River to the Peninsula, and encamped near the Yorktown lines of fortification of the Revolutionary War. We did not see the cave in which George (according to the authentic old darkey's story) slipped up on Cornwallis and took him in out of the cold, while asleep; but the old lines of fortification, as evidence that the event really occurred, are still easily to be discerned.

Williamsport, we found to be a queer old place, and at that time singularly blended the cobwebs of antiquity and scholastic lore with the bare and stripped appearance of a beleaguered town. There were some college buildings still in good condition, and a statue of Botetourt, who seemed to have had things pretty much his own way in his day. (he was Governor or something). And there too was an Insane Asylum, where was to be seen a beautiful young lady, who after getting twenty beaux, went crazy from disappointed love for the twenty-first—a soldier in

a Gulf Regiment who did not know enough English to learn what was the matter, or who was prevented by the movement of his regiment from saying so, if he did. But at any rate, there was the poor woman incessantly wringing her hands, or occupied in restlessly rolling up and twisting around a red scarf or mantle, which seemed in some way associated with her misfortune. The town had long since been stripped as bare of everything as a barbecue table is, fifteen minutes after a political speech is finished.

A few days after our arrival, on going to a hospital to see a friend, I found the chaplain growling at having to perform an unusual number of burial services, just at the time when it was the most inconvenient. This statement led to the further explanation that the hospital had been ordered to the rear, and supported the inference that there would be another retreat. We had arrived on the peninsula on a damp, raw evening, but we had beautiful weather most of the time returning, and it naturally put us all in excellent spirits to get once more near Richmond. We had a beautiful country to go through as we approached the city, but the fact was we enjoyed nearly all scenery, when we were kept in motion, particularly the mountainous regions of Virginia and Pennsylvania, and we never heard the order given to go into camp without a sigh.

*Extract from the Adjutant's Journal.*

APRIL 20.—Left Richmond for the Peninsula, with batteries on transport.

21.—Arrived this afternoon at King's Wharf. Before we had our camp arranged, we had an awful storm, wetting everything and every body

22.—Camped at Blow's Mill, seven miles from King's Wharf.

25.—Marched to Williamsburg—bivouacked two miles beyond.

MAY 2.—Ordnance wagons pass, which means orders for us. March at 3:30; bivouac at Burnt Ordinary Tavern, 50 miles from Richmond.

4.—Move on the Diascund Road and camp. Report to Gen. Magruder, who commands rear guard.

5.—March through a heavy rain all day, and with axles deep in mud. Met the gallant color-bearer of a La. Regiment, with no clothing except his shirt, and everlastingly splashing mud. Camped near Windsor Shades, at 1:30 P. M.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE BIVOUAC.

THE word which heads the chapter is one which occurs frequently in this narrative, and is one which will awaken a host of recollections from old soldiers, mostly of a pleasant character—that is of the comfort which follows from rest and food after a long march, and the enjoyment of pleasant gossip after the supper has been cooked and eaten.

To bring up freshly such a picture again, let us suppose about twilight that the bugle has sounded the halt—that the pieces have been parked, and the horses watered and fed. All is animation and work now, and those who fail in the duties assigned them in the mess, will soon have to sleep by themselves or make new arrangements. One man provides the wood, another the water, while a third makes ready with the cooking utensils. Meanwhile those whose duty it is to construct the temporary habitations—for the reader must remember that tents have become partially obsolete—are preparing a couple of

notched posts to be stuck up in the ground. Across these extends a pole 12 feet long, to the top of which smaller ones are laid, with one end resting upon the ground ; over this is thrown a piece of canvass, where we have one, or a large number of twigs and boughs, or even the rotten bark of trees. This answers as a covering for the head ; the next thing to be done is to scrape away the mud, hail or snow, cut away damp grass, and to cover the interior with boughs, where straw or planks are impossible to be obtained. The fireman has by this time cut some heavy logs, the fire is kindled against a huge spreading tree at the immediate front of the tent, the cold and darkness disappear, and the sparks shoot merrily upward through the shadows. The rays extend out through the trees of the forest, lighting up leaf and bough with ghostly lights and shadows, and throwing the melodramatic lurid tints over gnarled trunks, or sleet-fringed stems which are found so attractive in the Christmas theatrical performances. As the aroma from simmering cauldrons or coffee-pots mounts into the air, the men who have extended their blankets inside of the tent and stretched themselves thereon, begin to recover from their languor ; their spirits adapt themselves to the fantastic shadows—to the innumerable lights which glimmer in every direction through the trees, and reflecting that the entertainment is to last at this spot for “Positively one night only,” begin to enter into the zest of the thing. It need hardly be added, that the truant comrade who comes back with additions to our slender larder, in the shape of chickens or eggs, or better than all, a drop of something to drink, soon has all his sins forgiven, and by the time we have consumed our hot biscuits, a delicious ration of bacon, coffee, and other *et ceteras*, and smoked a pipe of old Virginny, the soldier

finds himself in about as comfortable a frame of mind as any other living mortal.

The most beautiful bivouac I have ever seen, was where the whole army encamped in a valley and at the sides of a mountain with the bivouac fires close together, as had happened already in our retreat from Manassas. There is no need to dwell upon the magnificent panorama of the improvised city that was spread out around us, or the dancing lights, the thousand different calls and cries. But such was not always the life of a bivouac, especially during a storm. Then the tents, says one camp writer, swelling inward beneath the blast, left no slant sufficient to repel the water, which was caught in the hollows and filtered through. Then the wind would increase to a hurricane, in which the canvass would flap and flutter, and the tent pole quiver like a vibrating harpstring.

Finally the pole and the canvass would fall with a crash across your whole bed, your effects dispersed on the wings of the wind; and all around you, would be seen half clad men, grasping their fluttering blankets, and sitting amid the ruins of their beds.

But in good weather, the men were all in splendid humor, and the laugh and shout over some of the ridiculous incidents and mishaps of the day were long and uproarious, and the patriotic songs were rung out with the sound of "clashing steel and clanging trumpet." Then the men would come forward who had yarns or curious histories to relate—of sudden fortunes made or lost in commerce—of the vicissitudes of trade, bringing some men forward and ruining others, or of some of the darker tragedies which make up city histories. We would give the travelers an opportunity of again crossing the plains, shooting buffaloes while on horseback at full speed,

with arrows which would go *through*, or sometimes with guns—the slowest way where a man would use his mouth as a bullet-pouch, and ram down the ball without wadding, by striking the butt end of the gun on the pommel of the saddle. There would be some little badgering about some of these statements, and the “Old Soldier” (before referred to) resented these narratives as a special intrusion, by reciting his own adventures, say, among Mexican Indians, where every body was as virtuous as Hebe and as naked as Venus. Then there were singular gossiping stories which the men had picked up about some of the old houses or villages through which we had passed, which began to have a tendency to ghost spectres and apparitions, as the hours advanced.

One of the unflagging talkers of the occasion was a certain sergeant with a noble air and beautiful side whiskers, whose faults were not those which arise from over-shrinking modesty. He came by some of his sins honestly; he had been an old newspaper reporter, and it was not expected that he should come down to plain truth-telling the moment that printer's ink was beyond his reach. But there was another stirring young man present, of an imaginative turn (Joe L——) who was mixed up with half of the deviltry of the Batallion, and who (merely to show his style,) once sent half the population of Clinton to the woods, by riding through the town while on a furlough, and shouting out that the enemy were coming or just behind. Old Judge Semple, managing editor of the *Crescent* for many years, and at that time refugeeing, was one of his victims, and every one who remembers the Judge's girth, and knows the distance that had to be run, will admit that the Judge was quite right for abusing Joe for the balance of his days.

These two untiring talkers had been having a good deal to say, and the audience was looking for an avenger. This was found in the person of one of the smallest and most quiet of the group, George M——, who, with the wicked, cynical smile, which every one who knew him will remember, proceeded to relate an incident of the night before. George went on to state that after eating a very square meal, he had laid down to pleasant dreams until he should be called to go on guard. He had, however, not more than comfortably coiled himself in his blanket, before he was wanted. He got up, a little mad at the interruption, and found sitting on a log by the fire, what seemed some new non-commissioned officer—somebody that he had never seen before about the batallion. George started to let into the officer, with a good deal of bitterness, for calling him too soon, but there was something about the looks of the stranger that took him aback and repressed familiarity. Instead of so doing, he began staring very hard at the visitor, and wondering at what seemed a difference in his uniform.

Meanwhile the stranger lit his pipe very deliberately, taking the end of a burning fence rail to do so, and occasionally glancing at George in a way that made the latter feel uncomfortable and impatient.

"Well, what are you waiting for—what do you want?" said George, who began to feel nervous, his tone becoming coaxing instead of irritable, as he ended his inquiry.

The stranger went on puffing, with the immense coal near his cheek, which gave, as George expressed it, "a demoniacal look" to his face; he only, however, glanced furtively out of his eye as much as to say, "It's strange you don't know who I am."

George answered his look rather than his words, and

inquired if he really knew him, or if he was down for any particular detail.

“Detail—I should think you were.” Here he took from his side pocket a queer looking roster, or muster roll, and commenced reading out the names of a good many men that had enlisted in Louisiana companies. This reading was listened to with great interest by George; for he began to remark as something singular, that after reading out the statements of age, nativity and other details placed upon muster rolls, the “Remarks” would invariably end with “died,” or “killed at Blackburn’s Ford, Manassas,” or other battle field. In other words, only those were read out who had died or been killed in some previous engagement. George began to think this sort of reading had an ugly look, and he waited and sat thinking that he had had a very strange visitor indeed.

However, the stranger at last came to his name, and began to run his forefinger slowly out to the end of the roll.

“Well, how does it all end?—you’ve got nothing to say about my name, have you?” said George, with a quavering voice.

The stranger passed his forefinger over his line twice, as if he had possibly made a mistake, and then added:

“No; you are right. The name is not fully run out. But now that I am here, I may as well tell you I’m around, and there is no telling when I’ll want you. All I care is to know where to find you, in case you should be called. And this reminds me that there are some others in this camp that I shall want to report right away, and whom I had perhaps better take in my rounds.”

The stranger inquired where some others were sleeping, made a sort of military salute, and stopped a moment to glance at the remaining names by the light of the fire.



Meanwhile George had dropped off, glad to find that he was not wanted, and more determined than ever to get a good night's rest.

He was again mistaken. Before George had fairly closed his eyes, the stranger was back to his tent, and again disturbing him.

"I beg your pardon for again bothering you, but the fact is your name *is* down on my detail, after all. I am afraid you will have to come along."

George's heart misgave him. He, however, concluded to crawl out of his blanket and fall in.

"Have you got many down on your list?" he inquired as they proceeded.

"Not so many as we have had—though there were a good many after the last battle, whom I carried off armed and equipped as the law directs."

"That must mean that a good many went to heaven with their boots on," as we say now, thought George, but he only inquired if any body else had been detailed from the battallion.

"Oh, yes! There's the Sergeant —— and Joe L——, and notoriously hard cases they are too. They were detailed to go along too, and have already passed on. But here we are—we've got *two doors* by which we can now enter, and I hardly know which is the proper one for you."

"Do you know which one Joe and the Sergeant went in at?" anxiously inquired George, endeavoring himself to guess which would be the best one for him.

"Which gate? Why, the directions were plain enough in their case. They went in here—at *the left*. They are in there now, and likely to stay some time."

"In that case say no more. If men who never tell the

truth went in that way, I know I can't fare any worse, and probably will a great deal better, by taking the road that leads in the other direction."

And so the result would have turned out, if I had not at that moment been shaken up out of a sound sleep and told in good earnest to go on guard.

The point of the narrative, in spite of the clumsy way in which I have told it, would now appear so obviously to be at the expense of the two preceding truthful speakers, that the narrative ended in the indignant growls of the victims, and the laugh of the rest of the listeners. It was then too late to tell any more stories: besides half of the men had fallen asleep before it was concluded; and soon the whole camp was buried in profound slumber.

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## CHAPTER XIV

### THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

We were suddenly marched off, late one night\* down to Drury's Bluff, and in anticipation of the coming up of the Federal monitors, placed in position upon the bank.

\*The following were the orders of our movements:

MAY 6.—Ordered to move at once to the forks of the road, near Forge Bridge. Camped in a beautiful pine grove at 5 P. M.

Enemy pursuing—infantry ordered back. We remain on account of the badness of the road.

7.—Ordered to cross the Chickahominy, at Long Bridge. March ten miles and bivouac.

8.—Marched at a little before 6 A. M. Camp at Blakey's Mill Pond at 12 M.; having made 23 miles in 6 hours—the quickest marching, with perhaps one exception, done during the war.

13.—Capt. Miller's 3d Company ordered to meet gun boats coming up the river at Drury's Bluff.

14.—The rest of the battalion march at 6 A. M. to Bottom's Bridge to report to Gen. Johnston. At 11½ A. M., ordered in camp. At 5 ordered by Gen. Johnston to go two miles back. Bivouac at Savage Station and rejoined by the 3d Co.

16.—Camp six miles from Richmond, at New Bridge.

17.—Back to Blakey's Mill Pond. Whole army in position and invested by McClellan.

I was placed on guard, on a high bluff overlooking the river, though it really was not necessary, as every one was awake and expecting every moment to open fire. The monitors were indeed so near, that we could hear their subdued puffing, and even see the gleam of lights or furnaces on board of the black hulls. Those were the days when the imagination of soldiers were greatly affected by the novelty of the danger we were called upon to meet, and it seemed more terrible, the idea of being killed by a shot as big as a water cooler, than by ordinary musketry fire. It is not a particularly pleasant business any way to be worn out with marching, and then to be forced to meditate upon your chances for the morrow's battle, especially as I can remember was the case at Gettysburg, when the dead and dying of the two days preceding fights are lying on every side of you; when you are compelled to witness every stage of the death saturnalia from the unhappy victim trembling with the last shiver of dissolution to that of the corpse who sits upright with staring eyes, or whose stiffened arm seems to point you yourself the road to perdition on the morrow. A corpse of the latter description passed by us in a wagon while we were at the Bluff, whose hand could not be forced down, and which the soldiers declared was protesting to heaven against the rations we were compelled to eat.

After waiting, or rather changing position twenty times during the following day and digging fortifications in the rain, the batteries were hurried off at midnight, fifteen miles back to Richmond, then down to Chickahominy Swamp, then back to the city again.

Thus we continued to move around the city\* with Gen.

\*MAY 31.—Battle of Seven Pines. Longstreet routes Gen. Casey; Capt. Miller brings off a battery of four Napoleons which we are allowed to keep. Capt. Dearing loses nearly all his horses and men.

Johnston's army, having sometimes to be under heavy fire as at Malvern Hill, but at the same time having to hold ourselves in readiness as reserve, to gallop off at the top of our horse's speed, as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. I walked over nearly all of the battle-fields about Richmond, and found them as well, as those afterwards of North Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania—pretty much the same—bloated corpses and carcasses of horses—scattered commissary stores. The hotness with

JUNE 26.—Ordered to the Mechanicsville Road, and held in reserve while A. P. Hill drives the enemy. Standing in the road all day, ready at a moment's notice, and the men all impatient.

27.—Still in reserve.

28.—Move to Mechanicsville Bridge, on Chickahominy. 1st and 3d Company report to Longstreet, on the field. 2nd and 4th, bivouac at bridge. Desperate fighting day before.

29.—At Battery No. 3, Williamsburg Road. At 5 p. m. we (with the whole army) move down the Darbytown Road after McClellan. Bivouacked at night in rain.

30.—Marched at daylight—went into park in advance of Longstreet, who promises to put us in to-day.

JULY 1.—Hear the terrible guns pounding away at Malvern Hill. Order comes from Longstreet to come at once. Batteries galloped over four miles in less than half an hour afterwards. Parked in a field where shells whistle over our heads, and some fall about us; but not ordered to open fire, and otherwise doomed to disappointment. As we dashed down the road at full speed in the afternoon, we were cheered by the troops, as if they had been betting on us in a race; and in truth there are few finer things than to see 32 completely equipped guns and caissons, racing with the men on the seats to the battle ground, and stimulated by the smell of powder from the field.

2.—Move across the battle-field of yesterday; dead and wounded lying thickly around. One man was seen dead in a sitting posture, who had been skulking behind a great oak tree, and who was killed by a cannon ball penetrating through it. The enemy had a splendid position, and covered it with guns; but our troops instead of being hurled forward, were put in by Regiments, and cut to pieces in detail. Still in spite of the terrific fire, many of the Georgia and Alabama troops fell among the enemy's guns. The 8th Ga. and 3d Ala. from Mobile, were terribly mangled.

Bivouac in the rain, near Poindexter's House, which is used as headquarters by Lee. President Davis covered with a Mexican *serape*, which he perhaps captured in the war of '45, passed by amid great cheering.

3.—Move in pursuit, and bivouac on Waterloo Farm.

4.—1st and 3d Companies take position nearer the enemy. 2nd and 4th with Anderson. Capt. Squires, with 1st goes below McClellan's position, with S. D. Lee's Cavalry, and fire into the gunboats and transports. First instance of attack on gunboats by light batteries.

8.—Back to Richmond.

12.—Artillery of the right wing on Almond Creek. We call our camp, "Camp Longstreet." We rest and refit.

which the battle was contested, was of course to be judged by the number of dead and wounded, and their proximity to each other. About thirty feet apart meant heavy work, though where the breastworks had to be stormed, as was the case in some of Grant's battles, the dead would lie in piles. The most effective artillery firing done during the war. was in an artillery duel between our first company and an opposing battery of the enemy. In this, beside exploding the caissons and almost annihilating their enemy, they killed every horse on a piece. The unhappy animals were all tangled up by their harness, in one inextricable pile. One of the men came across a beautiful spaniel at Malvern Hill, whom it was difficult to persuade to quit his dead master's side. The offer of rations, however, finally triumphed over his virtue. The dog was alive at Richmond, and apparently infected with strong Confederate prejudices when last seen; though he made a narrow escape for having indulged in a vitiated taste for gnawing off all the buttons off a \$500 coat. This was the property of one of those fierce Majors, whose marches extended only through the streets of Richmond. The feelings of this gallant soldier may be imagined, when upon awakening the morning after a debauch, he discovered the extent of his misfortunes. His fury and agony of mind could only find relief by asking such questions, and failing to understand, "as what in the deuce anybody wanted to keep any such a d—d flop-eared hound around for anyhow."

There was another homely looking yellow dog on the same battle field (who might have been a relation of Tige's,) who could not understand how the battle had gone, or who had had no offers of bacon to corrupt his principles. In an evil moment he attempted to bite a

soldier, detailed to bury the dead, and the attempt cost him a bayonet thrust and his life. The soldier was too much exasperated, and out of humor at the heavy slaughter of our men, to waste any time "fooling around an old dawg."

We were given a number of new guns which had been captured in the fights around Richmond, and had to eat so much of dried vegetables, that the smell of soup *Julienne* to this day brings to mind the sight of swollen and blackened corpses scattered about for miles over a Virginia battlefield.

It was after McClellan had incautiously placed his army astraddle of *Chicahominy* swamp (where as Lincoln expressed it, he was like a bull caught on a fence who could neither kick nor gore,) and where the Federal army was bogged up like Captain John Smith, by a sudden rise in the stream—that the cautious General Johnston found his true chance. Here he hastened to deal his enemy a blow, which would have been much more staggering to the Federal general than it was, but for Johnston's having been severely wounded early in the action. The wound might have won promotion and honor for a soldier born under a more fortunate star; but it virtually ended his Virginia career, before he had a fair opportunity of developing his talents. Gen. Lee now came upon the scene with the startling and joyous intelligence that old *Stonewall* had outwitted his enemies in the Valley, and was on McClellan's flank.

I write the hero's name with pride, and am happy to remember our Battalion ever took orders from him. History will probably give *Stonewall* the reputation for more genius and achievement, than any general the civil war brought forth, and had he been at the head of affairs and

remained alive, the war would have ended differently. Our batteries reported to him at the battle of Manassas, and a crowd of us once sat upon the pieces watching him talk; once afterwards, for a half an hour, in consultation with Lee and Longstreet. Jackson was then dressed in a sort of grey homespun suit, with a broken-brimmed cap, and looked like a good driving overseer or manager, with plenty of hard, horse sense, but no accomplishments or other talent—nothing but plain, direct sense. It was because his manners had so little of the air of a man of the world, or because he repressed all expression, that he had the appearance of being a man of not above average ability. The remark was then made by one of us, after staring at him a long time, that there must be some mistake about him—if he was an able man, he showed it less than any man any of us had ever seen.

Gen. Lee first appeared before us in citizen's dress—that is in white duck, with a bob-tailed coat; jogging along without our suspecting who he was. We thought at first, he was a jolly, easy-going miller or distiller, on a visit as a civilian, to the front, and perhaps carrying out a canteen of whiskey for the boys. He showed himself always a good natured, kind-hearted man, as well as a great general—stopping once to reprove though very gently, the drivers for unmercifully beating their horses when they had stalled; and another day walking about and laughing over one of Artemus Ward's stories, and kept in a good humor about it, the rest of the day. He got put out one day, however, with one of our men who took possession of a shady spot, that had been previously occupied by the General; but which had been temporarily abandoned by him to hurry across the James. The young man was asked what made him appropriate his headquarters, and

what annoyed the General was, the idea that he had abandoned the place for good. As the result turned out, we fought more battles in that neighborhood, and stayed there longer than we had done about any other place in Virginia.

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## CHAPTER XV

### THE DRUMHEAD.

SOMETIMES in the course of our marches our enterprising explorers would come across an odd volume, and for reading this in camp there would be abundant opportunity. For instance, if you were of an indolent turn, you could smoke and read by the tent fire-place, criticising the cook, who was working up to his elbows in dough, or watching the boiling and baking, between the interesting passages. The volume would pass from one mess or dirty hand to another, and the most unreading men in camp, as soon as they found that books were in demand and that they had it in their power to read a coveted volume, would violently claim the right, and set to work in good earnest to cry at or laugh, as the fashion was, over its sentiment or jokes; just the same as men did who never cared for the society of woman previously, or who never cared to drink liquor before entering the army. As soon as it was understood that a canteen, a book or a woman had its value, every body wanted them all; and would study up the art of acquiring them, the same as we did at making brier-root pipes afterwards.

On one of the battle fields about Richmond we came across a volume which had probably gone the rounds of the Federal camp as it did ours, and from one of its chap-



ters, with a view to escaping statistics, and with an object which will be explained further on, I propose to quote in substance, as remembered.

This chapter touched upon a very sensitive chord for a soldier—the fate of a regiment that had disgraced itself in battle, and by shameful cowardice and lack of discipline communicated their panic and exposed the other troops, thus converting a half won victory into a disastrous defeat. The time was in the Thirty Years War of Germany, and the name of the regiment was “Madelon's Cuirassiers.” When the remnant of the beaten army had rallied under the walls of Prague, sometime after, the regiment which had lost the battle was seen to approach that city; but its ranks are thinned less by the sword than by desertion. It is understood among them that the matter will be inquired into, and as they come in view, deep shame sits upon the bearded faces of the men; the soldiers declaring that reform should commence at the top of the stairs; the officers conversing in low whispers as to how best to excuse their own conduct.

Arrived at the gates a message is received, ordering the men to dismount, lead their horses, and enter with lowered colors and without sound of trumpet. This ominous reception made the remainder of the regiment regret that they had not followed the example of desertion which had been abundantly set them at the close of the battle; nevertheless, with downcast eyes and with wide intervals between the files, they marched on through the narrow streets.

Suddenly, dismounted dragoons, with mousqueton, appeared behind them—the windows and balconies are seen to be lined with carabineers, who carry their weapons at the recover. In the public square they are ordered

to "Halt;" "Draw swords." Then follows the command, "Ground arms." The hearts of the now disarmed men, who are formed up as prisoners, misgive them. The arms and colors are carried off, and every thing appeared ready for an approaching execution. For there in the centre of the square stands the solemn headsman, with his red cloak and black feather, with an iron vice upon one side and a pile of fagots upon the other. A glittering circle of bayonets appears all around, while on one side sit on horseback the military officers who are to try the offenders, if trial there be for men manifestly already condemned. There is but one question—whether the cowardice is the fault of the officers or men; and after the question has been debated violently for two hours, by officers and men, and the prisoners are coming to blows, the clamor of voices ceases, at the blast of the trumpet. The judges consult—the prisoners draw back, and an abrupt, uneasy movement commences among them—behind and in front. In a moment more the cause becomes evident to the spectators—the hands of the officers are being bound behind their backs—they are separating the soldiers by tens. While these latter are made to throw dice on drumheads for their lives, the executioner is burning at the stake the regimental flags and decorations, or snapping the sword blades in his iron vice. With mournful eyes and sad hearts they see their flags consumed and weapons broken at the hands of the headsman—they witness it with an agony to which death would have been sweet.

Meanwhile the soldier of the ten who has thrown the lowest die is being seized and bound and placed with the group of already handcuffed officers. And now comes the closing and most terrible act of all. The gallows

appears on the scene, and the unhappy tenth man and all the officers are strung up by their necks, on a scaffold made ready for the purpose, the balance being condemned to labor on fortifications; and the town-crier solemnly proclaims the whole regiment, from colonel down to the last dragoon, to be "Infamous Poltroons."\*

I have brought to mind this picture of a regiment which has disgraced its colors, by way of making those who have never thought of the subject, realize how great a misfortune a soldier considers it to be, to be disgraced in battle, and what dejection and downcast looks settle upon his face where the reputation of his regiment has in any degree been tarnished.

Some such picture, in many of its details as the one above given, was constantly coming before every soldier's imagination. He was hearing the words "miserable poltroons" pronounced in the shambling and straggling march of certain regiments who had been disgraced, in the

\*A similar scene is given in a number of the New York Tribune of 1861 of the mutiny of the 79th New York Regiment which will be suggested by the above. In this 400 men flatly refused to move from camp. The non-commissioned officers took from the men their arms. One hundred men alone stood firm, and kept the mutineers confined until surrounded by cavalry, infantry and artillery. The leaders were handcuffed, an act was read reciting their many instances of insubordination, and the leaders, some seventy in number, who were disarmed and marched to the guard house, declared amenable to the articles of war. The regimental colors were then taken away and every man ordered to be shot down who refused to obey.

Another misunderstanding between officers and men is thus given in a letter of I. G., from Columbus, Kentucky, to the Crescent, in the same year:

"Serious difficulties have arisen in the — Artillery from your State. Owing to treatment, which is explained—they tore the initial of their Captain from their caps, whom they repudiated, and since this a difficulty has occurred with their new commander. The men complained of rough, unfeeling treatment; open expressions of dissatisfaction led to an altercation between the captain and one of the non-commissioned officers, which resulted in the latter drawing a dagger and the former using a sword. The non-commissioned officer had his hand badly injured in clutching the officer's sword, and is now under arrest. One hundred men made affidavit of grievance, which Polk refused to receive, but offered instead a transfer. This was declined, and a big trouble the consequence; though ultimately settled by a transfer of forty of the members to another artillery."

depressed looks of the men themselves, and in the free criticism of onlooking soldiers. He could see the words of disgrace betrayed in ambiguous reports of battles, where no amount of explanation could conceal what had been bad and cowardly conduct; and at night by camp fires he would hear discussed the reputation of those regiments who had first broken—at Gettysburg or elsewhere, and thus caused the loss of victory and death to the overwhelmed brigades who remained behind.

A company or regiment that once showed signs of weakness, makes its own soldiers ten times more distrustful of each other's valor in the next engagement, and unless the demoralization has been cured, and confidence restored, is a source of danger rather than of strength to an army, and will inevitably damn the reputation of any good men who happen to be connected with it.\* As I write this now, there rises before me the picture of a brave old friend from the 8th Georgia Regiment, who was half lamenting, half crying, over the repulse his command and the Confederate troops had met with at Malvern Hill, under the 150 guns with which McClellan on that day swept the Confederate line. "We had nothing but our reputation," said he, "and now we'll never want to go home, as we've lost that." In this latter statement he was mistaken. As for tears, a great many soldiers shed them at Gettysburg, though there had been no lack of courage,

\*In so speaking, I am far from recommending the frequent enforcement of the death penalty, as a remedy. Anthony Sambola, Esq., who was detailed from the Fifth Company of Washington Artillery, as clerk to a court-martial, tells me there were 150 men shot between Chickamauga and Atlanta. Desertions on a large scale showed the discontent or hopelessness of the troops from certain States, and wholesale shootings (as for instance, 22 at a time) only made the men more disaffected. My information is that Gen. Lee never signed the death penalty but once, and only then with the greatest reluctance. The penalty might have been just to the men who deserted, or to the officers who did not do their full duty; but at the same time it destroyed the *esprit* of the regiments from whom the men were taken.

and there were no dry eyes at all, though not from a sense of shame, on the day at Appomatox Court House, when General Lee, for the first time, dressed himself in full uniform, and told his few followers, good bye.

The trials which took place in the Confederate army, were mostly regimental, that is were trivial and for which no court-martials should have been ordered at all, and were much more merciful in their awards than the one above recorded—seldom amounting to more than extra guard duty or loss of pay for a month, and for offences, which were really crimes, to confinement at Castle Thunder, with the ball and chain. The only case I can now remember where the death penalty was inflicted, was in the time following the first battle of Manassas, when two of the “Tigers” were tried for insubordination, and for striking their officers. The finding of the Court was—Death.

And so death it was, the spot for the tragedy being but a little distance from our camp. At the appointed hour, a very large crowd of officers and men were there assembled. A hollow square had been previously formed of troops from the same brigade. At about 10, the prisoners who had been sustained in the previous interval by the consolations of liquor and champagne, contributed by generous comrades, were brought upon the field. They were dressed in striped blouse and white Zouave breeches, and in the full eccentric uniform of the Company—the whole command being similarly dressed. The arms of the condemned men were pinioned behind their backs; but their steps were elastic and showed no sign of dejection. Now the officer in command orders the finding of the court-martial to be read, and then the dramatic interest in the scene is increased, when the doomed prisoners are con-

fronted with their own coffins. The remaining details are very simple—bandaging their eyes, and causing them to get upon their knees, before the twelve motionless statues (or friends representing duty,) who stand with loaded guns. The command is given, “make ready, aim, fire,” and the strong men of the moment before roll back corpses.

I saw afterwards, several prisoners taken out and shot at Richmond, for various offenses. They were generally carefully dressed in black, and did not greatly differ in appearance from that of a man who is going to appear in public on a formal occasion—who is going to get married in his best suit, or who has some public duty to perform. We had too in our camp, a driver who had been at West Point, enlisted for his knowledge about driving battery horses; but who fell into disgrace. He however, had no greater misfortune than to be driven from camp, by order of court-martial, after having had his head shaved; or in other words, to be drummed out of the army. The man shortly after was elected or appointed major of a Battalion, and did good service. There were a great many more victims of war all through the South, than those who were killed in battles; for instance, those who gave all their time to drilling and equipping their men, who spent all their own fortunes in the work, and that of their friends, and who after all, were ruthlessly shoved aside for some new favorite, kept behind or constantly placed in obscurity. The South would have fared none the worse, if the men of education, who volunteered from duty, had been permitted to go home, and give their talents and experience as officers to new regiments. The fighting of the regiments raised towards the close of the war would have been much better, if such a rule had been adopted.

A tragic incident which awakened much less feeling, as

the guilty party was not one of our own men, occurred on our march after Pope in 1862.

During the march of the army, September 21, 1862, a spy dressed in Confederate uniform, or rather an imitation of it, rode up to Gen. D. R. Jones, commanding division, and told him he had been sent by Gen. Jackson, to tell him to halt his division where it then was. Suspicion was aroused, from the fact that Jones was under Longstreet, and cypher alphabets and memoranda were found upon his person. It was now remembered that one of Longstreet's couriers had been shot on the night previous, while carrying a dispatch, by a man answering the pretended messenger's description. It was now found too, on examination, that one of the barrels of his revolver was empty. A drum head court-martial was immediately called—papers examined, and his guilt clearly proved by his own confession. The unhappy wretch was taken into the woods—his hands tied behind him, and placed astride of a mule; a rope was then tied around his neck—the end thrown over a limb of a tree. Then the mule was struck with a stick by one of Longstreet's couriers; away went the mule, and with it went the soul of Charles Mason, spy, of Terryville, Pa. The column was detained by this interruption three hours. The body of the dangling corpse presented a ghastly spectacle, as we marched by; his boots had disappeared, and it was then said that these were the perquisites of the officiating Jack Ketch. The man died defiantly, claiming to have given his life for his country.

All further that need be said upon this head, is that the talents, or one talent of a great general, consists in knowing profoundly the character of his men—their prejudices and sympathies, and where discipline should be sternly enforced, or wisely relaxed. For instance, one of

our Generals in a Western Army, was at one time immensely unpopular by allowing, as was reported in the army, soldiers to be shot for chicken and hog-stealing; though Cromwell, Napoleon, and other great and popular Generals had in the enforcement of discipline, inflicted equally great penalties. But the idea of shooting a soldier in North Georgia, or Tennessee, for hog-stealing, a crime to which the people of those States have the same sort of temptation that a Texan has to get away with a horse or cattle! Such a sentence, though there doubtless was great need of making private property respected, was absurdly unjust, in view of the fact that the army was nearly always half-fed and frequently starving. To shoot a man born on American soil, who has a natural tendency to steal, as a quartermaster or office-holder, but to die like a man when he is fed, was felt to be an outrage on every brave man who had given his life to the issue.

Of a similar character was much of the discipline enforced during the first year of the war. Until officers and men had come to understand each other, and were forced to accord esteem and respect to great qualities shown in battle, we were like animals badly broken or harnessed, galled jades wincing under needless restriction. The gentleman of the salon or parlor retains in the every day life of a camp, but little trace of breeding or civility, but his sensibilities and pride were very easily touched; and probably a stricter and more cheerful discipline would have been kept up, if careful attention had been paid to these facts. Probably, too, there would have been less of the weariness and heart sickness which made so many spirited men sink off, from a feeling that they had not elected rigid and just officers, but selfish and insolent oppressors. But this feeling died out as the war advanced



—the officers who were reserved, more because of their unfamiliarity with their new duties, than from being inflated with vanity, gradually learned their true duty to their men, and to retain at the same time their respect, while the soldiers were not slow in appreciating the deserving ones at their true worth.

It's human nature to abuse more or less, your privileges and advantages of fortune—by keeping the tit-bits for yourself, the soft places for your friends, and by putting on rough duty those whom you do not like; for instance, in putting one soldier to assist in making fortifications under heavy fire, with a spade (as I once saw one officer of the day do) in place of a lazier or more cowardly comrade. But on the other hand, selfishness would crop out just as often in the soldier, as already previously explained.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### BATTLE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

We laid around Richmond from the thirteenth to the twenty-fifth of July. The life would have been slow suicide a year previous; but after witnessing the desperate fighting at Mechanicsville and Malvern Hill, and seeing thirty thousand men killed, wounded and taken prisoners in the two armies in the Seven Day's Fight alone, we were contented to bide our time—to accept a sort of happiness similar to that of our battery horses, fully assured that we would not have long to wait for hot work.

On the 25th the 3d Company were ordered off with Gen. Anderson to New Market Heights; on the 5th of

August an attack having been made by the enemy on Malvern Hill we got ready to meet him. The First and Fourth Companies were at Laurel Hill Church.

Evans now commenced pressing McClellan and taking prisoners at Malvern Hill, which soon led to its abandonment, and our being sent back to camp (Longstreet.)

General Lee thinking that McClellan's army was no longer worth watching, commenced moving North, and our batteries received marching orders on the 10th. When we passed through Richmond, as an evidence of the change that had commenced, the people looked on Lee's army silently and a little sadly, dimly comprehending that in spite of recent victories many more hecatombs of bodies would be made before the end was yet to come, and that victory for us meant but little more than the showy uniforms in which the volunteer troops had first come on. Here were all the regiments marching through, except those already dead and crippled; and those still alive and now marching on would still have to furnish 100,000 skeletons, as if for a corduroy road, from Gettysburg to Petersburg. There were at any rate 500,000 corpses to be furnished to order as if on requisition from the two armies; and the number taken from those who died or were killed in Virginia would have exceeded Tamerlane's pyramid of 300,000 skulls.

We camped the first night out on the Chickahominy, 12 miles beyond Richmond, while the infantry were shoved forward to Gordonsville by rail. Jackson had been up to his usual thimble-rigging tricks upon Gen. Pope, (who was now trying to see what he could make out of the office of Federal Commander) holding before his blindly-groping enemy at one moment a Jack-o'-lantern light, and the next presenting him with a St. Anthony number of

temptations. The first of the military blunders into which Pope was invited, was to attempt attacking our railroad line of communication with Richmond. To do this he pushed Gen. Banks forward to Cedar Mountain, with the caution given many times, through Pope's Chief of Staff, according to Greeley, "that there must be no backing out *this day* " And so there was not to be, he found, when he started onward; for Lee's troops meanwhile arriving, Jackson stealthily pushed forward Ewell's Division, scattering the Federal cavalry, and creeping through the woods along the western base of Cedar Mountain. Having taken up a strong position, fixed his batteries, and generally made himself comfortable, there was nothing more to be done but wait until Banks should come along and carry out his intention of not backing out.

Banks' attack was, however, very heavy upon Early's brigade of Ewell's Division, who held the road, and Taliaferro was assailed at one time in flank and rear. "But the best Union blood," says Greeley, "poured like water; Gen. Geary was wounded, Price taken prisoner, Crawford's brigade was a mere skeleton, and the others lost half their number in killed and wounded—more than two thousand in all." After several day's maneuvering, Pope captured a letter which showed that Lee's whole army was upon him, and immediately struck the back track across the Rappahannock.

Meanwhile our batteries had marched to Montpelier—traveling early in the morning and late in the evening, on account of the heat, and bivouacking at Hope's Tavern. The next day carried us to Louisa Court-House, and the day after to Gordonsville.

We were ordered forward again when Pope fell back to Orange Court-House, (Aug. 16,) and found the enemy

directly in our front. On the following day at noon, we moved cautiously forward, and camped near midnight on the Rapidan. The companies were assigned, Eshelman's to Pickett's brigade, Richardson's to Toombs'

On the night of the 2d it was understood that we were to prepare for hot work the next day, and at daylight the following morning, Col. Walton posted the guns on the South side of the Rappahannock, at the Railroad bridge, and at Beverly's Ford—the design being to threaten a crossing at these points, while the army meanwhile should move up the Rappahannock and get behind Pope's right. At 6.30, Capt. Miller of the 3d company, who had the strain of the firing upon him, discharged the signal gun, and before a third could be fired, obtained a reply from the enemy's batteries upon the opposite side. And a dreadfully hot reply it was. The enemy had as much the advantage in position and guns as Jackson had had at Cedar Mountain. Every shot they fired tore through our ranks, killing and wounding the men, and smashing the pieces. The fire became so hot that a battery who had been assigned position to the left of the Washington Artillery forgot to imitate the boy who stood on the burning deck, and moved off without awaiting orders. In the progress of the battle twenty-three of our horses were killed, and nine men killed and twelve wounded. Lieut. Brewer's horse went galloping back, with an empty saddle, (leaving his rider dying on the field) to the very officer to whom it had been promised that day, in case its owner should be killed; which arrival happened just as a shell exploded at the side of Col. Walton, killing the horse of bugler Frank Villasano, and wounding that of Adjutant Owen. Lieut. Brewer sent word to his friends at home that he had tried to live like a Christian and die like a

soldier. He was buried at night in St. James Church yard, with the bodies of other of our own men, who died on the same battle field.

Private R. T. Marshall was the brother of Gen. Lee's private secretary—the latter assisting at the funeral with a clergyman. The grave of the latter is now marked at Warrenton, with a piece of the Richmond-made gun which caused his death. The further details of this battle will be found in the following reports of the battle of the Rappahannock:

#### REPORT OF GEN. LEE.

On the 23d of August, Gen. Longstreet directed Col. Walton, with part of the Washington Artillery and other batteries of his command, to drive back a force of the enemy that had crossed to the South bank of the Rappahannock, near the railroad bridge, upon the withdrawal of Gen. Jackson on the previous day. Fire was opened about sunrise, and continued with great vigor for several hours, the enemy being compelled to withdraw with loss. Some of the batteries of Col. S. D. Lee's battalion were ordered to aid those of Col. Walton, and under their united fire, the enemy was forced to abandon his position on the north side of the river, burning in his retreat the railroad bridge and the neighboring dwellings.

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#### REPORT OF GEN. LONGSTREET.

I had ordered Col. Walton to place his batteries in position at Rappahannock station, and to drive the enemy from his positions on both sides of the river.

The batteries were opened at sunrise on the 23d, and a severe cannonade continued for several hours. In about two hours, however, the enemy was driven across the river, abandoning his tête-de-pont. The brigades of Brigadier Gen. Evans and D. R. Jones, the latter under Col. G. F. Anderson, moved forward to occupy this position. It was found untenable, however, being exposed to a cross-fire of artillery from the other bank. The troops were therefore partially withdrawn, and Col. S. D. Lee was ordered to select position for his batteries, and joined in the combat. The enemy's position was soon rendered too warm for him, and he took advantage of a severe rain storm to retreat in haste, after firing the bridge and the private dwellings in its vicinity. Col. Walton deserves much credit for skill in the management of his batteries; and Col. Lee got into position in time for some good practice.

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#### REPORT OF COL. WALTON.

HEADQUARTERS ARTILLERY CORPS, RIGHT WING, }  
*Dept. Northern Virginia, Aug. 25, 1862.* }

I have the honor to report that, in obedience to an order received from Major General Longstreet, on the evening of the 22d instant, accompanied by Major

J. J. Garnett, Chief of Artillery on the Staff of Brig. Gen. D. R. Jones, and Capt. C. W. Squires, commanding the first Company of Washington Artillery, I made a reconnoissance of the position of the enemy in the vicinity of Beverly's Ford and Rappahannock station, on the Rappahannock river, with the view, as instructed, to place the long-range guns under my command, in position to open upon the enemy's batteries early on the following morning. Having, during the night, made all necessary preparation, at daybreak, on the morning of the 23d, I placed in position on the left, at Beverly's Ford, Capt. Miller's battery Washington Artillery, four light twelve-pounder Napoleon guns; a section of two ten-pounder Parrott guns under Capt. Rogers, and one ten-pounder Parrott gun under Capt. Anderson; and on the right, Capt. Squires' Battery, Washington Artillery, four three-inch rifles; Capt. Stribling's Battery, one three inch rifle and three light twelve-pounder Napoleon guns; a section of Capt. Chapman's Battery, one three-inch rifle and one light twelve-pounder Napoleon gun under Lieut. Chapman, and two Blakely guns of Capt. Maurin's Battery under Lieut. Landry.

The heavy fog prevailing obscured the opposite bank of the river, and the enemy's positions entirely from view, until about six o'clock, A. M., at which hour, the sun having partially dispelled the fog, I opened fire from Capt. Miller's Battery upon a battery of long-range guns of the enemy, directly in front, at a range of about one thousand yards. By previous arrangements, the batteries on the right and left of Capt. Miller's position immediately opened, and the fire became general along the line. We had not long to wait for the response of the enemy, he immediately opening upon all our positions a rapid and vigorous fire from all his batteries, some in position, until then undiscovered by us. The battery of the enemy engaged by Capt. Miller, was silenced in about forty minutes. Notwithstanding the long range guns under Capt. Rodgers and Anderson, on the left, had, shortly after the commencement of the engagement been withdrawn from action and placed under shelter of the hill on which they had been posted, thus leaving the battery of the enemy, which it was intended these guns should engage, free to direct against Miller, and the batteries on the hill on the right, a most destructive fire. At this time Capt. Miller changed position and directed his fire against the opposing battery, when one on the right of that which had been silenced, opened upon him, subjecting him to a cross fire, and causing him to lose heavily in men and horses. The fire was continued by Miller's Battery alone on the left until seven o'clock, when after consultation with Gen. Jones, and the fire of the enemy having greatly slackened, I ordered him to retire by half battery, which was handsomely done, in good order.

At this time Lieut. Brewer fell, mortally wounded. The combat on the right was gallantly fought by the batteries there placed in position.

Capt. Squires assumed command of that part of the field, and won for himself renewed honors by the handsome manner in which he handled his batteries, and for the good judgment and coolness he displayed under the heavy fire of the enemy, to which he was subjected during four hours without intermission.

The object sought to be obtained by this engagement, I am happy to say was fully accomplished by driving the enemy from all his positions before nightfall, and causing him to withdraw from our front entirely during the night.

I have to lament the loss, in this engagement of a zealous, brave and most efficient officer in Lieut. Brewer, Third Company Washington Artillery, who fell at the head of his section at the moment it was being withdrawn from the field, and of many non-commissioned officers and privates. The officers and men in all the batteries engaged, are deserving the highest praise for their gallantry upon the field. The attention of the General commanding is respectfully directed to those named particularly in the reports of Capts. Miller and Squires. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Capt. Miller and his brave Company for the stubborn and unflinching manner in which they fought the enemy's battery in such superior force and position on the left, and to Capt. Squires and Stribling, and Lieuts. Landry and Chapman on the right. I am indebted to Capt. Middle-

ton, of Brig. Gen. Drayton's Staff, to Lieut. Williams, of Gen. D. R. Jones Staff, and to Lieut. William Owen, Adjutant, Washington Artillery, all of whom were constantly with me under fire during the engagement, for their valuable assistance and zealous conduct on the field—there are none more brave or more deserving consideration than these gentlemen. I annex a list of casualties, and have the honor to be,

J. B. WALTON,  
*Col. and Chief of Art., Right Wing.*

### REPORT OF CAPT. MILLER.

I proceeded with my battery of four smooth-bore 12-pound Napoleons to Beverly's Ford on the Rappahannock, 1000 yards from the river. My position, on a hill sloping towards the river, was not such a one as I would have desired, though doubtless the best the locality afforded. At sunrise I discovered a battery of the enemy in position, immediately in front of us, on a hill on the north side of the river, and I opened on it with spherical case. The enemy replied briskly, and for half an hour the firing was very spirited. During this time I was considerably annoyed by an enfilading fire of a long-ranged battery, posted to our right, and entirely beyond our range. After nearly an hour's engagement I was gratified to notice that the fire in our front had perceptibly slackened, indeed had almost entirely ceased. Up to this time but one of my men had been wounded, and two horses killed. The batteries supporting me at this time retired from the field, subjecting me to a galling cross-fire from the enemy's rifle battery in their front. I immediately changed front on the left and replied. The enemy having our exact range, replied with terrible precision and effect. For sometime we maintained this unequal conflict, when having nearly exhausted my ammunition, and agreeably to your orders, I retired by half battery from the field.

My casualties were: Killed—First Lieutenant Brewer, privates Thompson, McDonald, Joubert (mortally wounded) and Dolan.

Wounded—Corpl. P. W. Pettiss; privates James Tully, Lévy, Fourshee, Maxwell, Crilly, Kerwin, Lynch—eight.

Twenty-one horses killed—356 rounds of ammunition expended.

I would be pleased to pay a tribute to the coolness and intrepidity of my command; but where all acted so well, it would be invidious to particularize. I should be wanting in my duty, however, were I not to mention Lieuts. Hero and McElroy, and my non-commissioned officers, Sergeants McNeil, Handy, Collins, Ellis and Stocker, and Corporals Coyle, Kremmelburg, Pettiss and DeBlanc, who by their coolness and close attention to duty, contributed not a little to the efficiency of my battery.

Respectfully,

M. B. MILLER,  
*Capt. Commanding 3d Co. B. W. A.*

### REPORT OF CAPT. SQUIRES.

Early on the morning of the 23d of August, the artillery, composed of the first company of Washington Artillery, (four three-inch rifles) and Captain Stribling's battery, (three Napoleon guns and one three-inch rifle) marched in the direction of the hill opposite to Rappahannock station. \* \* \* The batteries were formed in line from right to left in the following order: First Company Washington Artillery, four three-inch rifle guns; Dixie Artillery, one Napoleon gun and one three-inch rifle; Stribling's battery, three Napoleon guns and one three-inch rifle; this had scarcely been accomplished when the signal was given from your position to "commence firing," which was quickly res-

ponded to by the enemy. The combat was briskly carried on by the artillery directly in our front for half an hour, when the enemy placed a battery on the extreme left, and had partly succeeded in enfilading our batteries, when I withdrew the section of Lieut. Galbraith, and directed him to engage the enemy on the left. Lieut. G. accomplished this under a heavy fire, and was partly forced from his first position when Lieut. Landry, with a section of Capt. Maurin's Battery reported, and was sent to assist Lieut. G., the four guns being placed under Lieut. G., who managed to keep a heavy enfilading fire from the main batteries, by the coolness and bravery with which he manœuvred this battery. The fire on both sides now became general and rapid. The enemy placed more artillery in position, and for some time I thought I should have to retire; but the enemy soon after slackened his fire, and it was evident he was worsted by the projectiles with which our artillerists assailed him. An officer now came from the right and informed me that the infantry were preparing to charge, and to cease firing as soon as they appeared. I kept up the fire, returning shot for shot with the enemy, who appeared willing to give up the combat.

Seeing this, and being informed that Gen. Evans (commanding the infantry,) was advancing to attack the enemy, I ordered the four (reserve) guns of Lieut. Galbraith in position to engage the enemy's artillery, and draw his attention while our troops were advancing. The enemy finally gave up his position, retired across the Rappahannock, and only replied occasionally to our fire, and in an hour after ceased firing altogether.

It is with pleasure I am enabled to speak of the gallantry with which Capt. Stribling, officers and men, behaved on this occasion. Lieut. Chapman, with his section of Dixie Artillery, behaved with great coolness, and handled his guns with effect. To Lieut. E. Owen, J. M. Galbraith, and those under their command, I would especially call your attention. Both officers commanded full batteries, and handled them with coolness, bravery and good judgment, which has so often on previous occasions won the confidence of their men. Sergeants T. Y. Abby, C. L. C. Dupuy and L. M. Montgomery rendered me efficient service: the latter, on previous occasions, has placed me under many obligations for his voluntary services.

First Company, Battery Washington Artillery, killed: Privates, W. Chambers, R. T. Marshall, J. Reddington and H. Koss. Wounded, Corporal W. H. West, Privates, John R. Fell, T. S. Turner, M. Mouut and W. R. Faleoner.

Dixie Artillery, wounded: Privates, John Eddins, Westley Penee, John Knight and Daniel Martin.

Stribling's Battery, wounded: Lieut. Areher, and one Private.

First Company Battery Washington Artillery, horses killed, 1, wounded, 1.

Stribling's Battery, horses killed, 4, wounded, 0.

Dixie Battery, horses killed, 1, wounded, 0.—Total, 6 killed, 1 wounded.

One three inch rifle gun exploded during action. The batteries were engaged from about seven o'clock, A. M., to eleven o'clock, A. M., and expended the following ammunition:

First Company Washington Artillery, 400; Section of Dixie Artillery, 209; Section of Maurin's Artillery, 119; Stribling's Artillery, 354; Leake's Artillery, one gun.—Total, 1,182.

Captain Leake reported after the enemy had retired with one rifle and three smooth-bore guns. He sustained no loss. About two o'clock, P. M., Major Garnett rode up and requested me to send four rifle guns to Col. S. D. Lee, who was on the right, near Central railroad. For this purpose I detached Lieutenant Owen with one section of the Washington Artillery, and one section of Mann's Battery. In obedience to your orders, at half past five P. M. I ordered all the guns back to their respective commands.

Very respectfully, Colonel, your obedient servant,

C. W. SQUIRES,  
*Capt. Commanding First Co. Bat. W. A*



## CHAPTER XVII

## SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

While Pope's attention was thus occupied with Longstreet, Jackson was pushing on up the Rappahannock to make a crossing at one of the upper fords, (Hinson's Mills,) move around Pope's army in the rear, and strike the railroad to Alexandria. The first day of his rapid march he reached Selma, and as McClellan was coming on from the Peninsula with more troops, and no time was to be lost, Jackson pushed on to Bristow Station, striking the railroad about dark—Hay's Brigade in the front, and Forno in command—capturing two trains of cars. He had thus forced himself between Pope and Washington without meeting any resistance, or without any suspicion upon Pope's part that so daring and dangerous a move would ever have been attempted. His position is now indeed critical—foot-sore and weary as his men are, he must divide off two regiments (21st Georgia and 21st North Carolina) and send them with Stuart's cavalry, seven miles further on to Manassas. This expedition crept cautiously through the dark and struck the place from behind. It might have been warned by the dashing by of an engine from Bristow, which soon after ran into a train of cars, but was not.

At this point he captured immense supplies of provisions, guns, engines, and other munitions of war, for which latter Pope's army will soon have sore need. But the alarm has been given now, and the enemy are closing around Jackson on every side. First, the little force at Manassas must beat off Scammon across Bull Run, and take his bridge away from him; then Stuart's cavalry must raid up and down and destroy everything about Fairfax

and Burke's station. Then (for the moments grow more and more precious) Jackson must push up his own and Hill's divisions from Bristow, and rout the Federal Taylor who goes one leg on the encounter, and has much difficulty in hobbling off on the other. But Pope's whole army is being spread out now, and they hold the gap by which Jackson came in. As the afternoon of this eventful day (the 27th) wears away, Hooker comes up on Ewell, (left behind at Bristow,) and after hard fighting Gen. Ewell\* burns everything behind—the Louisiana regiments being “hotly engaged”—and destroys the bridges. He must now rejoin Jackson, whose only chance is to move westward, towards Longstreet. There was not much sleeping that night for the weary soldier; and at 3 o'clock the next morning, (28th) Jackson makes a detour by way of Centreville and Sudley Springs, followed behind by great masses of the enemy, whom he impeded by de-

\*The following is extracted from the report of Gen. Early:

Hays' Louisiana brigade was on the right of the railroad, and my own brigade to the right of Hays' in a pine wood.

Col. Forno, with four regiments of Hays' brigade and one of Lawton's, and one piece of d'Aquin's battery, was then ordered to the front to reconnoitre and destroy the bridge over Kettle run, and tear up the track of the railroad. He found the enemy had brought up on a train of cars a body of infantry sufficient to fill nine cars; but having doubtless discovered our force to be larger than was thought, was re-embarking it. A few shots from the piece of artillery were fired at the train and it made its way back again, after receiving some damage. The 6th Louisiana, under Col. Strong, was left on picket two miles in front, on the railroad, and the 8th Louisiana was put to work destroying the railroad bridge and tearing up the track, and Col Forno returned with the rest of the forces.

The enemy was seen approaching on the right of the railroad and in front of Hays' brigade, the 6th and 8th Louisiana regiments falling back and taking position in a wood three or four hundred yards in front of the brigade. The enemy's force consisted of heavy columns of infantry, with artillery. As soon as the enemy came in range our artillery, from its several positions, opened on him, as did the 6th and 8th Louisiana. By this combined fire, two columns of the enemy, of not less than a brigade each, were driven back, and the 5th Louisiana regiment was sent forward to reinforce the sixth and eighth. At this time the Louisiana regiments were actively engaged, and a large body of the enemy was moving up, and the experiment had to be tried whether our troops could be withdrawn in good order. Gen. Ewell directed me to cover the retiring of the troops with my brigade. Lawton's was the first withdrawn across the ford at the railroad bridge, and then Hays' Brigade followed—all without much loss.

stroying the bridges and moving on back towards Sudley Mills Ford, where he must encounter in a sanguinary fight a fresh division, (King's) only to be terminated by darkness—Ewell and Taliaferro both being wounded.

It certainly looks as if the game for Jackson is ended now: so General Pope believes, for on the 29th Jackson will be assailed by 25,000 troops, and from every quarter, at the same time. But meanwhile Lee and Longstreet had been following Pope closely behind—so closely that at Jefferson, where we bivouacked about sundown on the 24th, the two hostile camps came in sight of each other, and the enemy commenced shelling our position. In crossing at Waterloo bridge. (26th) Longstreet had felt our need, and made our batteries follow immediately after him.

Moving through woods and fields to keep out of sight of the signal corps, through Annanville and over the Warrenton Turnpike, we crossed the Rappahannock and camped near Orleans. On the 27th, during a halt for rest near Salem, the town was suddenly dashed into by Federal Cavalry, and a number of stragglers absent for water or food barely escaped, came rushing back and gave the alarm, though it did not prevent Gen. Lee from great risk of capture. Our trouble was we had no cavalry at hand to give any news; and I remember seeing Gen. Lee enquire of us, so difficult was it to see or obtain information, whether some horsemen in front were the enemy or our own men. At any rate, the infantry with us were ordered into line—Gen. Anderson getting them stirred up with the cry of "Put on your shirts, men, there's no time to lose now."

The same night we marched to Thoroughfare Gap, a very narrow pass, with precipitous sides, and through

Bull Run Mountains. We were here delayed by the enemy in force, (McDowell) who, it seemed to us might have, with a hundred men, achieved among the gloomy precipices as much as Leonidas. The Persian king, however, did not have Hood's Texas Brigade to do his flanking over the mountains; and so Jackson, whose destiny now hangs on a thread, and the booming of whose guns our vanguard can hear, will soon be reinforced. At about mid-day, (29th) Longstreet, who had been pressing hotly forward, came in on the right of Jackson, and the crisis for him had passed. Pope's efforts to overwhelm Jackson had been a failure. There remained now nothing to do but to turn upon Pope, twine around his army although still the largest, and to leisurely beat him back in two days fighting, across Bull Run, to the heights of Centreville. The reports of our Commanders, given below, tells the rest of the story :

### REPORT OF COL. WALTON,

OF SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

HEADQUARTERS BATTALION WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, }  
November 30th, 1862. }

TO MAJOR G. W. SORRELL,

*Assistant Adjutant General, Right Wing, A. N. V.*

I have the honor to transmit the following report of the operations of the Battalion Washington Artillery of New Orleans, under my command, on the 29th, 30th, and 31st August last, at and after the second battle of Manassas. On the 29th August, 1862, the four batteries composing the battalion were assigned and served as follows: The fourth company, consisting of two six-pounder bronze guns, and two twelve-pounder howitzers, under Capt. B. F. Eshleman, Lieuts. Norcomb, Battles and Apps, with Pickett's brigade; the second company with two six-pound bronze guns, and two twelve-pound howitzers, under Capt. Richardson, Lieuts. Hawes, DeRussey and Britton, with Toombs' brigade; the first company, with three three-inch rifle guns, under Capt. C. W. Squires, Lieuts. E. Owens, Galbraith and Brown, and the third company, with four light twelve-pound guns, (Napoleons) under Capt. M. B. Miller, Lieuts. McElroy and Hero in reserve.

About noon on the 29th, the two batteries in reserve having halted near the village of Gainesville on the Warrenton and Centreville turnpike, were ordered forward by Gen. Longstreet, to engage the enemy then in our front, and near the village of Groveton. Captains Miller and Squires at once proceeded to the

position indicated by the General, and opened fire upon the enemy's batteries. Immediately in Captain Miller's front he discovered a battery of the enemy, distant about twelve hundred yards. Beyond this battery, and on a more elevated position, were posted the enemy's rifle batteries. He opened upon the battery nearest him, and after a spirited engagement of three quarters of an hour, completely silenced it and compelled it to leave the field. He then turned his attention to the enemy's rifle batteries, and engaged them until having exhausted his ammunition he retired from the field.

Capt. Squires, on reaching his position on the left of Capt. Miller's battery, at once opened with his usual accuracy upon the enemy's batteries. Unfortunately, after the first fire, one of his guns having become disabled by the blowing out of the bushing of the vent, was sent from the field.

Captain Squires then placed the remaining section of his battery under command of Lieut. Owen, and rode to the left, to place additional guns (that had been sent forward to his assistance) in position. At this time the enemy's infantry were engaged by the forces on the left of the position occupied by our batteries, and, while the enemy retreated in confusion before the charge of our veterans, the section under Lieut. Owen poured a destructive fire into their affrighted ranks.

Scores were seen to fall, until finally the once beautiful line melted confusedly into the woods.

The enemy's artillery having withdrawn beyond our range, the section was ordered from the field. Both batteries, the first and third, in this action, fully maintained their well-earned reputation for skilful practice and gallant behavior. With this duel ended the operations on the left of our line for the day.

The next morning, 30th August, the second company of Captain J. B. Richardson was ordered forward from its position on the Manassas Gap railroad, to join its brigade (Toombs') then moving forward towards the enemy. Captain Richardson pushed forward until, arriving near the Chinn House, he was informed that our infantry had charged and taken a battery near that position, but, owing to heavy reinforcements thrown forward by the enemy, were unable to hold it without the assistance of artillery. He immediately took position on the left of the Chinn House and opened on the enemy, who were advancing rapidly, in large numbers. After firing a short time, he moved his battery forward about four hundred yards, and succeeded in holding the captured battery of four Napoleons, forcing the enemy back, and compelling a battery immediately in his front, and which was annoying our infantry greatly, to retire. He then turned the captured guns upon their late owners, and at night brought them from the field with their horses and harness.

Captain Richardson, in his report, makes special mention for gallantry of privates J. B. Cleveland and W. W. Davis, who were the first to reach the captured battery, and with the assistance of some infantry, fired nearly twenty-five rounds before being relieved by their comrades. Lieutenant Hawes had his horse shot under him during this battle. While Richardson, with the second, was doing such gallant services near Chinn House, Eshleman, with the fourth, with his short range guns, was doing good work in the same neighborhood. Following his brigade, (Pickett's) he shelled the woods in their front, while they advanced in line of battle against the enemy, whose skirmishers were seen on the edge of the wood. Finding it would be impracticable to follow the brigade, owing to the broken nature of the ground, he passed rapidly to the right and front, going into battery and firing from every elevated position from which he could enfilade the enemy, until he had passed entirely to the right of General Jones' position, (overlooking nearly the whole space in front of Chinn House) from which his shells fell into the ranks of the enemy with great execution. A persistent attack on the front and flank drove the enemy back into the woods, and now the immense clouds of dust rising from Centreville road indicated that he was in full retreat. He was directed by General D. R. Jones to

move forward and shell the wood and road, which he continued to do until directed by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart to send a section of his battery to the hills in front of the Conrad House, and to fire into a column of cavalry advancing in his rear. The section under Lieut. Norcom was detached, took position on the left of the Conrad House, and fired into the enemy until directed to cease by Gen. Stuart, his object having been accomplished.

The remaining section of the battery, under Lieut. Battles, was then ordered by Captain Eshleman across the Sudley road, firing as it advanced, into the retreating enemy. At this time, Captain Eshleman's only support was one company of sixty men of Gen. Jackson's sharpshooters, under Capt. Lee.

After a short interval, the enemy again appeared in force near the edge of the wood. Capt. E. immediately changed his front to the left, and poured into the enemy's ranks two rounds of canister, with deadly effect. Those not killed or wounded ran in disorder. After throwing a few shells into the woods, Captain E. retired about two hundred yards to the rear, being unwilling to risk his section with such meagre support. In a few minutes an order was brought from Gen. Stuart directing the section to be brought again to the vicinity of the Conrad House.

It was now dark, and Capt. E. kept up from this last position, a moderate fire until nine o'clock, in the direction of the Centreville road, when he was directed to retire, with Lieut. Norcom's section, that had joined him on the field, and rest his men. Capt. E., in his report, applauds highly the conduct of his officers, non-commissioned officers and men, to whose coolness and judgment he was indebted for the rapid evolutions of his battery and precision of his fire.

The next day, August 31, 1862, Lieut. Owen, with two guns of the first Company, accompanied Gen. Stuart, commanding Cavalry in pursuit of the enemy to and beyond Germantown. They came up with the enemy at several points, driving him ahead of them and capturing five hundred prisoners.

Capt. Squires on the same day, with one gun accompanied Col. Rosser, to Manassas, going in rear of the enemy, capturing a large amount of stores, (Quartermasters and Surgical) ambulances, horses, etc.

My casualties in this battle were one killed, Private, H. N. White, of second Company, and nine wounded.

Thus ended the operations of this battalion in this great second battle of Manassas, fought almost on the same ground and in sight of the field where our guns first pealed forth a little more than a year before.

I have the satisfaction in conclusion, to say that all the officers and men gave in this important battle renewed evidence of their devotion, judgment and cool bravery, in most trying positions. No eulogy of mine can add to the reputation they so worthily enjoy, earned upon bloody battle fields.

I am under obligations to Lieut. W. M. Owen, my always devoted and brave Adjutant, for distinguished services under fire. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

J. B. WALTON,  
*Col. Commanding.*

Gen. Longstreet, in his official report, describes the excitement of battle as giving new life to the men—says that the Washington Artillery was placed midway between Jackson and his line, “and engaged the enemy for several hours in a severe and successful artillery duel.”

## CHAPTER XVIII

## THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

To go a little more into detail, the turning point, on the 29th of August, of the battle on Jackson's flank was brought about by a heavy attack of Kearney upon that portion of the line, about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. For a while it was successful enough to double up Jackson's left upon his centre. Though the troops had been exhausted by many days previous fighting, by one attack after another during seven hours of struggle, and had hardly a round of ammunition. "Yet," says General Early in his report, "My brigade and the Eighth Louisiana advanced upon the enemy through a field, and drove him from the woods and out of the railroad cut, crossing the latter and following in pursuit several hundred yards beyond."

The lines of the two armies, however, were but little affected on the 30th by the battle of the 29th, but the fight of the last day was renewed by Pope under the absurd error that Lee was seeking to escape. McDowell was ordered to "press the enemy vigorously the whole day." But once the pressing process was commenced, it was very quickly shown what the supposed retreat amounted to.

"Line after line," says Swinton, "was swept away by the enemy's artillery and infantry fire; and so destructive was its effect that Porter's troops finally were compelled to withdraw. Porter's attack had been directed against Jackson; but Longstreet, on Jackson's right, found a commanding point of ground, whence he could rake the assaulting columns with an enfilading fire of Artillery." "From an eminence near by," says Gen.

Longstreet, "one portion of the enemy's masses, attacking Gen. Jackson, were in easy range of batteries in that position. It gave me an advantage I had not expected to have, and I made haste to use it. Two batteries were ordered for the purpose, and one placed in position immediately and opened.

"Just as this fire began, I received a message from the Commanding General informing me of Gen. Jackson's condition and his wants. As it was evident that the attack against Gen. Jackson could not be continued ten minutes under the fire of these batteries, I made no movements with my troops. Before the second battery could be placed in position, the enemy began to retire, and in less than ten minutes the ranks were broken, and that portion of his army put to flight."—*Longstreet's Report*.

*Batallion Journal*: We silenced the enemy's guns at 3:30 P. M., and broke up a line of advancing infantry. The practice was splendid—our batteries in time occupying the ground held previously during the day by the enemy. Gen. Jackson who served in the Mexican war with great distinction as an artillery officer, remarked while standing near Longstreet: "General, your artillery is superior to mine."

"The head of Longstreet's column having come upon the field, in the rear of the enemy's left, found the battle already opened with artillery on Jackson's right. Longstreet immediately placed some of his batteries in position; but before he could complete his dispositions to attack, the enemy withdrew; not however without loss from our artillery. The enemy now changed his position—Col. Walton placed a part of his artillery upon a commanding position between Jackson and Longstreet, by order of the



latter, and engaged the enemy vigorously for several hours."—*Gen. Lee's Report.*

Gen. Warren, one of the best of Pope's Generals, "held on stoutly against fearful loss, till the enemy had advanced so close as to fire in the very faces of his men."

The rest of the day's work consisted of an advance and pursuit by Lee—the remainder of Pope's army being saved by the resistance of a body of Regulars who held the Henry House Hill till Pope could cross his men in the darkness to the further side of Bull Run. The disordered masses of the Federal army presented the same scene that they did at the same river the year before; and the victory was just as complete—Lee capturing 9000 prisoners, 30 pieces of artillery, and 20,000 stand of arms, besides putting 40,000 of Pope's army *hors du combat*. This victory however was like the first in a still more important respect—it was no more decisive than any that preceded it, and the fighting and marching had to be commenced on the morrow the same as if nothing had yet been done.\*

*\*Report of Colonel Stefford commanding Second Louisiana Brigade, of the Battles of the Second Manassas.*

"The Brigade, consisting of the first, second, ninth, tenth, fifteenth, and Coppens bataillon Louisiana Volunteers, reported near Gordonsville, on or about the 12th August, 1862, and was assigned to duty in the division of Major General T. J. Jackson. Being the senior Colonel in the Brigade, the command devolved upon me. I had command but one week, when Brigadier General W. E. Starke, reported for duty and took command. Shortly after Gen. Starke's arrival, we took up the line of march and continued it until we reached the ford on the Rappahannock, near Brandy Station, on or about the 21st August, at which period we found the enemy strongly posted on the opposite bank. On the morning of the 22d we resumed the march, and crossed the Rappahannock at Major's Mill, on Hazel fork on the 25th; passed through Thoroughfare Gap on the morning of the 27th, and reached Manassas the same day. That night we fell back, and took position near the little farm called Groveton. On the afternoon of the 28th, the enemy appearing in sight, we formed our line of battle on the crest of the hill overlooking Groveton, and awaited his attack. The battle commenced at five o'clock, p. m. and lasted until nine o'clock, p. m. resulting in the repulse of the enemy, we holding the battle ground. In the engagement, the Brigadier General commanding the division, receiving a severe wound, the command devolved upon Brig. Gen. Starke, and the command of the brigade fell upon me. On the morning of the 29th being in reserve, we were not thrown forward until

The marches of Jackson and Longstreet afforded during this week a good idea of what soldiering was. It was hard work with all, but with the Louisiana troops under Jackson, it was 35 miles forced marching, for two days, from the Rappahannock to Manassas, rounded off with a fight and railroad burning, two or three fights the day after, and the same work continued for ten days—all of the time with almost certain destruction awaiting the corps.

It deserves also to be stated—with many members of the Washington Artillery, as soon as it was discovered that there was no immediate demand for their guns—from having exhausted their ammunition or other cause, that they went into the action with other batteries, and that their services were gladly received. At the second Manassas, some of the men were in action at three different points, and with three different batteries during the same day.

One of the horrors of such a system of ten days fighting, may be cited in what the troops suffered in the battles just alluded to.

They were all day exposed to a broiling sun, and to

about twelve o'clock, at which time we received an order to charge. Driving the enemy before us, we again fell back to our position, remaining in it during the night. On the morning of the 30th, Brig. Gen. Starke ordered me to send half of one of my regiments forward, and occupy the Rail Road cut as a point of observation, to be held at all hazards. About eight o'clock in the morning, the enemy commenced throwing forward large bodies of skirmishers, into the woods on our left, who quickly formed themselves into regiments, and moved forward by brigade to the attack, and massing a large body of troops at this point, with the evident design of forcing us from our position. They made repeated charges on us while in this position; but but were compelled to retire in confusion, sustaining heavy loss and gaining nothing. It was at this point that the ammunition gave out, the men procured some *from the dead bodies of their comrades*, but the supply was not sufficient, and in the absence of ammunition, the men *fought with rocks and held their position*. The enemy retreated, and we pressed forward to the turnpike road; then halted and camped for the night. On the 31st, we took up the line of march, and on the 1st of September at Chantilly, we again met the enemy and repulsed them.

great suffering from scarcity of water. Added to this, was the ghastly sight of the men slain in the previous day's fights, and, what was worse to a soldier, the intolerable stink emanating from 10,000 bloated and festering corpses.

On our march to the rescue of Jackson from Thoroughfare Gap, the men drank from stagnant pools, and their sufferings were so great, that Gen. Lee was heard to inquire of some of his officers, if there were no roads by which to save his poor soldiers in their forced marches, from so much dust and heat.

As showing what the slaughter of such a battle field is, I may mention that being detailed as a driver, when our artillery moved across the field, it was found impossible for the drivers to prevent their wheels from passing over more than one prostrate corpse, particularly over those of the red legged Zouaves, nearly annihilated on this field, by the Texas Brigade. It was just such a scene as the old pictures in republican Geographies used to represent of the carriage of the Emperors of Austria or of Russia, passing over the cripples and beggars who stood in the way.

Among other singularities of the First Manassas, was the fact that both armies were preparing to attack on their right at the same time. As the storm burst first upon the Confederate left flank, the consequence was that the battle was gained by the 7000 Confederate troops who could be brought to that wing—by their almost incredible stand against five times their superior force. In the Second Manassas, a year after, the two armies as if by mutual agreement had changed to opposite sides, as if to decide whether the first had been won owing to some advantage in the facings or the ground. In the first, the

hottest portion of the fight had been around the house of Mrs. McHenry, who was there killed and buried. In the following year, two soldiers were found stretched over her grave—as if to show that they had fought over some Belle Helene, or rather over an old woman's quarrel, and by some sort of retribution, after marching always in opposition over and around Virginia, had finally come back by a poetic coincidence, to die face to face over the grave of the first innocent victim of the war.

Practically stated, the Second Manassas may be defined as the culminating effort of Pope to capture Jackson, who in the moment his prey was completely in the toils, removed himself, his men from the entrance to the trap, and allowed Lee to come through Thoroughfare Gap\* to his assistance. The blunder here made, of which every battle affords instances on one side or the other, culminated in Pope trying to flank the right wing of Jackson, and never being able to find the end of it, for the reason that Lee and Longstreet had in the very nick of time been added on to it. Failing in capturing Jackson, his last blunder was his attempted pursuit of Lee.

\*The following is from the *Battalion Journal*, Aug. 29th: A little after the Texas and Georgia Brigades had taken possession of the cow paths of Bull Run Mountains, and driven the enemy therefrom, a squadron of horse emerged as we advanced, from the woods on our left, and caused a halt, and a momentary doubt was entertained as to whether it was friend or foe; but soon the red banner with the blue cross was discerned through a glass, and a horseman with flowing beard, (who turned out to be Gen. Beverly Robinson) advanced rapidly. "What of Jackson," said Lee. "He has fallen back and is holding the enemy at Sudley's Mills." "Let us press on to his assistance," said Lee; and the booming of Jackson's guns told us that we would be none too soon: we went on the battlefield of the 29th on the right flank of Jackson, at 11:30—six hours before Pope or Porter knew that Lee's army was present; the 3d Company being the first to be ordered in.

If Pope who had the superiority of men had held the gap, and kept his troops on the road therefrom, everything else being equal, he ought to have succeeded in crushing Jackson.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED AT THE BATTLES OF THE  
SECOND MANASSAS, 29TH AND 30TH OF AUGUST, 1862.

*Wounded*:—Third Company, Sergeant W. A. Collins. Private, E. Chapiaux, Driver, James Bloom.

SECOND COMPANY.

*Killed*:—Private, Henry N. White. *Wounded*:—Privates, A. R. Blakely, Douglas Ware. H. D. Summers.

FOURTH COMPANY, (Groveton).

*Wounded*:—Privates, Jos. W. Lescene, E. S. Burke, Driver, Davis Nolan.  
Battalion horses killed in the three battles—41.

Meanwhile, the head of the column was again to the front—Jackson once more creeping around and behind Pope with a drawn sword, or rather fixed bayonet, and appearing, for many a Federal regiment and division predestined to Hades, as the executioner of the Fates—little occupied as to what particular body of men to smite first. Marching north by Germantown, he struck the enemy at Chantilly, during a tremendous thunder storm, and the roar of the elements and the fall of the rain on that chilly afternoon was so great that the men could scarcely handle their guns, nor could the armies, three miles distant, distinguish the booming of the cannon. The number of killed and wounded was considerable upon both sides (among other dead was Gen. Kearney,\* of the United States Army, whose body was brought into our lines;) but the move otherwise bore no fruit, Pope retiring without further struggle within the lines about Washington.

Shortly after our army moved towards the Potomac, for which event we had been dreaming ever since the first Manassas.

On the 3d of September we marched with three days rations and bivouacked at Dranesville, with the whole

\*Gen. Kearney was once asked by the colonel of a re-enforcing regiment in one of the battles of '62 where to go in? "Oh anywhere!" was the answer, "anywhere! It's all the same. Lovely fighting along the whole line."

army. The order was given on the following day for Jackson to cross the Potomac, and the word was, "On to Maryland!"

On the 5th we marched through Leesburg and bivouacked in a half a mile of the Potomac, which stream was next morning crossed.

As full of hope as the soldiers of Hannibal going over the Alps—many of whose battles, by the way, those of Lee and Jackson resembled—the men splashed through the water, too happy to be moving forward to trouble themselves about wet clothing. The careful artillerists who were by the side of their pieces, mounted the caissons—the laggards behind shouted frantically for a little delay, and in vain attempted to obviate a wet skin by extra speed.

It was with a deep heaving of the chest and expansion of the lungs with us all that we stood at last upon the Maryland shore, and thought of the battle fields behind and before. At all of the farm houses near the river the people appeared hospitable and reb down to their boots, and crazy to see Lee. Adjutant Owen brought back a string of ladies, who overwhelmed the old man with kisses and welcomes.

On the following day we crossed the Monocosy and camped near Frederick City. Jackson's troops had pretty much swept the town; but the troops were paid in Maryland, and grocers were found with sufficient sympathy to take Confederate money in return for a variety of eatables and drinkables. Our supplies were replenished and that night there was a Sardanapalan feast, on a limited scale, which effectually banished the memory of hard marches (however it might have been with headache) from every couch that night.

Our marches led us through Frederick City, Hagerstown, and Boonsboro. But little opportunity was afforded us for seeing the country, as hard fighting was evidently before us in the not remote perspective, and it was necessary that the men should stand close to their guns; besides we were in Maryland only two weeks. An advance after the First Manassas, (which there can be no question would have been made, if Gen. Lee had been in command) would have carried Maryland to the cause of the Confederacy, but it was now too late. Her refined population could only see as the result of long soldiering, rags and filth, and barefooted soldiers (totally indifferent or indisposed to the bright muskets.) and so the sentiment of "My Maryland" evaporated in poetry and paper. The number of recruits (300) did not begin to compensate for the heavy drain upon Lee's Regiments from forced marching; which cut the number of his men down one-half, and so there was to be no interest of any practical value felt in us—and but little enthusiasm; that is with a few very noble exceptions. One of these I now remember, was that of a kind-hearted woman who offered one of our weary soldiers some fruit. Before she had ended in making this good natured evidence of friendship, a mob of her own sex invaded her house and overwhelmed her with every reproach. The intelligent soldier whom she tried to benefit, seeing how the land lay, pretended to have taken the fruit without asking, and hastened to relieve his well-wisher of what must have been at the time embarrassing company.

To a soldier, whose pleasures like that of the clergy, are almost limited to eating and drinking, a rare opportunity of this sort was viewed by our Generals with an indulgent eye, and the men were allowed to forget, for at

least one day, wearisome marches, watches and privations, and the bloody tragedies which were looming up in the future.

During the short time that we were camped about the towns of Maryland, the streets were full of soldiers, not to say the drinking saloons, which from time to time would mysteriously open and shut, though contrary to orders, and the jingling of spurs, sabres and glasses, and the faint aroma of tempting drinks, would be borne to the senses of the envious lookers on, compelled to remain upon the outside. A hotel of limited accommodations was the great point of attraction. The guests, however, had only Confederate money, and the unpatriotic landlord (though he affected the very reverse) was unwilling to accept this currency in payment. Besides, he was completely overwhelmed by the number of his guests, whose appetites more than corresponded to the contents of his larder. A party of our men went there one day, fully determined to eat a square meal before going into another fight; but it soon became evident that if they did so, it would be without any assistance from our host, who affected the greatest pleasure in our company, but frankly told us that two hundred other guests stood a much better chance.

He however, did not hesitate to sell us our dinner tickets, while good naturedly laughing and telling us at the same time that there was no chance.

Once provided with these documents, there was only need for watchfulness and attention—the entrance of the select crowd beforehand, meaning of course no dinner for the balance of us. The danger was guarded against by dividing ourselves up into corps of observation, and keeping a bright look out, especially in the neighborhood of the kitchen.



Our vigilance met with its reward. We found out the precise moment for action—through the friendship of a French *chef* or waiter we discovered the secret entrance reserved for the favored few, and better than all the watchword that would permit us to pass the closely guarded door. To the infinite astonishment of our landlord, the soldiers of the Louisiana regiments went in with the first move, and some of their acquaintances among the officers and generals were indebted to our timely discovery to getting anything to eat at all.

I have always thought that the two hundred guests assembled that day, did the heaviest knife and fork work ever performed in that hotel, or indeed in the whole State.

In the careless meetings which took place between the higher officers on such occasions, and the soldiers whom they had previously known, the conduct of the former was always manly and good-natured, and an evident disposition was shown to forget their rank; whether it was at a way side dinner, or when a train of provisions or army clothing was struck, and every one with great glee, would rig himself out to his fancy, or according to the length of his arms or legs would cast the unsuitable clothing to his next friend, or some of his men. Some of us in the midst of one such toilette, were with Gen. Gordon, the most gallant and dauntless officer in the Confederate Army, and almost as popular with the Louisiana Brigades as Jackson; and a sudden alarm came very near causing him to lead his men into action, minus both his old costume and his new.

On one such occasion, Gen. Jackson had succeeded in getting hold of a rasher of bacon. One of his men who had bread, offered to divide with him, and the offer was accepted, on condition that he received half of the General's slice of meat.

It must be confessed that the fields of fruit and grain in our marches Northward, were of invaluable assistance to our army, as may be judged by a remark which I heard a soldier make when we afterwards invaded Pennsylvania, that he could not understand how the movement at that time could succeed, as it was too late in the year for green apples or roasting ears, to live upon during the march. But in the Rappahannock and Maryland Campaign, the man who owned a frying pan, was possessed of no little influence, and various sorts of flattery were frequently resorted to, to gain temporary possession of it. With this, in a half an hour, and with the aid of a few sticks or splinters from rails, and a small cut of bacon, an impromptu meal could be hatched up whenever the line halted. The owner of so useful an article was allowed to assume a certain dignity and style, somewhat comparable to that of the chief officer of a regiment, so long as the corn remained tender; but as all human honors are fleeting, he was afterwards forced to yield to the messmate who discovered a way of manufacturing a grater out of a canteen, and of thus making out of an otherwise indigestible food, a dish of first-class hominy.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### SHARPSBURG.

From that time until we had passed Boonsboro, we journeyed on quietly enough through a delightful mountain country, but finally halted about midday, as it seemed to us, in order to rest our horses. While we were quietly dozing by the side of these, the faint sound of cannon was

heard, which gradually increased in loudness, and it now became evident that an attack by the enemy was being made upon our rear column—upon the men who were holding the passes; now, as it seemed, with much less success than we had at Thoroughfare Gap. We formed the impression without being able to learn much about the matter, that fortune had suddenly given the enemy the trump card; and that so far from advancing, that we would have to turn back.

We subsequently learned that our success had been decided by an accident of the most trivial nature—by a scrap of paper, which falling in the mud and being left behind, had been picked up, after the Confederate army left Frederick city. The scrap contained the marching orders of Gen. Lee, and McClellan now knew the disposition of all his corps. The most important information he in this way gained, was that Jackson had branched off to swoop down on a depot of supplies, and 12,000 Federal troops who had been left behind, in spite of all the rules of war, at Harper's Ferry, and that Lee's forces were divided in the enemy's country.

By this time almost every soldier had acquired sufficient experience to know what the heavy prolonged firing to the rear meant. We did not hear of the captured letter, or the precise cause of our check, until years afterwards, but our faculties were sufficiently keen to couple the booming of the guns with the absence of Jackson, and to know what it meant.

If at that juncture McClellan had done what Jackson was doing, without any chance assistance from fortune—had pressed forward his troops through the passes or over the mountains, Gen. Lee's army would have been in a bad way. But instead, Lee held the Thermopylæ—time

was lost in making a wrong flanking movement by his enemies, and the few hours thus gained (at the cost of some desperate fighting by the small divisions left behind,) enabled Lee to regain the mastery of the situation. While the rear was holding its ground, Jackson, who conquered as much by the legs of his troops as by their arms, was returning.

Meanwhile, our retreat towards the Potomac had commenced a little after midnight—(on the 15th,) and part of our duties was to guard the rear of the army, by taking positions upon every commanding eminence, and preparing for an attack until the remainder of the troops had filed by. This operation was kept up till mid-day, at which time we took position definitely at Sharpsburg.

A little while after, while the men were cooking or sleeping, as we happened to be suffering most with hunger or lack of sleep, we were called to our guns and ordered to reply to some of the guns of position,\* in which we were always excelled by the enemy. It is needless to say that our firing was for the same object with which Lee had made an ostentatious display of his infantry—with a view of deterring the enemy, and gaining time until the arrival of Jackson. The firing did not amount to much, or rather was a sheer farce as Gen. Hill called it, and we were soon permitted to go back and prepare for the serious work before us. McClellan meanwhile lost his opportunity by postponing his attack until the 17th, though his fire continued during the 15th, and the following day

\*Guns of position—viz those of large calibre and long range. The enemy's plan of operations, as it was with the Russians in the Crimean War, who had confessedly the same superiority over the English and French, was to plant a number of guns upon some commanding forts or hills, and then open a converging fire, to which from lack of sufficient range and calibre, the Confederate Army could make no adequate reply. As to what our Artillery could do in a pitched battle, at Sharpsburg or elsewhere, even with badly made guns and ammunition, all of the reports are sufficient evidence.

Our line was about a mile from Sharpsburg, then undergoing shelling, and though a battle was obviously to be fought on the 17th, we were willing to visit the town in order to add to the scanty rations of camp. Soldiers being naturally of an indolent turn, it was easier to find volunteers who would encounter the danger, than those who were ready about bringing water, cooking, borrowing and washing our limited number of cooking utensils. Those who went into Sharpsburg, found much difficulty in coming across a store-keeper, sufficiently daring to do business under the circumstances, and only threats of helping ourselves, induced traders to return and receive our greenbacks.

Most of us wanted sugar, coffee, and similar supplies; but there was more than the average number, who hang around corner-groceries, ready to stand an unlimited quantity of shelling, provided they could thereby gratify what most soldiers acquire, a craving for liquor. But by this time we had all of us become so indifferent to balls, that the men of the two armies when picketed in sight of each other, and exposed to fire, would not only pay but little attention to the shots, but frequently be kind enough to point out to the enemy where their balls had gone to, and tell them to fire more to the right or left.

The duty of having the coffee now purchased ground at an adjacent house, brought me in company with an elderly Maryland lady, whose nature seemed to have become as much absorbed in the war, as that of Flora McIvor in the hopes of the Scottish Pretender. She sat softly singing before the fire as I entered, rocking herself to and fro in her chair, and apparently heedless of the shells which were passing over her house. When she ceased, it would be to launch out in fond praises of her son, whom she thought

the bravest man in Stonewall's army, and whose death she apparently regarded as certain—something to which she had long since made up her mind. While having a look of fixed despair and resignation at his probable fate, she never seemed to admit to herself that this only son and relative could be any where but in a soldier's place. No entreaties could induce her to accept any of the coffee, though she was evidently much affected by the smell, and if she had possessed any would have probably sent it off to her son.

The intensity of the devotion of this poor woman, was painfully brought to mind the next day, by the fate of a soldier who was killed before the battle had fairly commenced, and who from her description, might have been her son. This man was shot down right by the side of a surgeon, who was behind the crest of the hill to avoid the enemy's fire, and in the presence of a number of soldiers, this medical officer refused to dress the man's wounds, or give him a chance for his life because he did not belong to his regiment. The old woman and the Doctor were pretty good types of the noble class upon one side, and those whose cowardly or selfish instincts were always coming to the surface.

The principal battle of Sharpsburg, next to Gettysburg the hardest fought battle of the war, occurred the next day, Sept. 17th.

The following taken from Gen. Early's, report of the Battle of Sharpsburg, will show how it fared with the Louisiana Infantry :

"About sunrise, the enemy advanced in line, driving in our skirmishers, and advancing to the edge of the woods. About this time, batteries opened in front from the woods with shell and canister, and these brigades were exposed to a terrible carnage. After a short time, Gen. Hays advanced with his brigade, to the support of Col. Douglas, under a terrific fire and passed to the front. About this time Gen. Lawton, who had been superintending the operation, received a very

severe wound and was borne from the field. Col. Walker by moving two of his regiments, 21st Georgia and 21st North Carolina, and concentrating their fire and that of the 12th Georgia upon a part of the enemy's line in front of the latter, succeeded in breaking it and as a brigade of fresh troops came up to the support of Lawton's and Hays' brigades just in time, Walker ordered an advance; but the brigade which came up having fallen back, he was compelled to halt, and finally to fall back to his first position. His brigade. (Trimble's,) had suffered terribly, his own horse was killed under him, and he had himself been struck by a piece of shell. Col. Douglas, whose brigade had been hotly engaged during the whole time, was killed, and about half the men had been killed and wounded. Hays' brigade, which had advanced to Col. Douglas' support, had also suffered terribly, having more than half killed and wounded, (both Gen. Hays and Staff being disabled); and Gen. Hood having come up to their relief, these three brigades which were reduced to mere fragments, their ammunition being exhausted, retired to the rear. The terrible nature of the conflict in which these three brigades had been engaged, and the steadiness with which they maintained their position, is shown by the losses they sustained. They did not retire from the field, until General Lawton had been wounded and borne from the field; Col. Douglas, commanding Lawton's brigade had been killed, and the brigade had sustained a loss of five hundred and fifty-four killed and wounded out of eleven-hundred and fifty, losing five Regimental Commanders out of six. Hays' brigade had sustained a loss of three hundred and twenty-three out of five hundred and fifty, including every Regimental Commander, and all of his Staff; and Col. Walker and one of his Staff had been disabled, and the brigade he was commanding had sustained a loss of two-hundred and twenty-eight, out of less than seven hundred present, including three out of four Regimental Commanders. I am sorry that I am not able to do justice to the individual cases of gallantry displayed in this terrible conflict.

"I deem it proper to state that all the killed and wounded of my own brigade were inside of my lines, as I established them after the fight, and that the killed and wounded of the enemy on this part of the field, were also within the same lines. All my killed were buried, and all my wounded were carried to the hospital in the rear."

One line of the enemy's infantry came so near us, that we could see their Colonel on horseback waiving his men on, and then even the stripes on the Corporal's arms. How it made our blood dance and nerves quiver as we saw their colors floating steadily forward, and how heroically and madly we toiled at and double-shotted our guns. Our men worked that day desperately, almost despairingly, because it looked for a time as if we could not stop the blue wave from coming forward, although we were tearing it to pieces with canister and shell. Longstreet was on horseback at our side, sitting side-saddle fashion, and occasionally making some practical remark about the situation. He talked earnestly and gesticulated to encourage us, as the men of the detachments began to fall

around our guns, and told us he would have given us a lift if he had not that day crippled his hand. But crippled or not, we noticed that he had strength enough left to carry his flask to his mouth, as probably everybody else did on that terribly hot day, who had any supplies at command, to bring to a carry \*

Finally the blue line disappeared from our front, and we managed to hobble off with our pieces, though with the loss of a good many men, horses, and some wheels to our gun carriages. Then we loaded our chests with

\*Gen. Longstreet says in his report, that the enemy on the 17th, renewed an attack commenced the night before on Hood's brigade—a handful compared with those before him. Hood fought desperately until Jackson and Walker came to his relief—the former soon moving off to flank the enemy's right. The enemy “now threw forward his masses against my left: met by Walker, two pieces of Captain Miller's battery of the Washington Artillery, and two of Birce's battery. The enemy was driven back in some confusion; an effort was made to pursue, but our line was too weak. From this moment our centre was extremely weak. The enemy's masses again moved forward, and Cook's regiment stood with empty guns, moving his colors to show his regiment was in position. The artillery played upon the enemy with canister—their lines hesitated and after an hour and a half retired.

“Another attack was quickly made a little to the right of the last, Capt. Miller turning his pieces upon these lines, and playing upon them with round shot (over the heads of R. H. Anderson's men) checked the advance, and Anderson's division, with the artillery, held the enemy in check until night. This attack was followed by the final assault, about four o'clock p. m., when the enemy crossed the bridge in front of Sharpsburg, and made his desperate attack upon my right. He drove back our right several times, and was himself made to retire several times—badly crippled; but his strong reinforcements finally enabled him to drive in my right, and occupy this part of my ground.

“Thus advanced, the enemy's line was placed in such position as to enable Gen. Toombs to move his brigade directly against their flank. Gen. Jones seized the opportunity and threw Toombs against the enemy's flank, drove him back and recovered our lost ground. Two of the brigades of Major Gen. A. P. Hill's division advanced against the enemy's front as Gen. Toombs made his flank attack. The enemy took shelter behind a stone wall, and another line was, advanced to the crest of a hill in support of his first line. Capt. Richardson's, Brown's, and Moody's batteries, were placed in position to play upon the second line, and both lines were eventually driven back by their batteries.

“Before it was entirely dark, the hundred thousand men that had been threatening our destruction for twelve hours, had melted away into a few stragglers.

“In one month, these troops had marched over two hundred miles upon little more than half rations, and fought nine battles and skirmishes, killed, wounded and captured nearly as many men as we had in our ranks, besides taking arms and other ammunition of war in large quantities.”

Gen. Toombs in his report, gives a very laudatory account of Richardson's battery of the Washington Artillery at Sharpsburg.



ammunition, and reappeared at two or three different points of the fray during the day. At one time about dusk, the hostile lines became so blended that no one could tell friend from foe, and we were afraid of firing for fear of doing harm to our friends.

The following is from Gen. Lee's report of the battle of Sharpsburg :

"The advance of the enemy [on the 15th,] was delayed by the brave opposition he encountered from Fitz Lee's cavalry. During the afternoon the batteries were slightly engaged.

"[On the 17th,] the firm front presented by the 27th N. C. standing boldly in line without a cartridge, and the well directed fire of the artillery under Capt. Miller of the Washington Artillery, and Capt. Bryce's S. C. Battery, checked the progress of the enemy. Another attack was made soon afterwards, a little further to the right, but was repulsed by Miller's guns of the Washington Artillery.

"Our artillery though much inferior to that of the enemy in the number of guns and weight of metal, rendered efficient and most gallant service throughout the day, and contributed greatly to the repulse of the attacks upon every part of the line."

We held our ground until darkness put an end to the fight; but the army had been hardly pressed, and we were not sorry when the night after, the order came for the army to recross the Potomac.

Now followed some of the most tiresome and fatiguing work it was ever the lot of an army to do—the getting across the immense train of commissary wagons, needlessly and perilously large, as was shown in the fact that it ultimately led to the capture of Lee's army itself, in the retreat to Appomattox Courthouse. Some overloaded wagon or leatherheaded mule driver (the M. D.'s as they were called,) was everlastingly blocking the road, until these conveyances would be compelled by impatient cursing from behind, to vomit up their contents. To see the road strewn with heavy old trunks and useless plunder belonging to a favored few, was very exasperating, and at the same time much enjoyed by every one, except the owners, especially when every one knew that

the critical position of the army was embarrassed by an already too long wagon train.

The scene on the Maryland side on the night of the crossing rivaled Bedlam. The wagon train had to go down a very high and almost perpendicular bank, and except for the still greater danger from behind, was such a descent as no prudent wagoner would ever have attempted to make. Although it was as precipitous as the road to perdition, the teamsters had to make an elbow half way down, at the imminent risk of an overturn—some of the wagons actually meeting with such a calamity. These were set fire to, partly for warmth, partly for the purpose of seeing; and these and the flaring torches held about by different hands, gave a weird Rembrandt touch to the scene. Then there was a large number of officers and men who had come forward from behind, and who had to stand around all night—the ground being too muddy to admit of seats.

Some who were mounted went to sleep in their saddles. All of this time there would be a confused shouting among the wagoners, and the cry of “Pull around to the right and then swing to the left,” was to be heard with each descent.

One of the men who was holding a torch, who shouted out this explanation, was almost ridden down by an angry General who wanted to know who commanded that regiment—himself or some one else. The General was afterwards just enough to ride back and thank the soldier for saving his baggage. Then there were two batteries that approached the bank at the same moment, and who actually kept the army, worn down and in danger, as it was for some time, delayed, because neither would yield the precedence to the other. One rash headstrong General took possession

of the only wagon road, for his infantry men, who could have got down to the water's edge, any where else, and when the instructions were that they should cross at a ford a little below

The strangest feature of the whole affair, was the grotesque appearance of our army who had stripped off most of their clothes, and who went shuddering and shivering in the cold water. Altogether, it was a torch-light procession of the most fantastic sort. Some hints were thrown out to the brass band to strike up a lively air as they marched through; but the musicians were very little in the humor for joking that night. Indeed, this was the case with most of us.

By daylight the next morning, we were all pretty well stove up and fagged out, and most of us felt that we had our belly-full of fighting for some time to come. That campaign certainly added pretty largely to the army of stragglers, (one-half of Lee's army in Maryland, though there the men had been simply marched to death,) who never cared about getting nearer than the baggage wagons to the front.

We marched through Bunkerhill to Winchester, Virginia, where we stayed forty days (to Oct. 30th, 1862.) The place must have been a delightful town, full of fine shade trees, tasteful gardens, old stone buildings, and with a very hospitable, easy going population. It came though, in course of time, with Jackson and Milroy always changing ownership, or with Lee marching through it, to have the hard, tarnished and jaded look which military quarters generally have. Fair faces were more meditative in the second year, than sympathetic—and thought rather of the probability of losing their spoons, or the price of a square meal, than over the pleasure inspired by soldiers'

compliments. There was one noble exception however, (though exception is not the word, as the residents were after all right); this was a lady who came near to being a heroine in her way: nearer than any other whose name has yet been in print. I allude to Miss Josephine Carson, a lady of fine social position and many attractions, who merits mention on account of her devotion to the sick and wounded, who had been sent back from Sharpsburg, and who deserved the reputation of having won the admiration and good-will of our soldiers as much as any lady whom we met in Virginia; a reputation to which she was entitled, from her dignity of demeanor, and from a good nature and natural largeness of heart which interested her in every soldier who passed by her.

The truth is, the same might be said of a very large number of Virginia women, who almost every one of them did an incredible number of kindnesses to soldiers. The soldiers from Louisiana were ready to dispute the palm on the battle-field, with the troops from Virginia or any other State; but we all of us became infatuated with the patience and devotion of the ladies of that State—as well as of those who claimed no pretensions to that title; and I never heard a soldier worthy of that name, speak in other than tones of the highest commendation of the mothers and daughters of that State. None of us ever met with any other reception from the women of the South, who were always our best friends, and who would always realize and pity a soldier's misery a long time before it would occur to their male relatives or friends, and who when they did a kindness, did so in such a way as to mollify many proud spirits, who were unwilling to accept any evidences of good-will for doing only what they considered their duty.

Let us now return, while the soldiers and battery horses

of Gen. Lee's army are resting, after the fatigues of their past battles and long marches, to New Orleans, and relate what has meanwhile transpired at the old Washington Artillery Armory. For the chapter which follows, this work is indebted to the pen of one of the officers high in command of the Fifth Company

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### BATTALION WASHINGTON ARTILLERY—FIFTH COMPANY.

On the departure for the seat of war in Virginia, of the first four companies of the Battalion, on the 27th of April, 1861, the following order was promulgated by the Major Commanding, the last issued by him previous to mustering into the service of the Confederate States.

HEADQUARTERS BATTALION WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, }  
New Orleans, April, 1861. }

\* \* \* \* \*  
VII—1st Lieut. W. I. Hodgson, of the 4th Company, is hereby specially detailed to remain in New Orleans on recruiting service, and will forward from time to time, to the seat of war, such recruits as may be required, and hold himself subject to any further orders from these headquarters.  
\* \* \* \* \*

By order.

WM. M. OWEN, *Adjutant.*

J. B. WALTON,

*Major Commanding.*

A reserve force of about twenty men was all left behind of the original command, and Lieut. Hodgson, with their assistance, rapidly organized a Fifth Company; and in one month from the day of the departure of the Battalion, held an election for officers, casting over 150 votes, with the following result:

*Captain*—W. Irving Hodgson;

*Senior First Lieutenant*—Theo. A. James;

*Junior First Lieutenant*—Rinaldo Banister;

*Senior Second Lieutenant*—Jerry G. Pierson;

*Junior Second Lieutenant*—E. L. Hews.

When the batallion left for Virginia, they left the arsenal on Girod Street, in an unfinished condition, the roof not yet put on, the floors torn up, and everything in the way of camp and garrison equipage, artillery and ordinance stores taken with them. Yet in order to supply their place, the reserves went to work with a will. They sent special committees to Baton Rouge to the Legislature, to the City Council of New Orleans, and the merchants and capitalists of the City and State. Through handsome donations from the former, a generous appropriation from the Council, and the unbounded liberality of the latter, (including the present of a piece of artillery and caisson complete from Governor Thos. Overton Moore, and a similar gift from John I. Adams, a prominent merchant of New Orleans,) they were able within ninety days to complete the arsenal, and pay for it.

They besides perfected the organization of six handsome brass field pieces, with limbers, caissons and harness all complete, with a serviceable and complete stock of camp and garrison equipage for 160 men; all this without owing a dollar.

From time to time during the first year of the war, they sent to their comrades in Virginia, reinforcements\* of men and drivers, artificers, etc., always forwarding under the command of an officer of the Fifth Company, and always sending them off fully clothed and equipped, free of expense to the batallion.

A semi-weekly mail was regularly sent also to the command in the field, the cases being packed not only with mail matter, but with clothing, edibles and everything intended for any member of the command, sent him by

\*Lieut. J. G. Pierson, came on in charge of two detachments consisting of about fifteen men each during the first year of the war.

his family or friends, and with no expense to the soldier of transportation.

Early in the year 1862, the members of the 5th Company exhibited much military ardor, and felt unwilling to remain longer at home, while their comrades, friends and brothers were sharing the dangers and toils of camp life.

In February of that year, Captain Hodgson addressed a communication to Brig. Gen. E. L. Tracy, commanding the 1st brigade, 1st division Louisiana State Militia, to which his battery was attached, asking for a new election of officers, intended for active service in field; in conformity to which, Gen. Tracy ordered an election on the 24th day of that month; and under the supervision and direction of Majors Ignatius Canfield, and John B. Prados, of his staff, the election took place as directed. There were 185 votes cast with the following result:

*Captain*—W. Irving Hodgson;

*Senior First Lieutenant*—Cuthbert H. Slocomb;

*Junior First Lieutenant*—Wm. C. D. Vaught;

*Senior Second Lieutenant*—Edson L. Hews;

*Junior Second Lieutenant*—J. A. Chalaron.

On the 1st day of March 1862, the following dispatch from Gen. G. T. Beauregard, was published in all of the New Orleans daily papers:

DISPATCH FROM GEN. BEAUREGARD.

JACKSON, Tenn., February 28, 1862.

TO GOV. THOS. O. MOORE:

Will accept all good equipped troops under the act of 21st August that will offer, and for ninety days.

Let the people of Louisiana understand that here is the proper place to defend Louisiana.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Captain Hodgson immediately called a meeting of his command, which was held on the 2nd day of the month, when it was shown that there was one unanimous voice

to at once offer their services for ninety days, or the war.

All necessary arrangements having been made for their immediate departure for the field, the following order was issued and published in the daily papers :\*

HEADQUARTERS 5TH CO., BAT. WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, }  
NEW ORLEANS, March 5th, '62. }

[Order No. 44.]

I—The officers and members of this corps are hereby ordered to appear at their Arsenal on Thursday morning, the 6th inst., at 10 o'clock, punctually, fully equipped, with knapsacks packed, for the purpose of being mustered into the Confederate States service.

II—Every member of the command is expected to be present. Those failing to appear will not be allowed to leave with the command.

By order of

W. IRVING HODGSON, *Captain.*

A. GORDON BAKEWELL, *O. S.*

On Thursday morning, March 6th, 1862, at 11 o'clock, the Fifth Company were regularly mustered into the service by the enrolling officer of Gen. Mansfield Lovell's staff, in Lafayette Square, with 166 men, rank and file; they left New Orleans for the seat of war in Mississippi and Tennessee via the N O. J & G. N R. R. on Saturday March 8th, 1862, carrying with them their six guns, with everything perfect and complete, including their camp

\* Among the many flattering comments of the press, was the following, taken from the *Picayune* of March 3rd, 1862.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY—The 5th Company of this fine battalion, Capt. W. Irving Hodgson, have with extreme unanimity determined on responding forthwith to the call of Gen. Beauregard, whom they go to join on Thursday next. The company is in perfect order for immediate and efficient service, and will take the field with their battery of six guns, with full ranks, and with every thing necessary in the way of equipment.

The Battalion of Washington Artillery, Major J. B. Walton, consisting of four companies, have been in the Confederate service from the commencement of the war, and have done good service in Virginia where they are still encamped, ready to do more, when called upon. The 5th Company, which, when the battalion left, was composed of some thirty members, now numbers in its ranks over a hundred young, vigorous and enthusiastic men, who have been sedulously fitting themselves for active duty. Emulating the zeal and promptitude of the four first companies, in responding to the call made upon them for their services, Company No. 5 have also entered the Confederate army, for ninety days, to "fight the battle of New Orleans," in the place where Beauregard tells us it is to be fought.

We doubt not they will prove worthy of their membership of a battalion which has been mentioned in Beauregard's general orders in terms of the highest eulogium.



and garrison equipage, and without the cost of one dollar to the general government.\*

The following is the "Roster" of the Fifth Company, as mustered, into service :

*Officers*—Capt. W. Irving Hodgson ; Senior 1st Lieut., C. H. Slocomb ; Junior 1st Lieut., W. C. D. Vaught ; Senior 2d Lieut. Edson L. Hews ; Junior 2d Lieut., J. A. Chalaron ; Assistant Surgeon J. Cecil LeGaré.

*Non-Commissioned Staff*—Orderly Sergeant, A. Gordon Bakewell ; Ordnance Sergeant, J. H. H. Hedges ; Quartermaster's Sergeant, J. B. Wolfe ; Commissary Sergeant, W. A. Barstow.

1st Sergeant J. W. De Merritt, 2d Sergeant B. H. Green Jr., 3d Sergeant A. J. Leverich, 4th Sergeant W. B. Giffen, 5th Sergeant John Bartley, 6th Sergeant Thos. M. Blair.

1st Corporal John J. Jamison, 2d Corporal S. Higgins, 3d Corporal W. N. Calmes, 4th Corporal R. W. Frazer, 5th Corporal Emmet Putnam, 6th Corporal N. L. Bruce.

1st Caisson Corporal D. W. Smith, 2d Caisson Corporal E. J. O'Brien, 3d Caisson Corporal A. S. Winston, 4th Caisson Corporal L. Macready, 5th Caisson Corporal Alf. Bellanger, 6th Caisson Corporal E. Charles.

Sergeant Drivers J. H. Smith, Corporal Drivers F. N. Thayer.

1st Artificer W. A. Freret, 2d Artificer J. F. Spearing, 3d Artificer W. A. Jourdan, 4th Artificer John Beggs, 5th Artificer John Davidson, 6th Artificer Fred. Holmes.

*Privates*—Alex. Allain, V. F. Allain, T. C. Allenn, C. A. Adams, N. Buckner, Jos. Banfil, Ben Bridge, A. T. Bennett, Jr., B. Boyden, A. J. Blaffer, John Boardman, Marcus J. Beebe, C. B. Broadwell, T. L. Bayne, Jas. Clarke, J. T. Crawford, W. W. Clayton, Joseph Denegre, J. H. Duggan, J. M. Davidson, A. M. Fahenstock, E. C. Feinour, E. Fehrenbach, John Fraser, Charles W. Fox, Robert Gibson, James F. Giffen, C. J. Hartnett, C. M. Harvey, W. D. Henderson, H. L. Henderson, Curtis Holmes, John B. Humphreys, Charles G. Johnson, C. B. Jones, Gabriel Kaiser, W. B. Krumbharr, Minor Kenner, Jr., H. H. Lonsdale, H. Leckie, L. L. Levy, Martin Mathis, Lewis Mathis, H. G. Mather, E. Mussina, Eugene May, E. S. McIlhenny, Milton McKnight, H. D. McCown, J. C. Miller, W. R. Murphy, F. Maillieu, G. W. Palfrey, Robert Pugh, Richard L. Pugh, E. F. Reichert, S. F. Russell, E. Rickett, J. M. Seixas, W. W. Sewell, G. W. Skidmore, L. Seiebrecht, George H. Shotwell, R. P. Salter, W. B. Stuart, Robert Strong, W. Steven, J. H. Scott, J. T. Skillman, John Slaymaker, Warren Stone, Jr., J. H. Simmons, R. W. Simmons, A. Sambola, E. K. Tisdale, Hiram Tomlin, C. Weingart, T. B. Winston, James White, John W. Watson, C. S. Wing, J. A. Walsh, Charles B. Watt, Charles Withan, Willis P. Williams.

*Drivers*—Byrnes Joseph, Bale James, Clayton John, Farrell Richard, Dooly William, Lynch Thomas, Long Patrick, Leary John, Moore Daniel, Jordan James, Davis Sam. J., Kelly Pat., Norris Robert, Turner Geo. A., White William, Williams Thomas, Young John, Farrel Michel, Abbott John, Leary Thomas.

*Bugler*—Carl Valanconi.

\* The following is from the *Pieayune* of March 7th, 1862.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, COMPANY 5.—This fine company, under Capt. W. Irving Hodgson, was mustered into the service of the Confederate States, yesterday, for ninety days. There were 160 men all told. They made, as usual, a most admirable appearance.

On Saturday next, (to-morrow) they leave for Jackson, Tenn., and will attend divine service to-day, at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the First Presbyterian Church, Dr. Palmer's, where they will be addressed by the eloquent pastor.

We have heard it suggested that on their arrival at the seat of war they will

The following was the organization of the other troops who left New Orleans under the same call :

*Crescent Regiment.*—Colonel, M. J. Smith; Lieut. Col., G. P. McPheeters; Major, A. W. Bosworth; Adjutant, Richard S. Venables; Surgeon, B. Stille; Assistant Surgeon, S. R. Chambers; Quartermaster, R. D. Gribble.

*Crescent City Guards, Company B.*—Captain, George Soulé; 1st Lieut., H. B. Stevens; 2d Lieut., B. E. Handy; Junior 2d Lieut., L. N. LeGay. *Crescent Rifles, Company D.*—Captain, A. F. Haynes; 1st Lieut., W. C. C. Claiborne, Jr.; 2d Lieut., C. G. Southmayd; Junior 2d Lieut., W. F. Howell. *Company C., Louisiana Guards.*—Captain, G. H. Graham; 1st Lieut., Wm. Bullit; 2d Lieut. Alex. Trelford; Junior 2d Lieut., C. A. Wood. *Beauregard Rangers.*—Captain, Jules Vienne; 1st Lieut., E. G. Meslier; 2d Lieut., ———; Junior 2d Lieut., N. C. Forstall. *Twiggs' Guards.*—Captain, M. A. Tarleton; 1st Lieut., Thos. L. Airey; 2d Lieut., E. F. L'Hoste; Junior 2d Lieut., Eugene Holmes. *Crescent City Guards, Company C.*—Captain, W. S. Austin; 1st Lieut., Chas. Guillet; 2d Lieut., R. Green, Jr.; Junior 2d Lieut., A. H. F. Smith. *Ruggles Guards.*—Captain, Geo. W. Helme; 1st Lieut., G. H. Braughn; 2d Lieut., J. J. Mellon; Junior 2d Lieut., W. C. Shepperd. *Orleans Cadets, Company E.*—Captain, S. F. Parmele; 1st Lieut., H. Perry, Jr.; 2d Lieut., S. Fisher, Jr.; Junior 2d Lieut., T. A. Enderle. *Crescent Blues.*—Captain, John Knight; 1st Lieut., ———; 2d Lieut., W. H. Mackay; Junior 2d Lieut., W. H. Seaman. *Sumpter Rifles.*—Captain, C. C. Campbell; 1st Lieut., M. McDougale; 2d Lieut., J. E. Garretson; Junior 2d Lieut., David Collier. *Alexandria Rifles.*—Captain, J. P. Davidson; 1st Lieut., A. D. Lewis; 2d Lieut., R. Legras; Junior 2d Lieut., Jos Fellows.—Total, 945.

*Batallion Orleans Guards.*—Major, Leon Querouse. *Company A.*—Captain, Charles Roman; 1st Lieut., J. B. Sorapuru; 2d Lieut., Francis Moreuo; Junior 2d Lieut. F. O. Trepagnier. *Company B.*—Captain, Eugene Staes; 1st Lieut., Emile DeBuys; 2d Lieut., O. Carriere; Junior 2d Lieut., P. O. Labatut. *Company C.*—Captain, August Roche; 1st Lieut., Fred. Thomas; 2d Lieut., Eug.

be divided into two companies, while, as we understand, there is material here almost sufficient for the formation of a third.

Also the following remarks from the same paper :

The Fifth Company of the Batallion of Washington Artillery attended divine service yesterday, at 11 o'clock, A. M., in the First Presbyterian Church, on Lafayette Square, where a very impressive and eloquent address was delivered to them by Rev. Dr. Palmer, the pastor of that church.

He vindicated, in the most able and convincing manner, the justness and righteousness of the cause in which this Confederacy in arms is now engaged. It is a war purely defensive, in resistance to an invasion by a foe that would subjugate us to his despotic will, and deprive us of all our dearest rights. Should the war, on our part, be hereafter aggressive, it would be equally a just and righteous one, as a means of depriving our enemy of the means of carrying into effect his hostile purposes. In this confidence of the rectitude of the cause in whose defence they are engaged, the reverend speaker bade the members of the Artillery to go forth in the trust of God. He bade them rely, too, on the fidelity with which the people of this city would care for their interests, as well as pray for their success, and contribute to their support and comfort while absent. He told them that they were going forth to discharge for Louisiana and this city the debt that, for nearly fifty years, has been due to Tennessee, for the prompt and efficient aid she rendered to both, on the plains of Chalmette. He concluded his eloquent address with an invitation to the corps and the congregation to unite with him in prayer, which being concluded, he dismissed them with a solemn benediction.

The services were exceedingly interesting, and were participated in by a large assemblage.

Tourné; Junior 2d Lieut., L. Charvet. Company D.—Captain, Charles Tertrou; 1st Lieut., Paul Declouet; 2d Lieut., Alfred Voorhies; Junior 2d Lieut., B. St. Clair, (from Parish of St. Martin.)—Total, 411.

*Battalion Confederate Guards.*—Major, F. H. Clack; Captains, D. H. Fowler; G. P. McMurdo; 1st Lieuts., W. R. Macbeth, A. W. H. Hyatt; 2d Lieuts. H. H. Price, J. W. Bonner; Junior 2d Lieuts., R. H. Browne, J. W. Hardie.—Total, 201.

*Cavalry—Jefferson Mounted Guards.*—Captain, Guy. Dreux; Lieuts., B. Toledano, H. P. Janvier; Cornet, J. Chambers. Orleans Light Horse.—Captain, T. L. Leeds; Lieuts. W. A. Gordon and Geo. Foster; Cornet, Greenleaf.—Total, 150.

*Orleans Guards Battery.*—Captain, H. Ducatel; 1st Lieut., F. Livaudais; Jr. 1st Lieut., M. A. Calogne; 2d Lieut., G. Legardeur, Jr.; Jr. 2d Lieut., F. Lange.

Total number of soldiers who left New Orleans, under the 90 days' call, 1948.

The following notice of the departure of the command, appeared in the *Picayune* of Sunday, March 9th, 1862 :

“ OFF FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.—The vicinity of the Jackson Railroad Depot was yesterday afternoon the scene of intense interest. The 5th Company of the Washington Artillery, Capt. Hodgson, and four companies, forming the left wing of the Crescent Regiment, Col. Smith, left in a special train, and thousands of men, women and children literally thronged the streets on their march to the depot, and swarmed around the cars at the station to take leave of their friends and relatives and acquaintances. The scene was interesting beyond description. The brave fellows went off with buoyant spirits, though occasionally could be seen the starting tear in their eyes, as they took a farewell of some loved one, or some dearly attached friend. They looked in fine order, and will doubtless make a good report of themselves within a short time. Good luck, health, prosperity, victory and a safe and glorious return to them, one and all ! ”

Arriving at Grand Junction, Tennessee, on Monday evening, March 10th, 1862, the battery immediately went into camp, under the instructions of Gen. John K. Jackson, Commander of the Post. They were here supplied with their battery horses, and began drilling, and otherwise actively preparing for service. On the 27th day of March, the tents were struck, and the command started over land for Corinth, Mississippi, arriving there on the 1st day of April, 1862, and were immediately assigned to the Brigade of Brig. Gen. Patton Anderson, of Ruggles' Division, Bragg's (2d) Army Corps, and went into camp the same day.

On Thursday, the 3d day of April, the battery filed out through the fortifications with its brigade, and the army, destined for the battle field of Shiloh.

For the full details of this battle, reference can be

made to the "Confederate Reports of Battles," officially published by order of Congress, a few extracts from which are herewith appended, having special reference to the part taken by the Fifth Company Washington Artillery, and to the official report of Captain Hodgson, with reference to the same subject matter:

OFFICIAL REPORT OF CAPTAIN HODGSON.

[Page 323 to 327.]

HEADQUARTERS 5TH CO., BAT. WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, }  
CAMP MOORE, *Corinth, Miss.*, April 9th, '62. }

TO BRIG. GEN. PATTON ANDERSON,

*Commanding Second Brigade, Ruggles' Division, Army Miss.*

GENERAL:—In accordance with usage, I hereby report to you the "action" of my battery, in the battles of the 6th and 7th instant.

My battery, consisting of two 6-pounder smooth bore guns, two 6-pounder rifled guns, and two 12-pounder howitzers,—total 6 pieces, fully equipped with ammunition, horses, and men, entered the field, just in the rear of the 20th Louisiana regiment, (the right regiment of your brigade,) on Sunday morning, the 6th inst., on the hill, overlooking from the Southwest, the encampments of the enemy immediately to the front of it, and to the Northeast, being the first camp attacked, and taken by our army.

At 7 o'clock, A. M., we opened fire on their camp, with our full battery of six guns, firing shell and spherical case shot, soon silencing one of their batteries, and filling the enemy with consternation. After firing some forty (40) rounds thus, we were directed by General Ruggles, to shell a camp immediately upon the left of the one mentioned, and in which there was a battery, from which the shot and shell were thrown on all sides of us.

With two howitzers and two rifled guns, under Lieuts. Slocomb and Vaught, assisted by two pieces from Capt. Sharp's battery, we soon silenced their guns, and had the gratification of seeing our brave and gallant troops charge through these two camps, running the enemy before them at the point of the bayonet.

At this point I lost your command, and on the order of General Ruggles to "go where I heard most firing" I passed over the first camp captured, through a third, and on to a fourth, in which your troops were doing sad havoc to the enemy.

I formed in battery, on your extreme left, in the avenue of the camp, and commenced firing with canister from four (4) guns, into the tents of the enemy, only fifty (50) yards off. It was at this point, I suffered most. The skirmishers of the enemy lying in their tents, only a stone's throw from us, cut holes through their tents near the ground, and with "white powder" or some preparation which discharged their arms without report, played a deadly fire in among my canuoniers, killing three men, wounding seven or eight, besides killing some of our most valuable horses, mine among the rest. As soon as we were well formed in battery, and got well to work, we saw them creeping from their tents, and making for the woods, and immediately afterwards saw your column charge the whole of them in ambush, and put them to flight.

A visit through that portion of their camp, at a subsequent hour, satisfied me from the number of the dead, and the nature of their wounds, that my battery had done its duty.

Losing you again at this point, on account of the heavy brushwood through which you charged, I was requested by Gen. Trudeau, to plant two guns further down the avenue, say two hundred yards off, to shell a fifth camp further on, which I did, and after firing a dozen or more shells, had the satisfaction of seeing the cavalry charge the camp, putting the enemy to flight—killing many, and capturing many wounded prisoners.

Being again without a commanding General, and not knowing your exact position, I received and executed orders from General Hardee and his aid, Col. Kearney, also from Col. Chisholm of Gen. Beauregard's Staff, and in fact from other aids, whose names I do not know, going to points threatened and exposed, and where firing was continual, rendering cheerfully all the assistance I could with my battery, now reduced in men and horses—all fatigued and hungry.

At about 2 o'clock, P. M., at the instance of Gen. Hardee, I opened from the fifth camp we had entered, firing upon a sixth camp, due north. Silencing the battery and driving the enemy from their tents—said portion of the army of the enemy, were charged and their battery captured—afterwards lost again—by the Guard Orleans and other troops on our left, under Col. Preston Pond, Jr.

This was about the last firing of my battery on the 6th instant. Taking the main road to Pittsburg Landing, we followed, on the heels of our men, after a retreating and badly whipped army, until within three fourths of a mile of the Tennessee River, when the enemy began to shell the woods from their Gunboats. General Ruggles ordered us to the enemy's camp, where we bivouacked for the night.

I received orders on the morning of the 7th, at about half-past five o'clock to follow your command with my battery, and at six o'clock being ready to move, could not ascertain your position—so took position on the extreme right of our army, supported by the Crescent Regiment, of Col. Pond's Brigade, in our rear, and an Arkansas Regiment on my front, and I think the 21st Tennessee Regiment on my left flank; all under Gen. Hardee, for in fact, he seemed to be the master spirit, giving all orders and seeing that they were properly executed.

At about 9 o'clock, Gen. Breckenridge's command, on our extreme front had pushed the enemy up and on, to within several hundred yards of our front, when we opened fire with shell and shot with our full battery; after firing some (70) seventy rounds, we took position further on, just on the edge of the open space ahead, and with our full battery, assisted by two pieces from McClung's battery, we poured some sixty (60) rounds into the enemy, who continued to advance upon us, until within some (20) twenty yards of us, when Col. Marshall J. Smith, of the Crescent Regiment, gallantly came to our rescue, charging the enemy at the point of the bayonet, putting them to flight, and saving our three extreme right pieces, which would have been captured but for them.

It was at this point, I again met with some losses. Lieut. Slocumb, Sergt. Green, several privates, and many horses fell at this point, either killed or badly wounded.

After the enemy had retreated well in the woods, I had my guns limbered and taken from the field. My men broken down, my horses nearly all slain, ammunition out, and sponges all broken and gone, I was in the act of making repairs, and preparing for another attack, when I was ordered by Gen. Beauregard to retire in order, to Monterey, which I did that evening—and afterwards to this point, arriving last evening, with my battery all complete, with the exception of three (3) caissons, a battery wagon, and forge, which I had to abandon on the road, for want of fresh horses to draw them in.

At the request of Gen. Beauregard, I detailed from my command, twelve men, under a non-commissioned officer, to remain and act with Capt. Byrne's (or Burns') battery, on a prominent hill on the Pea Ridge road, overlooking the battle field, to cover the retirement of our army. They all came in to-day, safe and sound.

We captured two stands of United States colors, which were handed over to

Gen. Beauregard; we also captured several U. S. horses and mules, some of which we have now, others we have lost.

I cannot close this report, without again calling to your favorable notice, the names of my Lieuts. Slocomb, Vaught and Chalaron, for their coolness and bravery on the field. Their conduct was daring and gallant, and worthy of your consideration.

I have the honor to be,  
Yours, very truly,  
W IRVING HODGSON, *Captain.*

## SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT OF CAPTAIN HODGSON.

[Page 326 and 327.]

HEADQUARTERS 5TH CO., BAT. WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, }  
CAMP MOORE, *Corinth Miss.*, April 11th, '62. }

TO CAPT. WM. G. BERTH,  
*Acting Asst. Adjutant General :*

CAPTAIN :—I herewith tender to you a supplemental report, in regard to matters connected with the battles of the 6th and 7th inst.

My battery fired during said actions, from the six guns, seven hundred and twenty-three (723) rounds, mostly from the smooth bore guns and the howitzers, a large proportion of which was canister. Some of our ammunition chests, being repacked from a captured caisson, and other canister borrowed from Captain Robertson's battery, which he kindly loaned.

The badly torn wheels and carriages of my battery from minie balls, will convince any one of the close proximity to the enemy in which we were. I had twenty-eight (28) horses slain in the battery, exclusive of officers' horses.

I cannot refrain from applauding to you, the gallant actions of the rank and file of my command, all of whom behaved so gallantly on these occasions, that it would be invidious to mention names, suffice it, they all remained at their posts during the action, and behaved most gallantly, many of them, for the first time under fire, conducted themselves as veterans.

I have the honor to be,  
Yours, very truly,  
W IRVING HODGSON, *Capt.*

In connection with the battle of Shiloh, the following extracts are taken from the same work :

*Extract from official report of Col. Marshall J. Smith, Commanding Crescent Regiment of La.—page 344.*

\* \* \* \* \*

As the army advanced, the forces in front of us retired, and the Washington Artillery, Captain Hodgson, forming his battery in front of us, we supported him. This battery gallantly maintained their position, dealing destruction upon the foe, until the artillery on their left retired, leaving them alone.

At this moment, the enemy advanced in heavy force, and the artillery properly fearing such odds, limbered up and filed off to our left. We then advanced, covering the movement of the artillery, saving several of their pieces, and driving the enemy before us.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Extract from official report of Col. W. A. Stanley, Commanding 9th Texas Infantry—page 312.*

\* \* \* \* \*

On the morning of the 6th, we advanced in line of battle, under a heavy fire

of artillery and musketry, from the enemy's first encampment. Being ordered to charge the enemy with our bayonets, we made two successive attempts, but finding as well as our comrades in arms on our right and left, it almost impossible to withstand the heavy fire directed at our ranks, we were compelled to withdraw for a short time, with considerable loss. Being then ordered, we proceeded immediately to the support of the Washington Artillery which, from their battery's well directed fire, soon silenced the battery of the enemy.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Extract from official report of Col. Daniel W. Adams, Commanding 1st Regiment La. Infantry—page 243.*

\* \* \* \* \*

During this time, the enemy opened upon us again with their artillery, when I directed Captain Robertson to return their fire, which he did with great effect. Capt. Hodgson's battery of artillery also came up and rendered valuable services and assistance.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Extract from official report of Brig. Gen. Patton Anderson, Commanding 2nd Brigade, Ruggles' Division, 2nd Corps, Army of the Mississippi—page 300.*

\* \* \* \* \*

The 5th Company Washington Artillery, 155 men, commanded by Captain W. Irving Hodgson, following the centre, as nearly as the nature of the ground would permit, ready to occupy an interval, either between the Florida Battalion and the 9th Texas, or between the 9th Texas and 20th Louisiana, as necessity or convenience might require; the whole composing a force of 1634 men.

\* \* \* \* \*

The most favorable position attainable by our field pieces, was selected, and Capt. Hodgson was directed to open fire upon the enemy's battery, (now playing vigorously upon us) with solid shot and shrapnel, and when occasion offered without danger to our own troops, to use canister upon his infantry. This order was obeyed with alacrity. Taking advantage of this diversion in our favor, the infantry was directed to pass through the swamp and drive the enemy before it, until Capt. Hodgson could either silence his battery, or an opportunity be presented of taking it with the bayonet.

The movement was made with spirit and vigor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Page 302. The perceptibly diminishing fire from the enemy's battery, was soon, by Capt. Hodgson's superior practice, entirely silenced.

\* \* \* \* \*

Page 304. Gen. Ruggles had now placed our battery in position. Col. Smith, of the Crescent Regiment, had driven the enemy's sharpshooters from the cover of a log cabin, and a few cotton bales on the extreme left and near the road, and the enemy was being sorely pressed upon the extreme right by our columns upon that flank, and I felt the importance of pressing forward at this point. The troops too seemed to be inspired with the same feeling. Our battery opened rapidly, but every shot told. To the command "Forward," the infantry responded with a shout, and in less than five minutes after our artillery commenced playing, and before the infantry had advanced within shot range of the enemy's lines, we had the satisfaction of seeing his proud banner lowered, and a white one hoisted in its stead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Page 309. Captain W. Irving Hodgson, commanding the Fifth Company Washington Artillery, added fresh lustre to the fame of this already renowned corps. It was his fine practice from the brow of the hill overlooking the enemy's first camp, that enabled our infantry to rout them in the outset, thus giving confidence to our troops, which was never afterwards once shaken.

Although the nature of the ground, over which my infantry fought, was such as frequently to preclude the use of artillery, yet Captain Hodgson was not idle.

I could hear of his battery whenever artillery was needed. On several occasions I witnessed the effect which his canister and round shot produced upon the enemy's masses, and once saw his cannoniers stand to their pieces under a deadly fire, when there was no support at hand, and when to have retired, would have left that part of the field to the enemy.

When a full history of the battles of Shiloh shall have been written, the heroic deeds of the Washington Artillery will illustrate one of its brightest pages, and the names of Hodgson and Slocumb, will be held in grateful remembrance by a free people, long after the sod has grown green, upon the bloody hills of Shiloh.

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*Extract from official report of Brig Gen. Daniel Ruggles, Commanding Ruggles' Division, 2nd Corps.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Page 281. The Washington Artillery, under Captain Hodgson, was then brought forward, and two howitzers and two rifled guns commanded by Lieut. Slocumb, and two guns under Major Hoop were put in position on the crest of a ridge near an almost impenetrable boggy thicket, ranging along our front, and opened a destructive fire in response to the enemy's batteries then sweeping our lines at long range. I also sent orders to Brig Gen. Anderson to advance rapidly with his 2nd brigade, and as soon as he came up, I directed a charge against the enemy, in which some of the 6th Mississippi and 2nd Tennessee joined; at the same time I directed other troops to move rapidly by the right to turn the enemy's position beyond the swamp, and that the field artillery follow, as soon as masked by the movement of the infantry.

Under these movements, vigorously executed, after a spirited contest, the enemy's whole line gave way, and our advance took possession of the camp and batteries against which the charge was made.

\* \* \* \* \*

Page 282. The enemy's camps on our left, being apparently cleared, I endeavored to concentrate forces on his right flank in this new position, and directed Captain Hodgson's Battery into action there; the fire of his battery and a charge from the 2nd brigade, put the enemy to flight. Even after having been driven back from this position, the enemy rallied and disputed the ground with remarkable tenacity for some two or three hours, against our forces in front and his right flank, where cavalry, infantry and artillery mingled in the conflict.

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*Extract from official report of Major General Braxton Bragg, Commanding 2nd Corps, Army of the Mississippi—page 232.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Brig. Gen. D. Ruggles, commanding second division, was conspicuous throughout both days, for the gallantry with which he led his troops. Brig. Gen. Patton Anderson, commanding a brigade of this division, was also among the foremost where the fighting was hardest, and never failed to overcome whatever resistance was opposed to him.

With a brigade composed almost entirely of raw troops, his personal gallantry and soldierly bearing, supplied the place of instruction and discipline.

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*Extract from official report of Gen. G. T. Beauregard, Commanding Army of the Mississippi.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Page 215. For the services of their gallant subordinate commanders, and their officers under them, as well as for the details of the battle-field, I must refer to the reports of corps, divisions and brigade commanders, which shall be forwarded as soon as received.

\* \* \* \* \*

*List of killed and wounded at the battles of Shiloh, fought on the 6th and 7th days of April, 1862, in the Fifth Company Washington Artillery.*

KILLED—1st Sergeant, John W. Demerith; 2nd Sergeant, Benj. H. Green, Jr.;



4th Sergeant, Wm. B. Giffen; wounded in leg, suffered amputation and died; Private, C. J. Hartnett; Drivers, John Leary, Patrick Long, John O'Donnell—total, 7 killed.

WOUNDED—1st Lieutenant, C. H. Slocomb, shot in breast; 2nd Corporal, S. Higgins, spent ball in neck; 6th Corporal, W. L. Bruce, spent ball in side; 4th C. Corporal, L. Macready, shot in the leg; 5th C. Corporal, Alfred Bellanger, lost left hand; Corporal Drivers, F. N. Thayer, injured in hand; Privates, Thos. L. Bayne, shot in right arm; J. M. Davidson, shot in thigh; Octave Hopkins, Curtis Holmes, Milton McKnight, wounded; Robert Strong, William Steven, John W. Watson, John A. Walsh, wounded in leg; Drivers, Jas. Byrnes, Wm. Dooley, Samuel J. Davis, M. Campbell, John Clayton—total, 20. Killed, 7, wounded, 20—total casualties, 27.

After the battle of Shiloh, the following men were honorably discharged from the service:

Second Lieutenant, Edson L. Hews, resigned; 6th Corporal, W. L. Bruce, doctor's certificate; 5th C. Corporal, Alfred Bellanger, wounds received; 5th C. Corporal, F. N. Thayer, doctor's certificate; Privates, T. L. Bayne, wounds received; W. W. Clayton, doctor's certificate; J. M. Davidson, wounds received; J. M. Seixas, by order Gen. Bragg; Robert Strong, wounds received; Middleton Eastman, by order Gen. Bragg; John A. Walsh, wounds received; C. S. Wing, H. H. Lonsdale, doctor's certificate.

The resignation of Lieut. Ed. L. Hews, having been accepted, Gen. Bragg attached to the battery Mr. J. M. Seixas, and appointed him Lieut. in the 5th Company, to fill vacancy.

The following names were added to the roll of the battery, after it left the City of New Orleans, and previous to the battle of Shiloh, and were regularly mustered into service:

Privates: Middleton Eastman, Octave Hopkins, Wallace Ogden, Henry V. Ogden, Dr. John Pugh, George Pugh, William Pugh.

Drivers: M. Campbell, and John O'Donnell.

#### EVACUATION OF CORINTH, MISS.

On the 30th day of May, 1862, the army of the Mississippi evacuated Corinth, the 5th Company Washington Artillery, with its brigade, covering the retreat of the army.

The retrograde movement began at about 8 o'clock. P. M., continuing during that night, and by 3 o'clock, A. M. the last of the troops had passed through the town, on

their way to Tupelo, Miss., via Clear Creek, a point about 40 miles south of Corinth, which latter place they reached on the morning of June the 1st, and immediately went into temporary camp.

The enemy did not pursue the retreating Confederate army more than 10 or 15 miles south of Corinth, and finding the Confederate forces ready to give battle, they returned to Corinth and went into camp.

On the 5th day of June, ascertaining the Federal army would not pursue or risk a further engagement in this vicinity, the Confederate army, now under the command of Gen. Braxton Bragg, determined to change their base to Chattanooga, Tennessee, for a resumption of hostilities, resulting in the famous Kentucky campaign—with a view to a long overland march. The army fell back to Tupelo, where there was an abundance of good water and forage, and went into regular camp, preparatory to said grand movement.

On the eve of the departure from Clear Creek, an order was issued from the Headquarters of the Army, that all officers and men, who were unable to march 20 miles a day, would go to Okalona, Miss., on surgeon's certificate, into the general hospital at that point by a special train, at 5 o'clock the following morning.

It was at this point, that Captain Hodgson, who had been sick and confined to his bed for some days, turned over the command to Lieut. Vaught, as Senior Lieut., (1st Lieut. Slocomb, being absent on sick leave, from wounds received at the battle of Shiloh,) and went to Okalona.

It was while the battery was in camp at Tupelo, (June 6th, 1862,) Capt. Hodgson, then in hospital at Okalona, forwarded his resignation to Gen. Bragg, commanding the

army, which was accepted, and Lieut. C. H. Slocomb, was appointed Captain in his stead.

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## CHAPTER XXII

### THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

We spent a pleasant month and over at Winchester, during the period of the Indian summer, living on bacon and autumn corn, getting new clothing—reading books aloud, or telling camp-fire stories, and generally enjoying the superb climate of Virginia, as much as if there were no bloody battle-fields to dream of in the future. But the boots-and-saddle call came at last; and having welcomed the bugle blast with a shout, and packed up, there was nothing to be done but stretch out, Oct. 30th, in the direction of the Richmond Capitol. The most singular event that happened at this camp, was the killing of two of the 3rd Company, who had escaped all of the perils of battle, by the falling of a tree.

The move southward ended at Culpepper C. H., and was intended to meet a feint made in that direction by the Federal army; but their real intention having soon after been discovered, we continued our march, (Nov. 19th,) down the plank road to Fredericksburg, and appeared upon the south bank simultaneously with their arrival upon the right.

*Adjutant's Journal.*—Nov. 20. Cold rain all day. Forded Rapidan, at Raccoon Ford. Camped on Mine Run, at Bartely's Mill. Dreadful night and impossible for the men to sleep dry.

21. Rained in torrents all night. Camp at Chancellorsville.

22. Reached Fredericksburg.

As we moved down the dreary plank road—past the old Chancellor Hotel or Mansion-house, around which

only wounded guests linger—past the gloomy wilderness in whose depths the Federal army will soon be entangled and leave behind half its number for corpses or spectres, we met the inhabitants of Fredericksburg pouring out, and each one bearing in his or her arms, what was considered most valuable. The advances of the two armies already confronted the doomed city, and the inhabitants fled from it as if stricken with the plague. Delicate women who had been frightened from their homes, half clothed and badly shod, were trudging along, wondering where they would find shelter for themselves and little ones for the coming winter. The men gazed at them with great pity, and doubtless the same feeling was entertained by them for us; seeing that many times their number of soldiers would take their places in the town—that is in the cemeteries.

On our arrival there, I mean at Fredericksburg, many stores and houses were found abandoned—one of them containing fruit, fish, and barrels of oysters, which some of us felt ourselves after a long march, and under the circumstances justified in consuming. An occasional shell from the enemy which came crashing in, gave some little interest to the scene; but otherwise the sight of the crowded resorts of business abandoned and unoccupied, awoke a very melancholy feeling. The place seemed enchanted or cursed by a spell, and reminded us of Hood's Haunted House. We conversed in low tones while we remained inside of the town, and curious sight-seers did not think it worth risking their lives to prolong the visit.

Our appearance, it is now proper to state, in this neighborhood, was accounted for by the fact that McClellan had been removed as too slow a coach, and Burnside assigned the duty of trying to wriggle into Richmond, by some new

and unguarded route. With great secrecy, he had transported his army to Fredericksburg, to cross at that point before Lee could discover his profound strategy. His feelings may be imagined, when after many days hard marching, he found his old enemy quietly on hand, on the opposite heights, with the air of having come there by appointment. This air of quiet expectation was sufficiently exasperating, to cause Burnside to open on us a few shots, very much as if inquiring through the cannon's mouth—"Who in the deuce would have ever thought you were there?"

Still as Lee would not go away, and something was expected to be done, Burnside finally resolved to cross the river, and either persuade Lee to change his mind, or go to Richmond without his consent. It was an unfortunate conclusion, as the result turned out, for the Federal General, and still more for some 20,000 of his troops, who in consequence of this decision were soon after left behind, dead or wounded, on the battle plain.

Blundering along with this idea, Burnside spent a day and a half, (the 11th.) in trying to get down his pontoon boats, and when the Confederate sharpshooters picked off his engineer corps, he bombarded Fredericksburg with one hundred guns, and set it on fire, though without incommoding the skirmishers on the river banks, or effecting much else than give warning and concentration to the Confederate army. A subordinate Federal General at night-fall, finally suggested the happy idea of crossing a regiment in boats, and thus capturing or driving in the picket line. This plan was carried out a little before day-break, on the 12th, after his design in crossing had become known, and there was no earthly chance of executing it. Both armies bivouacked on the cold ground—preparatory

to the final and eternal rest on the morrow At 3 o'clock, P. M., Stafford's heights were seen to be covered with troops, who moved to the pontoons under our heavy fire. Our batteries dispersed a mass of troops near the gas works.\*

On the 13th Burnside had thrown over Franklin still lower down, who with one half of the Federal army attacked Lee's right, under Jackson, and at the time resting on Massaponax Creek.

Here the enemy had at first borne back a part of our lines; but he was met further back by a withering fire from Gregg's S. C. Brigade, and by a double quick charge from Early with the La. troops, which according to Northern historians "instantly turned the tide." "Early pursued with great slaughter," says the Federal General Birney, "to within 50 yards of my guns." The Federal army lost 40 per cent. of its men in this portion of the battle.

But meanwhile through a dense fog their advance also is on the 13th made—12:30 P. M.—upon Longstreet, up the steep plain upon whose top rested the Confederate batteries. The advance was made in fine style, the walls and fences falling before it like paper or frostwork.

"The Washington Artillery," says Gen. Lee, "under Col. Walton, occupied the redoubts on the crest of Marye's Hill—the heights to the right and left being held by the reserve. The Washington Artillery here sustained the heavy fire of artillery and infantry with unshaken steadiness." About 11 A. M. says Gen. Longstreet, "I sent orders for the Washington Artillery to play upon the streets and bridges beyond the city, by way of a diversion to our right. The batteries had hardly opened when the enemy began to move out towards my line. Our pickets, in front of the Marye house were soon driven

\*Sergeant Woods was wounded by this fire.

in, and the enemy began to deploy his forces in front of that point. Our artillery opened fire upon them as soon as the masses became dense enough to warrant it. This fire was very destructive and demoralizing in its effects, and frequently made gaps in the enemy's ranks that could be seen at the distance of a mile. The attack was again renewed and again repulsed. Col. Walton was particularly distinguished." Conspicuous among the enemy were the green flag of Meagher's Irish Brigade and the red bag breeches of the Zouaves. We hammered away at them as fast as we could load and fire, but on they came. They became confused as they advanced and when in range of the Georgians and Mississippians under Gen. Cobb, wheeled about and fled in confusion to the town. The attack lasted an hour. At 2 P. M. another line came on with deafening firing; line after line was pushed forward only to be mown down. We remained firing at our guns until 5 P. M. A note from Longstreet declared the firing of the battalion to be splendid.

Loss during the day, three killed and twenty-four wounded. The position was a very hot one, the minies flying around like hail. A brick house which was white at the commencement of the fight was red at its end. Ruggles received his mortal wound while ramming his piece. He exposed his body at the embrasure in spite of caution, and soon fell. Out of eight men at that embrasure, six were killed or wounded: infantry volunteers then assisted in manning the guns.

Maj. Gen. Ransom, says in his report, that "the gallantry and efficacy of the famous Washington Artillery\*

\*The report of Col. Cabell and several other Confederate officers, not to mention those published at the time in leading journals, assign equal importance to the work done by the Washington Artillery, or as Col. Cabell expressed it "the gallant corps who occupied the crest of Marye's Hill."

who drove back the enemy in triple lines, fighting heroically and under a heavy fire, is worthy of all praise.”\*

The force of the enemy at Marye's Hill was 30,000. There were only two brigades of 1500 men, who can be said to have taken part in this battle—on the Confederate side—that of R. R. Cobb, (the brother of Howell and a noble representative of Georgia in every way, who here lost his life) and Ransom's. These, placed behind a stone wall on the Telegraph road, constituted the advanced line. The honor of the fight on Marye's Heights, or what was the principal part of the battle of Fredericksburg, were yielded without any dissent to the artillery. The first who came under their fire, was French's Federal Division, who went down under a frightful fire, and close behind came Hancock, who left two men behind of every three; and then three other divisions. Lastly, about nightfall, Hooker led his men up the same avenue of death—only suspending his attack when he “had lost as many men as he was required to lose.”

The Federal loss (by actual count there were 1500 bodies immediately around our pieces,) was more than 12,000; on the part of the Confederates on both wings, it was a little more than a third of that number.

In this battle Lieut. W J Behan, who had won his spurs at Sharpsburg, and who had since commanded one of the fine volunteer regiments of the city, first assisted in the command of the fourth company. Besides being a good officer, he enjoyed the honor of never having missed a roll call, or battle during the war.

\*Lieut. Landry, of Capt. Maurin's battery, (the Donelson (La.) Artillery) took his piece from behind the epaulment to dislodge a body of the enemy. Most effectually he performed this service; but in doing so, lost several of his men, and had his piece disabled. His conduct was admirable, for during the time he was exposed to a direct fire of six and an enfilade fire of four guns. *Ransom's Report.*



*Adjutant's Journal*—December 16. Enemy abandoned the town, leaving their dead in our hands. Prisoners estimate their entire loss as 20,000. An Irishman of Meagher's Brigade fell nearest to our line.

17th. To-day a detailed Federal regiment came over from the enemy to bury the dead. The 1500 bodies were all thrown into a long trench with no more ceremonies than to so many brutes. The ice house on the edge of town was full of dead. These were temporarily laid in rows and covered with earth.

19th. Big jollification over captured supplies; all hands jolly; war dance, and songs.

31st. Battallion goes to Pole Cat Creek. Ordered with Col. Walton, to go to Mobile to recruit.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### WINTER-QUARTER AMUSEMENTS—INCIDENTS OF A VISIT TO RICHMOND.

We went into winter-quarters—always a terrible drag to the men, a short distance from Chesterfield Station, in Caroline County, most of us having no other shelter than canvass or tarpaulin tents (with fire places at one end) affording the best of ventilation, and a rather too free an entrance for rain and snow. There was a charm about living under canvass which made them preferable with many to occupying a badly lighted log house, with a dozen others, which in reality were but little superior to negro quarters on a plantation.

We would have been happier if the talents of the men had been employed, as was the case with the Roman, and is to-day with the Spanish armies, in some sort of way where skill would have increased our scanty rations. Failing however in this, the men who did not contrive, under some excuse or leave of absence to get to Richmond, a not very difficult affair, were mostly occupied in building a theatre. The walls of this were composed of pine tree branches, and in representing on the stage some of the popular farces and dramas, every one was suited to his bent, and was detailed to some appropriate duty.

Dempsy, one of our Artificers, who had previously had some experience as a stage carpenter, and Nugent, who is now regarded as the best blacksmith in the city, made what was under the circumstances an admirable stage, and the accessories of light, scenery and artificial thunder, were all ingeniously provided for. The audiences from surrounding corps, including in many cases distinguished Generals and their staff, were as large as those gathered together in a city theatre on a benefit night, and probably more delighted.\*

\*We had in this camp but little to do or talk of except of the eccentricities which soldiering had begun to develop, peculiarities to which every one was keenly alive, except their possessor. The musical genius for instance, was Otto Frank—the traditional German professor in every respect—gold spectacles, a touch of sentiment and bad English, a fondness for ladies' society, and a general impatience (though a good soldier,) of the harsh outlines of camp life. Otto was constantly falling into the hands of the tormentors, who would beguile him into an artless recital of his impressions of war by the show of a grave and melancholy interest which awoke no suspicion of treachery in his manly bosom. Another victim was a *navé* soldier who became vain of his talents for shaving. His vanity was still further stimulated one day by bets as to the number of chins he could scrape in a given time. The consequence was that he had the battalion on his hands. It was not a little amusing to hear him bawling out the name of every one to "Come and get shaved—*viens donc*." A young lawyer was one day overheard relating some curious facts about the only client he had ever probably had—Joins, or (as he called him) *Jines*. The boys betrayed great interest in the history of this wonderful suitor, and the point or *pint* would be to make him pronounce *Jines'* name and words with similar diphthongs, as often as possible. A young soldier was detected later along, writing verses—which were highly complimented by some of our generals, but at the same time would perhaps have been improved by fuller rations and the burning sky of Louisiana. The poetic spirit had long since died out in camp. What increased the enormity of the offence of a poetical description was, that the author read some of his lines—he, a young recruit—to old veterans, about patriotism and glory. The thing could not be passed by. A court-martial was convened with John Porter, presiding judge, Sam Bland, as prosecutor, (representing an old farmer, whose chickens had been stolen,) and severe jurors, sheriff's officers and clerks, in proportion.

The poet in vain endeavored to prove that he was meditating about and gazing at the stars, and not chickens, and it was not until he had consented to buy up the jury with a promise to pay for the "incidental expenses" that a verdict was found of "not guilty." Previous to Fredericksburg, the fancy seized us to make all the talking men step forward on a given night and say what they had got to say before a formal audience. Noble (afterwards of the Legislature,) was in this way embarked in a metaphysical lecture on the Diaphanous Properties of Mud, or something similar, and no one at its conclusion could tell whether the joke was on the speaker or the audience. They gave him a historic cane with a flourish. Cleveland, (one of the men who captured the battery and worked it on their own hook, but who had the least conception of

I succeeded in escaping most of the monotony which attended the long months in winter and the opening of spring, by a short detail from the medical board to Richmond. The order from the Department came at night, just as we had concluded a march of thirty miles, and while the men were lying in front of their bivouac fires, awaiting supper. But as no soldier cares to lie rotting around camp, where dysentery and weariness carried off more men than battle, or when he knew the dangers to which such furloughs were liable, I lost no time the night the order from the Secretary was handed to me, in immediately rolling up my blankets and limping over the same wearisome thirty miles at night, in the direction of the Gordonsville R. R. that I had just passed over. I might have taken the cars at Fredericksburg, the next morning; but the travel on a terribly cold frosty night was nothing to the happiness of feeling a little sooner, that you were your own master, and of knowing that a military order could scarcely reach you. As showing how such instructions were respected in Bragg's army, an order from the Secretary was repeated three times, and the messenger was then recommended to keep out of the way if he did not wish to be shot.

My journey back, therefore, though I would frequently fall down with fatigue, hunger and weakness, and I might too have perhaps frozen, but for the way side bivouac camp fires, was under the actual circumstances, the hap-

a joke of any man in the batallion) was suddenly confronted with a long series of adventures, which could not have happened inside of a hundred years, and was offered a discharge, as too old for military service. The bores, after the musicians and humorous talkers had been disposed of, were summoned forward for judgment, and not allowed to go unpunished.

The success of this impromptu gathering, led to the organization of a theatrical corps, which first performed a little before the battle of Fredericksburg—one of the leading characters (Spearing,) losing his life in the battle which followed shortly after.

piest march I ever made. No ceremony would be used in stepping in between the sleepers and the burnt down fires of glowing coals. The only objections in such cases raised by the courtesy of camps, was when the sleeper turning over uneasily, and becoming indignant at the coldness of his feet, would complain that you were outstaying your welcome. It would then be necessary to trudge on to the next glowing log fire, and so on through the night and following morning. There were several similar adventures—one that of traveling, Mazeppa-like, on one of a body of horse, (without bridle or saddle,) which was being carried back to the rear at a slapping pace. When I reached the train, I had to rely more upon my skill in elbowing past sentinels, than upon the order of the Secretary of War; and before entering Richmond, preferred, with other soldiers, to be shot at rather than be marched off to some rough camp or hospital, where you would be placed with bounty jumpers, or small-pox patients, and be pulled and jerked around by any idle officer who had nothing else to do.

Once in the city, I proceeded with a very serious fear about quarters to the room of a friend from the army, already mentioned, but had scarcely entered and commenced undressing, which I did very quickly, before a feminine scream warned me of my error. My next attempt was something more successful. After getting confused in marching about in a blinding snow storm, and mistaking a statue of Washington, for an evil-disposed sentinel, I at length entered my friend's room. But this was full of beds, in each of which there was a couple of immense soldiers from Hood's Brigade, I believe, with arms, legs, and mouths spread open to their widest extent, and with bowie knives and revolvers half concealed by the pillows.

I struck a match, but the light went out—the prospect

did not look encouraging. I determined to grope my way out as silently as I came in. Unfortunately a chair was knocked over.

"Who's there?" shouted a voice. "What in the h—l are you doing with them clothes?" Before I could explain a pistol was discharged.

"Kill 'em as you catch 'em!" cried another voice, and off went another barrel.

Supposing that these might be followed by others, I took the prudential step of crawling under a bed and awaiting till the barrels were all emptied.

Another startled inmate, thinking the Federals had reached the city, jumped out of a window—I believe into a cistern. When the firing had at length ceased I made an explanation which was accepted without gainsaying.

Half of the inmates were now sitting up in bed; a light was again struck. There were the remains of a fire still burning in the fire place, and two or three getting out of bed in their night blouses, stirred up the chunks, and resting their tremendous limbs upon the mantle-piece began to meditatively squirt tobacco juice at the flames. It struck me at the time as being a queer crowd altogether, although I had become so accustomed to new sights, and ways of thinking and acting, that I was prepared for almost anything.

"I wish you d—d fellers would quit your foolishness and go to bed," here sung out a petulant voice; "I always save one or two barrels in case of accident, and if you don't dry up and go to bed, hang me, if I don't blaze away right in the crowd."

But the complaint was unheeded. One of the watchers gave me permission, or rather ordered me off to his bed, perhaps as occupying too much of the fire. A pack of

cards was produced, a bottle of liquor and a plug of tobacco, the table was covered with corns for counters—and I dozed off into an uneasy slumber. The game, however, I imagined, was fiercely contested; and each player, as he led a strong card, would bring his fist down with a blow which would make the glasses jingle. When the hands were particularly good, they fell thick and fast. I could not help regarding the table in the morning, and was not surprised to see its leg looking rickety

About day-break I woke up with a sudden start caused by a tremendous thump. The tobacco had almost disappeared, the bottle was empty, and one of the players was sweeping up a pile of Confederate bills into his handkerchief. The rest of the inmates now commenced dressing, or gazed from beneath the bed clothes with a half sleepy, half sullen expression, preparatory to doing the same. They were all soldiers on furlough, and I need not say we had a pretty wild, rattling set in that room; every body was on the hurrah-style, and lived as recklessly as if pay day in greenbacks came every day, and there was to be no to-morrow. Especially was this the case with a brave captain from North Louisiana, who had just bought a \$500 coat, as gorgeous as gold lace could make it. He played on a guitar, and affected a pensive style of singing, which was somewhat interfered with by the loudness of his voice and the prominence of his jaw, and he told all manner of impossible and fearful stories. At breakfast he made love to the landlady's daughter, and would have been helped doubtless to the best dishes, if there had been anything to eat but fried bacon and corn coffee.

At the same table, was another lady who came from New Orleans, and after getting sent out of the city by Butler, was equally unfortunate in being taken for a

Federal spy. However, she had been allowed to go to Richmond on parole, and had become not a little soured at the number of visits necessary to be made before obtaining her release. She gave the Captain who condoled with her, a beautiful lace handkerchief to bathe in somebody's blood, on the battle-field. The Captain, however, never got much closer to the enemy, than the nearest faro-bank, and in that classic quarter, boasted of the gift in a manner which would hardly have pleased its fair donor had she heard it.

My first day in town brought me in contact with the Provost Marshal, who treated me with American civility, but allowed his eyes to droop when speaking of the necessity of reporting for detail duty, and the sentinels too, began to find fault with my pass.

Under such pressure, I soon found myself making out pay rolls, or following rather humbly behind a paymaster with bundles of Confederate shimplasters, and assisting him in paying off the various hospitals about Richmond.

This brought me acquainted with the matrons, who at that day represented as much address, experience of the world, knowledge of human nature, personal attraction, and kind-heartedness, as any other class of southern women who came to the surface. They were by no means the ideal of the domestic woman, and sometimes were possessed of much more wit and liveliness of manner than refinement; but they were better adapted to taking care of soldiers, than ladies with less restlessness, vanity, jealousy, and love of power; a class with which every soldier during his time of sickness or wounds became familiar. As an illustration of this, I may mention what happened at my boarding house, to the brave Captain. He had been going about a good deal, boasting of his

handkerchief, and generally carried things with rather a high hand in the parlor.

One day as I passed by the door. I found him talking in his usual loud, hectoring, pleasant manner to two ladies. By way of giving animation to the scene, he would walk up and down the floor, singing "I'm the boy that's gay and happy " One of the ladies had once traveled in our ambulance wagon, and as the principal part of my costume was an old blanket with a hole cut in the middle. (except about dinner time when it was a dressing gown,) it was with much distress, that I saw that I could not escape bowing and speaking. I arrived just in time to see that the Captain was not received with much favor—that he had encountered a Tartar in the second of the two ladies. She had become weary with his freedom of manners, and was now turning on him a very handsome, satirical face, vicious black eyes, and the keenest tongue that any camp absentee had ever heard wagged at his expense. She snubbed him still further, after a dubious glance at my costume, by inviting me, instead of the Captain, to escort her home ; and to add still more to his discomfiture during a momentary absence, I contrived to become possessed of one of his beautiful blue and gold coats which he had rashly left in our room unguarded. My new acquaintance after a rather liberal abuse of the Captain, whom she thought not worthy to look a lady of education in the face, allowed me to assist her in an ambulance which was in waiting. Entering after her she proceeded to inform me that there was but one thing that ladies in the South could do who were not of a domestic turn—become officers of the government—devote themselves to wounded soldiers, learning how to command in their departments and to defend themselves from



imposition. She thought there was especial danger from the Doctors, whom she maintained could boast of but little more knowledge than that of knowing how to potter at simple pills, and whose services were counter-balanced by drinking up most of the medical supplies when so permitted. She had lived very gaily in New Orleans society, she told me; but a hospital and soldiers was now the thing for a lady who had always been accustomed to a stirring and exciting life—books, society, dancing being out of the question. However the denial on her part did not prevent her from showing by her gestures that her arms were still finely shaped, that her back hair, which she moved, grew on her head as in the antique models, and that her shoe, which she took off (probably from pride at that day in having a new pair) was of the smallest pattern. She now took a philosophical tack, and told me her character grew out of the war like everything else—that the soldiers she met were frequently the first gentlemen in the land, and having no competition they admired her as much, if not more, than she had been in ten years previous. She couldn't be a *cirandière* as they had in French armies, or ride about from one line in male attire like Bell Boyd, or fight with a musket in a soldier's uniform, as some heroines were doing—so long as they behaved themselves; or do as Gen. Gordon's wife did, rally his brigade when her husband was absent; but she had traveled hundreds of miles as a refugee through the lines, without money and friends; sometimes in a soldier train where she would be concealed in the mail car and surrounded with mail matter for days and so on. The ambulance stopped at the house of one of the secretaries with whom she was staying, and as the ground was covered with snow, I had the courage, instead

of putting her on the ground, to carry her to the door-steps. The result was that it fared worse with me in the way of epithets and abuse, than it had with the Captain. However, when I went with the paymaster, she gave me a laughing invitation to take dinner with her, to the great indignation of the local doctors, whom she wanted to feel miserable—in the very room that contained the envied stores.

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## CHAPTER XXIV

### CHANCELLORVILLE.

The spring of '63 has meanwhile passed, and the roads have commenced to harden. The men absent from camp have grown weary of cities, and the old soldiers about winter-quarters, shout lustily when a popular general passes by—a sure sign that they have regained their old combative feeling, and a sign, too, that they will soon be called upon, to make use of it. The battery forges are kept constantly busy, and the ringing of Callahan's blacksmith's hammer in his labors, for the benefit of the battery horses, and the flying sparks which gayly shoot upward, begin to intoxicate the blood of men.

During the close of April, the rumbling of the artillery wheels, and the weary tramp of the infantry are once more heard. Hooker has daringly thrown his army across the Rappahanock, and waded them through the Rapidan, a deep tributary, and has made a move which causes Lee rather to open his eyes. However, the advantage lasts but a moment. The Confederate troops are promptly gathered up, and boldly moved forward—Jackson being thrust out in the same way, on the enemy's

flank, as the one-armed Captain Cuttle would his hook—to drag the enemy in. Hooker, meanwhile, has occupied the ground, which, if he only knew it, and would hold on to it, would gain him the battle; but he becomes timid, with a greatly superior force, as Lee becomes daring, and meanwhile, his army is like one of those read of in the classic page, which gets bogged up in a swamp, or trembling prairie, or overwhelmed by the Lybian or Arabian sands; or as in the “Shipwreck,” where the whole of the Duke’s Court are wandering about on an unknown land, encountering enemies, and coming across friends—in all manner of fantastic ways. At one end of the line—Hooker’s left, which faces towards Richmond, is the old Chancellor House. It will soon be dripping with more blood than ever was put in a sensational tragedy or novel. Against one of its pillars Hooker is leaning in the battle, when stunned by the concussion against it of a shell.

On Friday morning, (May 1st,) the opposing columns began to jostle each other, and Hooker now can emerge from the tangled thicket in which he has been so far groping; but it is his last chance. It is one thing to mark out a campaign brilliantly, and to execute it unflinchingly, with new difficulties to be provided for on the battle field, at every step. As the Irish duelist explained it, to hit the stem of a wine glass with a bullet, is not difficult—provided the wine glass has no pistol.

Hooker once had emerged from his dangerous position, where his army could not manœuvre, but was either driven back, or took up from choice, according to Northern accounts, a line with rising ground in front, and with impenetrable thickets behind, from which the Confederate attacks could readily be formed. The night which fol-

lowed, passed silently in both armies—silently, so far as the guns were concerned; but faint noises told of the shoveling up of rifle pits; thousands of midnight woodcutters, as if suddenly possessed with a superstitious fancy for making a clearing, were causing the Wilderness, on both sides, to resound with their blows, or bringing to the ground some of the huge trunks, with a noise equal to cannon.

The falling of these trees meant for Hooker, that he would await an attack; for Lee that he knew Hooker's plan, and would go off and make an attack somewhere else. He will act upon Jackson's last and most brilliant idea, and send the latter around by an obscure farm road on Hooker's right, between him and his river communications. This move of Jackson, thought to be a retreat to Richmond—strikes the Federal right at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of May 2nd, and by dark it has put a whole corps to utter route. Jackson has got on the reverse side of the enemy, to within half a mile of headquarters. He is now about to deal his finishing blow, and while anxiously seeking the precise situation of the enemy, gets his death wound in the dark, at the hands of some of his own pickets. His loss left the battle incomplete, in spite of its stunning blow, and the melancholy news affected the Confederates in the same way that the fulfillment of the various omens predicted, before Troy could be captured, affected that city's defenders. On the other hand, if Jackson had not been wounded, as he said on his dying bed, "the enemy would have been obliged to surrender or cut his way out."

On the next day, Stuart, in Jackson's place, bore down and pressed back the Federal right wing, while Lee on the opposite side, hammered away at Hooker's centre and

left—forcing back two corps; or as a Northern\* historian expresses it, “the line melted away, and the front appeared to pass out.” Hancock, who alone held out, began to waver at 10 A. M., when “the Confederates sprang forward, and seized Chancellorville.”

Fredericksburg during this time had been left with a small force of five brigades, including the 1st and 2d La., and three companies of the Washington Artillery, who had been ordered from Chesterfield three days before, to the crest of Marye's Hill—their old battle ground. Barksdale was still with us. The latter, Sunday morning, in view of a movement by Sedgwick's corps, on this part of the line, were reinforced by Hays' Brigade. After three failures in other directions, a powerful assaulting column was formed to carry the hill by storm, which feat was finally achieved, though “under a very severe fire that cost Sedgwick a thousand men. The Confederates made a savage hand-to-hand fight on the crest, and over the 8 guns.” As there was only in reality two regiments, (less than 2000 men) assigned to the support of our artillery, and the attack was made by twenty-two thousand of the enemy, (according to Sedgwick's report,) it will not appear surprising that the works were finally captured. The guns were worked desperately to the last, and were faithfully manned by their cannoniers, when six pieces were surrounded, and the guns and cannoniers made prisoners—most of them under the command of Capt. Squires and Lieut. E. Owen. A large proportion of the gallant 18th and a part of the 21st Miss., were taken prisoners at the same time.

Sedgwick now commenced moving on the slender brigades who had been retained here by Lee to make up a show

\*Swinton's History of the Army of the Potomac.

before the enemy, and retain his line of communications with Richmond—Early meanwhile retreating slowly towards Lee. He did not do so long—before the day was over, a sufficient force, McLaw's and Anderson, were promptly sent back to Early's support. The shock occurred at Salem Chapel, and all that need be said about it, was that Sedgwick was checked that day, "with a total loss of 5000 men."\* Marye's Hill was re-occupied the next day without any difficulty by its former possessors.

On Monday night, May 4th, Sedgwick being surrounded on three sides, and hard pressed as to his communications with the river, took advantage of the darkness, and was fortunate enough to safely withdraw his troops.

Lee having cleared, as it were, the brushwood from his path, was now (May 6th) with the troops whom he had recalled, prepared to attend to the case of Hooker; but that General was found to have lost all stomach for a fight, and had put the Rappahannock between himself and the enemy.

The result of the matter, and this was about the whole result, except that new material for powder had to be provided—was that the Union loss was 17,197, and the Confederate, 10,281. All of the spoils in the way of artillery, prisoners, and 20,000 stand of arms, fell to the Confederate army. The victory in short, was a glorious one, but really amounted to nothing, as Jackson disappeared from the scene, at the moment when most needed, and the result was incomplete.

\*Swinton, page 299.

## CHAPTER XXV

## THE STORMING OF WINCHESTER BY GEN. HAYS' BRIGADE.

There being no other work before him, the army of Gen. Lee began to stretch out and lengthen towards the Potomac. Longstreet came up from the James.

A dim suspicion of some move on foot led to an attack on Stuart's cavalry, which was in the advance, at Brandy Station, and led to one of the few regular cavalry engagements which took place during the Confederate war—the loss being something between five and eight hundred on a side. This engagement, where the men remained on horseback, and used their sabres, instead of dismounting and “grabbing hold of roots,” as the infantry would sometimes derisively speak of what they called the “Butter-milk Rangers,” did much to raise the popularity of the cavalry, though it waned afterwards in spite of hard and arduous service, with the wearing out of horseflesh and the increase of Company Q.

Our line having meanwhile lengthened until it reached from Fredericksburg to the Valley, Ewell suddenly pounced down on Winchester and stormed its heights, taking 4000 prisoners, and a large amount of war material.

The way in which this was accomplished, according to Gen. Early's report, was by an assault made on a hill to the Northwest of the enemy's works. A position having been selected—that is, the side from which the attack should be made, Early led his guns and infantry by obscure paths to within a short distance of the hill to be stormed. His movements thus far had been concealed by the woods, and he had been fortunate enough to miss meeting any of the enemy's scouts. Meanwhile Gordon

had been making an advance from the opposite side of the town.

Jones' Artillery (twenty guns) were now put in readiness to support the charge on the storming side, and Gen. Hays' Louisiana Brigade, which had many times before enjoyed the honor of being selected for similar work, was put under cover, and allowed to gaze at the hill in front, covered with recently felled timber, at the bastion works with which the fort was crowned, and at the two lines of breast work further beyond.

It was now an hour by sun, and the men were burning with impatience. Twice Gen. Hays made ready to move, and was detained by Early's orders; a third time the detaining order was sent to him by Early, who could not believe but what the enemy were keeping a better look out than they did. But finally the twenty guns opened simultaneously, which was the *laissez faire* for action, and the next moment, before the enemy had recovered from his astonishment at seeing troops in this direction, and in spite of orders, Hays and his men were crawling through the brushwood, and up the steep slope. "He drove, says Gen. Early, the enemy from his fortifications in fine style," and with some of his infantry who had been purposely for such occasions, trained as cannoniers, he opened with the enemy's own rifled pieces, thus preventing all efforts at recapture. The enemy abandoned the whole town the next morning—Gordon's Ga. brigade being the first to reach the main fort, and pull down the flag flying over it. The infamous Milroy fled towards the Potomac, but too late to save his infantry, who now found themselves intercepted by Johnson's division. Twenty-five guns were captured, and only a few horsemen, who were with Milroy, succeeded in reaching



the opposite side of the Potomac. Gen. Early justly speaks of it, as "a most brilliant exploit."

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

Meanwhile, our batteries remained a few days at Stanard's Farm, grazing the horses. We then marched (5th,) past the old Wilderness Tavern, and crossed the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford, with Gen. Longstreet's corps. Our road led us on towards Woodville and Winchester, and through Sperryville and Little Washington. After then crossing the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap, we passed through Front Royal, to the banks of the Shenandoah. Meanwhile, rumors of another invasion campaign were daily increasing in probability, which the victory at Winchester tended to confirm. After crossing at Morgan's Ford, we remained at Millwood, which was with the surrounding scenery the paradise of all camps, and soon after took up the line of march through Bunker Hill, and again into Maryland. The move north of the Potomac, was regarded with much questioning by the army, though its danger gave it a risk that soldiering on a worn out soil, did not possess. At any rate, we crossed the river in *sans culotte* style, like so many King Dagoberts, and then marched through Hagerstown, to Greencastle, Penn.

It was difficult to say which was the most surprised, the farmers who scarcely knew of the war, or the Southern army, at the worldly thrift, agricultural comfort, and at the same time thoroughly Boeotian spirit of these (as we then called them,) "Pennsylvania Dutchmen." There was nothing of course to correspond with the magnifi-

cent cotton and sugar plantations of the South, which sometimes were tilled by a thousand hands before the war; nor, with those old plantation chateaux, which the traveler on the Mississippi sees nestling among orange groves and tropical foliage. But the farmers we now saw, though not possessed of great means, had excellent habitations. Their ignorance of anything but tilling the soil, to a soldier appeared astonishing; it was however exceeded by their prejudice and bitterness.

Lee's orders, much to the disgust of the army, were not to plunder or in any way destroy private property, and passes when we reached the neighborhood of Chambersburg, which we did the next day, were now not easy to obtain. It need not however be stated that all of the cheese, whiskey, and other articles with which the country abounded, were not entirely left behind. For several days indeed, our commissaries tolerably well supplied us with food.

It was raining torrents all day, on the 30th, as we marched over splendid roads, and through fine mountain scenery; but on the first of July, we followed Hill and Ewell towards Gettysburg, who were then driving the enemy through the town, and while awaiting orders, our men watched with great anxiety the battle, which we could partially see, in front of us.\*

\*Extract from the note book of one of our men: "Part of the time during our halt, I was talking to a scowling farmer. He asked me in response to some remark about climate or health, if I knew anything of medicine, and when I shook my head, he attributed my denial to unwillingness to do him any service. I then, observing his disappointment, told him what was the truth, that I had read medicine to some extent, but was no practitioner, and asked him what he wanted done. He led the way silently to a room where a young lady was reclining, and asked me to assist her, if I knew how. Both the young girl and the old man himself were obviously only half dead with terror, and I thought it most good-natured to assume all the dignity of an experienced M. D., and in this way endeavor to alleviate her terror. I accordingly examined her tongue with great importance, felt of her pulse, and talked learnedly about *valerian* and *digitalis*,

## CHAPTER XXVII

## THE DECISIVE STRUGGLE.

The battle of Gettysburg was brought on without being anticipated by either of the contending Generals. It was like an accidental fight which starts at a street corner, and which becomes "free" all around. It was decided opportunely, though with but little in the way of result, by the lucky arrival of Hays' and Gordon's Brigades, under Ewell, from Yorktown, when affairs were in a very critical condition. By their desperate charge, and by the penetration of a weak point in the Federal line, they with Rhodes' Division captured or totally routed all the Federal troops on hand. Those who escaped, were driven back and huddled together on the heights, north of Gettysburg.\* This was the first feature of the fight. The most important consequences, the fruits of most value, which should have been gathered, were lost by a neglect to seize the Cemetery Ridge, which commanded the situation, and which was the turning point of the battle.

neither of which I knew was in the house: and as a last resource I suggested, like David Copperfield's housekeeper, to restore her forces, with a little weak brandy and water. The old man hunted up the brandy with alacrity, while I meanwhile showed the young lady that she was in no danger, either from the balls or the rebels themselves. I think I proved to both that I was an excellent physician, and to show that I had confidence in my remedy, I very readily consented to drinking myself what remained.

\*The following is from Gen. Ewell

The enemy were moving large bodies of troops from the town, and affairs were in a very critical condition, when Maj. Gen. Early coming up, ordered forward Gordon, who broke Barlow's Division, captured Gen. Barlow, and drove the whole back in a second line, when it was halted. Gen. Early now ordered up Hays' and Hokes Brigades, on Gordon's left, and then drove the enemy precipitately towards and through the town, just as Ransom broke those in his front. Three hundred dead were left on the ground, passed over by Gordon's Brigade. Early and Rhodes together, captured 4000 prisoners; two pieces of artillery fell in the hands of Early's Division. No other troops than those of this corps entered the town at all. [See Gen. Ewell's report of the second army corps, Gettysburg Campaign.] His statement about Cemetery Hill, and the reason why the attack was delayed, is substantially the same as is here given further on, excepting in not mentioning the earnest appeal made by Hays, for a prompt attack.

This halt and neglect to take the afterwards so famous crescent-shaped ridge, after Hays had marched straight into the town, when fifteen minutes further of advance would have finished the business at a blow, is thus explained :

Hays had received orders through Early from Ewell (though Lee's general instructions subsequently were the reverse,) to halt at Gettysburg and advance no further than that point, in case he should be successful in capturing the place. But Hays now saw that the enemy were coming around by what was known as the Baltimore road, and were obviously making for the strong Cemetery ridge, immediately north of Gettysburg. The ridge in question meant life or death, and for the mastery of it, the battles of the 2nd and 3rd of July, the days following, will have to be fought. The Baltimore road referred to ran at the foot of the hill for several miles. Consequently, owing to the long detour which the enemy were compelled to make, it was obvious that they would not be able to get their artillery in position on Cemetery Hill for one or two hours. The immediate occupation of the hill by the Confederate army, who were in a position to get there at the time referred to, without much opposition, was a matter of vital importance. Hays recognized it as such, and promptly sent word to Early. The latter thought as Hays, but declined to disobey orders. At the urgent solicitation of Gen. Hays, however, he sent for Gen. Ewell : when the latter arrived, many precious moments had been lost. But the enemy who did not see its value until the arrival of Hancock on the scene, had not yet appeared in force.

If Gen. Ewell will now act, the Confederates will have the frowning hills, against which brave men may throw

away their lives by the thousands without success, for their own fortifications, and the two days of bloody fighting, will either take place at Philadelphia or Harrisburg, the Capital of Pennsylvania; or the result will be on the Gettysburg ground a certain victory. If Ewell makes the right decision, there will be an overwhelming feeling in favor of allowing the Southern States separation, without further war.

Unfortunately, Gen. Ewell, while sharing Hays' convictions, thought it better to wait a little, until Johnson came up, and meantime the precious moments, whose value Jackson knew better than any man, are flying.

Johnson gets up finally, and Lee is pressing for an attack. But now, there is a new delay: the enemy appear to be making a demonstration, to one side or the other. At last, this is discovered to amount to nothing. Still the evening has come, and so the attack must be postponed until to-morrow.

Ewell laughed at Hays, when he appeared so anxious to make the attack, and wanted to know if his men would never have their bellyful of fighting—if they could not wait a day. Hays' answer was, that it was with a view to prevent the slaughter of his men, that he wanted to make the attack at once—and was unwilling to throw away their lives if the heights were allowed to be defended by guns and breastworks. But so it was to be. That very night, the Louisiana Brigade, as the men threw themselves despondingly on the ground, (for soldiers know now as well as their generals, when a point is lost or made,) were startled by a rumbling noise, faint at first, but which comes nearer. The heavy guns are being dragged up to the crest of the hill, and will tell their own tale on the morrow. The sound of the pick-

axe and spade are heard—the enemy are shoveling up breastworks and trenches, which will protect those who are to live. Still useful, when the battle is over, these trenches will answer equally well for the graves of those who are to be left behind.

The following day, (July 2d,) dragged on: it was the last for many thousands, and they waited impatiently to know their fate. An unbroken stillness prevailed until late in the afternoon. But the loss of opportunity yesterday, must now be replaced, and great masses of men are to be put in motion.

The result of this day's struggle, (the 2d,) was an attempt to repair the mistakes made the day before, by a desperate charge of the whole of Longstreet's line. The Texas brigade, sweeping back from Peach Orchard to Round Top, succeeded by a quick movement, in wedging itself in between the Federal left and the latter mountain—thus cutting off the Federal line of retreat, and enfilading the enemy's line, if the brigade could have been sustained. The position was however saved to the Federal army, by a bayonet struggle, led on by Warren. Hood who did not see that Round Top itself was unoccupied, was forced to give back. Longstreet wedged into every crack and crevice of the enemy's ranks, and gained ground; but the result was unsatisfactory. Meanwhile, at the opposite end of the line, the same attack and repulse were being repeated by Hays' brigade, as will now be shown in detail:

The attack on this wing commenced about dusk, Hays' and Hokes' Brigades being assigned to the work in hand, and moving directly forward against Cemetery Hill in their front.

Hays thereupon charged over a hill, into a ravine.

where they broke a line of the enemy's infantry, posted behind a stone wall—up the steep face of another hill, and over two lines of breastworks, capturing several batteries of artillery. These works were held until finding that no attack was made on the right, and heavy masses of the enemy advancing, they reluctantly fell back, bringing away with them, 75 to 100 prisoners, and four stands of captured colors.

Gen. Lane, commanding Pender's Division on the right, was asked by Ewell, at this juncture, to co-operate, but made no reply. Maj. Gen. Rhodes "did not advance for reasons given in his report." Had it been otherwise, from the eminent success attending the assault of Hays and Avery, (though that latter gallant commander of Hokes' Brigade, was the only one of his command, according to his own statement, who went into the enemy's works,) the enemy's lines would have been carried. The above statements are from Ewell's report.

The truth about the charge on Cemetery Hill, on this part of the line, was that Hokes' Brigade advanced only a few hundred yards, breaking on the first hill under an almost infernal fire, in spite of the gallant efforts of Col. Avery to lead them on. Avery himself went into the enemy's lines and said to Gen. Hays: "I am here without my command. I wish you to remember that I at least have reported in person."

This position was finally yielded to superior numbers.

About the hour this attack was made, a little after dusk, the batteries of the Washington Artillery were sent for in hot haste, and as soon as the order was received, we went tearing to the front, over trees and stumps, and with imminent risk to the cannoniers, mounted on the seats, of being crushed. We were not, however, ordered

to open fire. Although the enemy had been taught his weak points, and had shown unusual readiness in getting to the point assailed, which was in reality easy to be done with a line of only two miles in length to six on the part of the assailant, yet as the Confederates had driven back the enemy and all the trophies of victory were with them, it was resolved to make one more final throw of the die, and to renew the fearful assaults of the two preceding days. The point aimed at now—the attack on the wings having failed of decided results—was to pierce the enemy's centre.

At two o'clock on the morning of the eventful day, (July 3d) our batteries were ordered to take what proved to be our final position for the great battle. The ground was covered with the slain of the preceding days' fights, who had been left behind in the forcing back of the Federal army, and their groans would have been enough to have disturbed the consciences of even those who had no risks themselves on the morrow to encounter.

One of the statements made to me afterwards, by Lieutenant H—, of the way in which he passed the night, was that having no blanket, he had concluded to crawl, as was frequently done, under the covering of another soldier. He remarked during the night, that the man seemed very cold blooded, and the next morning when he woke up and looked around, he thought so more than ever. He understood the situation at a glance. He had been sleeping all night with a corpse.

The fight commenced in the morning, at an early hour, with the roar of artillery from the enemy's guns, and was as hot as any we had ever previously encountered—the more so because our own guns meanwhile remained silent.

In a few moments, two of the Third company's finest



horses, and Smith, their driver, were killed.\* Joe Norcomb of the Fourth, was wounded. The fence behind us was finally torn down, and the internals of the caissons and pieces widened. At a given signal, it was arranged about 1 o'clock P. M., that all the guns of Longstreet's corps, (135) should open, and that Pickett's Virginia Division, supported by Heath Wilcox, and Pettigrew *en echelon*, were to storm the enemy's work, while the latter, meanwhile, would be demoralized by our artillery fire.

At 1:30 Longstreet ordered Col. Walton (now chief of his artillery,) "to open fire with all the guns from right to left." The signal guns previously agreed upon—"two fired in rapid succession by the Washington Artillery," were now discharged, and were promptly answered by the roar of 220 others—one of the greatest cannonades ever made in the world's history, and the greatest on this continent. The enemy's fire slackened after thirty minutes from the number, as officially reported, of caissons and ammunition wagons we exploded; but shells still ploughed through our ranks with terrible effect, one of them setting fire to a hospital and burning up in the flames a great many wounded. Many of their guns were disabled, and soon the blinding battle-smoke gave place to the stillness of death. Now had come the decisive moment when the gloomy presentiments which had been pressing upon Gen. Lee's men were to become facts, or be dissipated like the sulphurous wreaths above us.

I speak of presentiments, because the night before, when we had taken our place for bivouac on the corpse-covered battle field, there rose before us, what we at first thought was a cloud, black and threatening, but which we soon

\*Later in the day Adolphe Dupré was carried back wounded, and the two cannoniers, who gave him their places, were killed simultaneously by the same shell.

discovered were the mountains behind, or on which the Federal left was posted ; protected, we discovered, too, on the morrow, by breastworks. In regarding this we stared at each other in amazement. Still the men believed so much in themselves, that when the storming divisions moved off, we did not fear the treachery of fortune.

As Pickett's Division pressed on by us, or rather along side of us part of the way, the men realizing the certain death that awaited them, and too proud to falter in doing what they considered their duty, were heard some of them, saying "good-bye" and the fixed look in their face, showed that they had steeled themselves to certain death. Then the flag station signaled, and the whole lined moved. McDonald at Wagram, was eclipsed. There was a mile of ground to get over, and the storm of lead from their enemies in the breastworks, laid them down by scores. Meanwhile what was the most extraordinary feat of the war, the third company battery charged as far as the ground admitted, with Pickett, finally maintaining a position far in advance of any other Confederate guns.\*

Heath's Division emerged from the woods, *en echelon*, as was ordered, just as we heard a yell which told that our colors had been successfully planted over the enemy's fortifications, and eleven captured cannons. At that moment, Pettigrew's men, who were raw troops, and soon after, Heath's Division, broke under a flank fire, and retreated in confusion. Pickett's position, which is now being charged by a fresh division of the enemy becoming critical, and his men being unable to hold their ground fell back by order.

This settled the day, and the hopes of many of the

\*A battery from another State moved with us, but soon left both the Third company, and their own guns.

Confederate army. The crest of the hill soon became almost deserted—there being present only four pieces of cannon from the Washington Artillery which still retained their original position. These about dusk fired a shower of shots at what appeared to be an advance movement of the enemy—the last shots that were fired upon that fatal day. \*

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## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE RETREAT.

During the whole of this memorable day, and part of the preceding, the men had nothing to eat, and were very often without water. I succeeded at one time, in satisfying the pangs of hunger, by eating the fruit from a cherry tree, which either hung close to the ground,

\*At 6 P. M., we heard a long and continuous Yankee cheer, which we at first imagined was an indication of an advance; but it turned out to be their reception of a general officer, whom we saw riding down the line, followed by about thirty horsemen. Soon afterwards I rode to the extreme front, where there were four pieces of rifled cannon, almost without any infantry support. To the non-withdrawal of these guns is to be attributed the otherwise surprising inactivity of the enemy. I was immediately surrounded by a sergeant, and about half-a-dozen gunners, who seemed in excellent spirits, and full of confidence, in spite of their exposed situation. The sergeant, [Corporal Coyle] expressed his ardent hope that the Yankees might have spirit enough to advance and receive the dose he had in readiness for them.

Whilst we were talking, the enemy's skirmishers began to advance slowly, and several ominous sounds in quick succession told us that we were attracting their attention, and that it was necessary to break up the conclave. I therefore turned round and took leave of these cheery and plucky gunners.

It was difficult to exaggerate the critical state of affairs as they appeared about this time. If the enemy or their general had shown any enterprise, there is no saying what might have happened. Gen. Lee and his officers were evidently fully impressed with a sense of the situation.

Gen. Longstreet said the mistake they had made, was in not concentrating the army more, and making the attack on the 2d, with 30,000 men instead of 15,000. The advance had been in three lines, and the troops of Hill's corps, who gave way, were young soldiers who had never been under fire before. The enemy would have attacked, had the guns been withdrawn. Had they done so at that particular moment, immediately after the repulse, it would have been awkward.

—*Freemantle.*

or whose boughs had been struck off by the bullets and shell. The last bread we tasted was obtained by some of us who, to preserve the strength of the men, were detailed by Capt. Hero to gather food from the dead Federal infantry, whose haversacks were furnished with three day's ration. It was not the kind of food that fastidious stomachs could endure. But a soldier's first motto is to take care of his material wants, and the men who resolutely satisfied the cravings of nature, probably did the best service in marching and fighting, and preserved longest their health.

The day altogether, was productive of different emotions, from any ever experienced on any other battle field. The sight of the dying and wounded, who were lying by the thousand between the two lines, and compelled amid their sufferings, to witness and be exposed to the cannonade of over 200 guns, and later in the day, the reckless charges, and the subsequent destruction or demoralization of Lee's best corps—the fury, tears or savage irony of the commanders—the patient waiting, which would occasionally break out into sardonic laughter at the ruin of our hopes seen everywhere around us, and finally, the decisive moment, when the enemy seemed to be launching his cavalry to sweep the remaining handful of men from the face of the earth: These were all incidents which settled, and will forever remain in the memory. We all remember Gettysburg, though we do not remember and do not care to remember many other of the remaining incidents of the war. Of this latter kind, were for instance, our marches a short time afterwards from the Potomac, the campaign on Mine Run, the battle of Bristow Station, (or the third Manassas, as it might be more properly called.)

But to return to the battle field, from which at a little distance we bivouacked that night. It is true that many of us shed tears at the way in which our dreams of liberty had ended, and then and there gave them a much more careful burial than most of the dead received; yet when we were permitted at length to lie down under the caissons, or in the fence corners, and realized that we had escaped the death that had snatched away so many others, we felt too well satisfied at our good fortune—in spite of the enemy still near us, not to sleep the soundest sleep it is permitted on earth for mortals to enjoy

On the following day during a heavy and continuous rain, the army commenced its retreat to the Potomac.\*

Gen. Imboden was put in the van, in charge of the immense amount of captured plunder, and the many thousand prisoners who had been taken, and our batteries were temporarily assigned to his command. His duty it need not be said, was a very arduous one, as it exposed us constantly to a sudden swooping down of the cavalry. Once they actually dashed down on us, and compelled us

\*July 4th. The army commence moving this evening from want of ammunition. It was hoped that the enemy might attack during the day, especially as this is the 4th of July, and it was calculated that there was still ammunition for one day's fighting. The ordnance train had already commenced moving back towards Cashtown, and Ewell's immense train of plunder had been proceeding towards Hagerstown by the Fairfield road ever since an early hour this morning.

July 5th, Sunday.—The night was very bad—thunder and lightning, torrents of rain—the road knee deep in mud and water, and often blocked up with wagons “come to grief.” I pitied the wretched plight of the unfortunate soldiers who were to follow us. Our progress was naturally very slow indeed, and we took eight hours to go as many miles.

At 8 A. M. we halted a little beyond the village of Fairfield, near the entrance to a mountain pass. No sooner had we done so and lit a fire, than an alarm was spread that Yankee cavalry were upon us. Several shots flew over our heads, but we never could discover from whence they came. News also arrived of the capture of the whole of Ewell's beautiful wagons. At 6 o'clock we traveled on again (by the Hagerstown road). The road was full of soldiers marching in a particularly lively manner—the wet and mud seemed to have produced no effect whatever on their spirits, which were as boisterous as ever. The same old chaff was going on of “Come out of that hat—I know you're in it—I sees your legs a-dangling down,” &c. When we halted for the night, skirmishing was going on in front and rear—Stuart in front and Ewell in rear.

to get our pieces unlimbered. Never had the men and horses been so jaded, and stove up. One of our men who dropped at the foot of a tree in a sort of hollow, went to sleep, and continued sleeping until the water rose to his waist. It was only then that he could be awakened with the greatest difficulty. Battery horses would drop down dead. So important was our movement that no halt for bivouac, though we marched scarcely two miles an hour, was made during the route from Gettysburg to Williamsport—a march of over 40 miles. The men and officers on horseback would go to sleep without knowing it, and at one time there was a halt occasioned by all of the drivers—or at least those whose business was to attend to it, being asleep in their saddles. In fact the whole of the army was dozing while marching and moved as if under enchantment or a spell—were asleep and at the same time walking.

Over the rocky turnpike road some of us had to march barefooted, our shoes having been destroyed by the rough Macadamized road, or the heavy mud; and those were especially sufferers whose feet, my own among the number, were inconveniently larger than those of the passing Dutchmen whom we would meet on the road.

Scarcely had we arrived at Williamsport, before we were attacked by Kirkpatrick with a body of Federal cavalry who had already harrassed us at Hagerstown, on our retreat, and captured some of our wagons. At Williamsport, the morning after our arrival, there was a sudden dash and hotly contested fight. These assailants were however, ultimately driven off, with the assistance of the wagoners, who now shouldered the muskets they had been hauling, and fought like Trojans. In this teamsters' fight, the enemy were driven away without doing any serious damage.

Lee's army a few days after reached the Potomac without opposition, and although his pontoons were destroyed, and the Potomac unfordable, a bridge was constructed, and the army on the 13th of July, passed over very quietly—the bridges having been covered with bushes to prevent the rumbling of the wheels. Ewell's corps by this time had managed to ford the river.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### CAPUA.

The events that now need only be glanced at in this narrative, are, that large detachments were taken from the Federal army of the Potomac, to reinforce those of the West, and to assist in the North, in making the draft. On the other hand, the climate of Virginia, not allowing a very active campaign, induced Lee, following this example, to send Longstreet South. This general took part in the battle of Chickamauga, with our 5th Company of Washington Artillery, and his troops greatly contributed to the victory at that time gained. The strategical movement that followed in Virginia, resulted only in showing either that none of Jackson's brilliant flank movements could now be aimed at, or that the times and the hopes of the Southern people had changed, and that Lee's army never replenished, and always decreasing, could, henceforth, hope for but little, in the way of an aggressive movement. Lee's subsequent defense of Richmond, formed the brightest part of his military reputation, but it differed essentially in its character, from that of the preceding campaigns.

With the coming of Grant into power, it became

obvious that some new movement to Richmond would be attempted, and the defence of that city and of Petersburg, from attack by way of the James, became a matter of increasing importance. It was with a view to this, and to the preservation of our horses that our Battalion was ordered to Richmond, and subsequently to Petersburg. Our campaigning, henceforth, until the following June, alternated from one side of the James to the other—from Richmond to Petersburg, and finally to the various forts or breastworks of that closely guarded town. Previous to going to the Cockade City, we were detailed around Richmond a few days, not for the purpose of refreshing the men, but of resting the battery horses, which became appreciated with their scarcity, and whose good condition was a matter of much more consideration than that of a private. In spite of this depreciation, the old soldiers improved what little opportunity was afforded them to renew their friendships, and to affect as much style in eating, living and dressing, as their somewhat limited opportunities admitted. To show how times changed men's conduct, I may mention an incident which happened to an old soldier, whose courage was only exceeded by his vanity. He cared as little for being complimented for the former quality, as Richelieu, or Frederick the Great did, for being flattered as statesmen. When it came however, to his dress, he was vulnerable as Achilles. What pleased him best of all, was to be promenading the streets with a neat walking cane, and to be reproached as a hanger-on about Richmond, who had not sufficient manhood to do his duty. The more he was cursed by sentinels or mud-covered soldiers, who did not know him, the more he was delighted.\*

\*A—, one of the recruits who had recently joined us and who came to the surface



Our camp life at Petersburg was a new revelation to nearly all of us. The place had not yet seen soldiering, and we were so many Telemaques welcomed by Calypsos. One of the latter, a tall fine-looking young lady of Petersburg, was enthusiastic enough to take the baggage from the weary back of a poor soldier, and to insist upon carrying it upon her own ivory shoulders. It was thought among us for a little while that this romantic acquaintance would terminate in marriage; but perhaps it was just as well that she married instead one of the first Federal officers who came into the city, after its capture.

We were very advantageously placed, upon our arrival, in a camp a mile east of town, and which commanded a very large extent of turnip producing country. The influence this fertile region and short rations exerted on the principles of some of the younger and less scrupulous members may be guessed at from the fact that one of them declined joining the church, during a religious revival, on account of the too great temptation exerted upon his morality by a neighboring vegetable garden.

The citizens all received us with great hospitality, not only at this camp but when we were moved four miles

during this short stay, put in an equally magnificent appearance, and developed a different sort of talent. He dressed in what was considered gorgeous raiment at the time, and secured a table at the best restaurant in the town. At one time he was upon the point of marrying a beautiful girl who heard with rapture of his plantation, where the flavor of pork was improved by feeding a hog on oranges; so much so that she was ready to agree to live forever, upon such remarkable breakfast bacon. But the order for the battalion came to move to Petersburg—and the marriage was postponed, the fascinating recruit lingering so long in the lap of beauty that he scarcely had time to return his borrowed suit, much less pay his restaurant bill. He however lingered long enough for both parties to discover there was some mistake not only about the orange-fed hogs, and the plantation, but about the character of the lady. During the march to Petersburg, he consumed his time in swearing he would get even with the wags of the battalion who had introduced him and let him so badly in, if it was the last military act of his life; and his excitement and the condition of the roads may be judged of when it is stated that, by actual count of time, he and two or three similar characters, shook the Richmond dust off their feet at the rate of 20 miles, for four hours marching.

further away—that is received those who had horses and could come frequently to town. Ultimately we were encamped at “Model Farm,” though it might have been the model of almost anything else, at the time we occupied it.

Our life here in these winter quarters, barring short commons, was the pleasantest experience we had yet had of soldiering. Petersburg was large enough to admit of every variety of society, embracing, as Pierre Soulé once declared, some of the most beautiful ladies he had ever seen anywhere. Richmond too was but a little ways off, and there was an excellent public library. Lastly, the amateur performers gave an entertainment—“Pocahontas” and “Toodles” in the theatre of the town, which drew a packed house, ladies not only from Petersburg, but Richmond; and such was the preternatural splendor of the occasion, that one of the ushers refulged through the evening in a pair of \$150 white kid gloves.

What great places of resort were the two hotels and one or two coffee houses, the bridge and river bank; and towards the last, some of the noble residences richly furnished, which a few of us from time to time were permitted to roam through and enjoy—not in any wise to molest or disturb; simply by staring very hard at the carved oak, carpet and curtains, to bring to our minds that we had once led some other life, than the one under canvass or in bunks.

The winter months passed away, with some disagreeable work in the shape of guard mounting and wood cutting, and in the labor of getting the latter to the camp habitations. The men did not much like the idea of carrying great logs over steep or rugged ground on their shoulders, and besides were thinking of the pleasant times they might

have had in elegant society in Petersburg. Disagreeable contrasts were naturally enough instituted between the bruised muscles and blistered hands of one existence, and the refined drawing rooms, abounding with gay company, music and dancing on the other. We had become such sybarites before the winter passed, not only with our own batallion, but with Pickett's Division, and a few other old veterans who were thus afforded a month or so of rest, that what with church going, visiting or reading by the pleasant fires of winter-quarters, we began to imagine, (after one or two little interruptions towards North Carolina and Lynchburg) that our Capua would last forever. It was true that the rations from week to week became scarcer, and that anything like hospitality became from day to day of more difficult occurrence

One day there was what might be called, for the times, a grand carousal, a sort of one-horse Belshazzar's display, made up mostly of brilliant officers from the army, and at which the display of demijohns was as great as in the Irish hospitality described by Lever. A distinguished hospital surgeon from Georgia, was the worst victim; so much so, that he was stretched upon the table, the cloth thrown over his motionless body, and the burial service read and chanted over him with great emphasis and ceremony. We had not seen enough of that sort of thing in reality and had to do some of it as a joke, by way of refreshing our recollection. Besides, we were half inclined, on general principles, to send the doctor to keep company with a good many of his patients. However, nothing in the way of reminders was needed long. Couriers, as the spring advanced, began to arrive in camp, and the men were put through, though not without loud growling and swearing, a regular course of inspection and drill.

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Suddenly, at all sorts of hours, we began to be called upon to "hitch up" to cross the Appomattox or the James. We could hear, too, the faint booming of the guns of Lee's and Grant's armies, who were now starting up from their winter-quarters north of Richmond, and swinging around towards Petersburg—smiting and rending each other as they marched, and making ready for the final death grapple which was to be completed during the following year.

With the first guns that were fired about Petersburg, the brilliant society which had hitherto remained about that city commenced to melt away. But it was not until the small trenches had become great mounds and had been lengthened into miles of fortifications—and until the shot from the enemy's guns began not only to deafen the population by their roar but to penetrate their houses, that the streets became altogether deserted by their former gay frequenters. The spurs of brilliant horsemen ceased to echo so frequently through fashionable church aisles; and about the only resort for which soldiers showed much predilection, was one of the old finely furnished saloons. The traditional coffee-house pictures, with their voluptuous and impossible beauties still hung on the walls; the glasses and bottles still glittered; and it is pleasant to reflect that during all of those long months of bombardment one man still remained behind the counter with neat cuffs and hair parted in the middle, ready to administer to the wants of his thirsty fellow-man.

Nevertheless, the supply of stimulants was at a low ebb; and it was only in the days when there did not seem to be a hundred people in the streets, or under circumstances of the most mysterious secrecy, that one could penetrate into the spirituous twilight of the inner side, and only one or two at a time. It was like waiting at

the pool for the troubling of the waters; and once the visitor had paid his two or three dollars, and swallowed the moderate amount of *Nepenthe* allowed him, a door in the rear opened and he was expected to foot it back or gallop back to camp forthwith. It might perhaps be thought that the necessity of passing over a field a mile wide, in which shells and bombs were constantly exploding, would have some influence in keeping the men from having such longings. Such however was not the case.

One of the most singular features about Petersburg, as month after month passed on, and the anaconda-folds of Grant's army hugged closer and closer the doomed city, was the way in which the hill-side embankments would be honeycombed into human dens and places of shelter and refuge. In one place it was like a glimpse of *Petrea*, with the houses excavated in rock; in another the ground would be cut up with such a maze of alleys and streets of trench work, that as you went through them, crouching down and with bent shoulders, you could never tell at what end you would come out of this *Dædalus* labyrinth. What made the matter more difficult, was that a regiment of soldiers, with fireplaces and cooking utensils, would be sometimes encamped inside of these narrow avenues, whose heads, if they ever stood erect, were certain marks for the Federal sharpshooters. Stumbling or falling over men who were wasting away under a siege that was kept up more than a year, all of the finer and nobler traits of the old soldiers seemed to disappear, and their thoughts to be only occupied by their ever present misery and wretchedness. But the roll of the drum, or the order "Fall in men," would waken them, and as General Longstreet recently told me in conversation, he believed they steadily improved in soldiering to the end of the war.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE LAST YEAR.

But notwithstanding the spirit of the men, it would have seemed, at first blush, after the decisive battle of Gettysburg, the loss of Vicksburg, with the South doomed to certain starvation, in a fixed time, and opposed by a pertinacious general having absolute power over 1,200,000 troops, that the leaders of the South would have sought to hedge in or compromise, and preserve to the land some little vestige of property. Considering that the loss of the game was now absolutely certain in a given number of moves, the question was whether it was worth while to play it out and submit to the brutality of a checkmate; or to get at once the best terms the situation admitted. It is very probable that the latter was what Gen. Lee thought about the matter, and it is certain from his statements to Gen. Gordon, that he had ceased to see any hope, some time before retreating from Petersburg.

But another year of hard fighting was to be gone through with, and Lee will now have to keep Grant's main army from Richmond by the overland route, and at the same time defend that city on the South from an approach of Butler in that direction with 30,000 men.

The struggle between Lee and Grant opened with the battle of the Wilderness, which was fought on nearly the same ground as that of Chancellorville. In this, Lee attempted to shut up the Federal army, consisting of 100,000 men, in the forest well described by its name, where movement was as difficult as in a cane brake. Lee succeeded to the extent of putting 30,000 of the enemy *hors du combat*.

It was here, where the enemy, by the suddenness of his

attack, had broken the line of Hill, that Gen. Lee temporarily closed up the breach by leading on the Texas Brigade in person, riding himself in front of the lines. It was not until the men dragged his horse back by the bridle, and until the brigade shouted that they would do the fighting if he would stay in the rear, that Lee consented to remain behind. The brigade was cut to pieces, but Longstreet now had time to get up, and the line was saved. The movements of both armies were thoroughly aggressive, and as the ground admitted of no manœuvring, Grant's orders were substantially to fight it out as if in a promiscuous row, to strike at everything going. The log breastworks in front of Hancock caught fire, and the fight had to be continued through smoke and flame, the crippled and wounded being many of them burnt to death or suffocated before they could escape. The fight lasted two days and Lee's loss was 8,000.

Grant's second encounter (May 12th, Spottsylvania) was still less fortunate for the Federal Commander. Its general character was the same, in the nature of the ground, as that of the Wilderness. Here too the woods caught fire, and the direction of advance through the forest could only be told by compass. One line of Lee's works having been taken, was in turn re-assaulted by him in five terrific charges. Confederate bodies bayoneted in these assaults, lay piled upon each other, so Federal accounts say, and the woods were black with corpses. The fight at Spottsylvania was of twelve days' duration, at the end of which time, Grant who had now lost 40,000 men, gave it up in despair, of here making an impression on Lee, and commenced flanking towards Richmond.

After thirty days' marching, flanking, racing and fighting, Grant's army attempted to drive Lee back, June 3d,

from the Chickahominy. His plan was simply an attack along the whole line. His troops having lost 15,000 men in a short time at this battle, and his men remembering that they had now lost 60,000 by this free-fight system of tactics, stood still in ranks when ordered to advance. Grant's loss in this campaign was greater than what the whole force of Lee amounted to. Still Lee lost 18,000 men, and there was no way of filling up his ranks.

Our victories, brilliant as they were, did not deceive old soldiers. They were sometimes compared to the winnings of a poker player, who, in those days, was heard growling at his luck, because, after winning \$3,000 in Confederate money, he lost twenty-five cents in silver.

On the night of the 12th of June, the movement to the Southern side of the James was begun.

Having said this much by way of general explanation. I shall here introduce the concise record of Lieut. Col. Miller Owen, (whose former place was supplied by Adjutant E. J. Kursheedt,) of the military movements made by the Washington Artillery, for the following year :

*Battalion Journal* : APRIL 15. The command has had no service since August last, and things have gotten a little loose and rusty. Winter quarters near such a pleasant place as Petersburg, has demoralized the boys a little. They are now well clad in gray jackets and pants, and every one has at least one sweet-heart among the pretty girls of the city. Trust a W. A. for that.

Horses and harness in miserable order ; drills and inspections have been neglected all winter. Too much leisure in camp will spoil the discipline of the best soldiers. The men are not disposed to have what they consider needlessly, their liberty restricted, but are all anxious to join Gen. Lee at Gordonsville—Lieut. Col. Eshleman in command, in place of Col. J. B. Walton, resigned.

April 16. In camp at Model Farm, drilling commenced, bugle and roll call resumed. Tall swearing among the men who regard all this as an outrage.

21. In Richmond. Hotel board \$50 a day. A month's pay can be eaten up, in three days.

23. Mr. Davis will not let us go to Gordonsville, but suggests that we be placed in the works around Richmond.

25. Drilling and putting everything in order.

May 4. Looking for the Yankees to begin operations every day.

5. Action at last. Ordered by Gen. Pickett to move our guns to City Point road. All the horses in the city are pressed and sent to us to be converted into



battery horses; buggy horses, express horses, in fact trotters and all are made to do service.\*

30. Transport full of Federals and five Monitors are reported at Bermudas Hundreds. Butler in command; we can look for hot work now. After much trouble with our new horses, we go into position north of the Appomattox, as follows:

3rd Company, in Battery No. 2, City Point Road.

2nd Company, in Battery No. 5, City Point Road.

1st Company, in Battery No. 8, City Point Road.

The Fourth Company under Norcom and Behan were placed with the 2nd.

May 6. Enemy reported coming up the City Point Road. 1st Company ordered back to Petersburg with his four guns.

5 P. M. Firing heard North of the Appomattox river. Enemy have landed on the south bank of the James, pushed out to Walthal Junction on the Richmond Railroad, and have been attacked and repulsed. Six guns placed opposite them in position on the Prince George road and Lieut. McElroy in command.

The enemy is in great force, and we have nothing to support our guns except the militia from the town of Petersburg, and a portion of the 31st Regiment, North Carolina troops.

The militia are jolly cases and have plenty to eat and drink; they seem to look upon the whole thing as a good joke.

May 7. All quiet along the lines this morning. Grant is reported fighting Gen. Lee somewhere near the Rappahannock. We are going to have it now "hot and heavy." Placed at 12 M. two guns under Lieut. Britton, on the Baxter road; two under Richardson on Jerusalem road. 1 P. M. two Companies Militia sent to Batteries 9, 10, 11. N. C. troops to Baxter and Jerusalem roads.

May 8, 2 A. M. Two guns in battery 16, under Lieut. Britton, removed to battery 40. 5 P. M. Go on reconnoissance towards Broadway. No signs of the enemy.

Monday, May 9, 2 A. M. One section under Captain Hero of the 3rd Company, is ordered to report to Capt. Sturtevant, to attack gunboats on the Appomattox River. 1 P. M. heavy firing in the direction of Fort Clifton.

Col. Jones placed in command of the Washington Artillery and Reid's Battalion, by order Gen. Beauregard.

May 10. Gen. Beauregard arrives at Petersburg from battle Drury's Bluff.

May 14, 2 A. M. Our whole force falls back to second line of works.

Gen. Beauregard, with Colquitt's Brigade and Macon Battery, arrives from Petersburg. Heavy skirmishing all day along the lines, 4 cannoniers killed, 4 wounded.

May 14. President Davis rides down from Richmond this afternoon and visits Beauregard.

May 15. Skirmishing all day along the lines. The enemy have occupied our outer abandoned works, and keep our lines completely swept with sharp-shooting. Assault made on 4th Company's position repulsed.

May 16, 5 A. M. Artillery opens all along our lines. At 5:45 A. M. our infantry advance over our works and fall upon the enemy all along the line.

May 16. The 1st Company, Capt. E. Owen, sent down the turnpike in rear of B. Johnson's Brigade, and engage the enemy's batteries in the road. Enemy badly whipped.†

1 P. M. With horses belonging to 1st Company Washington Artillery, 1 brought in the battery captured by Haygood's S. C. Brigade in the Turnpike, and presented by Gen. Haygood to Capt. Owen, three 20-pounder Parrotts, two

\*An ingenious lady of Petersburg who could not make up her mind to part with a fine pair of carriage horses had them hid in her dining room or parlor until the danger had passed. It was the first time probably since Nero—if then, that horses have been accommodated with Brussels carpets.

†The fight here referred to was one of the hottest engagements of the war—the guns being separated by a very small interval, and the battery horses of the enemy killed in heaps.

12-pounder Napoleons. General Beauregard commanded in person. 1600 prisoners taken.

Enemy retreat to Bermuda Hundreds, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, baggage wagons and arms. President Davis visits the field.

[Losses at Drury's Bluff, on the 13th, 14th and 15th of May: 1st Company, Killed—H. Peychaud, Geo. Chambers, T. G. Simmons. Wounded—Capt. E. Owen, slightly; Lieut. J. M. Galbraith, mortally; Corporal S. Turner, Ed. Peychaud, J. J. Norment, C. Rossiter, T. J. Wilson, Jos. Myers, Captured—Sergt. P. O. Fazende.\* 2d Company, Wounded—M. J. Lapham, Geo. Gessner, J. N. Greenman. 3d Company, Killed—H. Madden. Wounded—G. Guillotte, A. Guillotte. A. Leefe, Jas. Crilly. 4th Company, Killed—R. G. McDonald, John Faulkes, E. A. Mallard, Ed. Condon. Wounded, Sergt. John B. Valentine, J. S. Hood, A. Norcomb, Wm. Martin.—Total loss, 30. The above is the official report of Adjt. C. J. Kursesdt.]

May 17, 8:30 A. M. Pursuit begins. We march towards Petersburg. Counted twenty-five dead horses in front of position occupied yesterday by the 1st Company Washington Artillery. Bivouacked eight miles from Petersburg; Wise and Martin's Brigades join us to-day, commanded by D. H. Hill.

May 18. Heavy skirmishing in front.

May 19. Ordered to construct works, put guns in position, and shell out enemy's skirmish line.

May 20. Assault made on enemy's line to-day. First line of fortification carried.

May 21. The 2d, 3d and 4th Companies relieved from duty on the lines, and sent back to the rear.

May 22, 10:30 A. M. Monitors shelling again.

May 22, 5 P. M. Flag of truce to bring in the dead lying between the lines. 28. Return to Petersburg.

June 2. Reported that Grant was repulsed yesterday by Gen. Lee.

1:15 P. M. Whole command ordered to Richmond by Secretary of War to report to Gen. Ransom.

3. Ordered to Bottom's Bridge, Chickahominy.

4. Third anniversary of our arrival in Virginia. All quiet on the lines.

15. We apply to Mr. Davis to go over to Petersburg.

16. Firing in the direction of Petersburg. Reported that the enemy carried the outer line of works last night.

\*The latter made his escape from a northern train, while in rapid motion.

At that time in June, Gen. Wise was in command at Petersburg—2200 troops. Bushrod Johnson was guarding Bermuda Hundreds' line from Howletts' on the James to the distance of four miles. The Petersburg line was then seven miles long.

On the 15th of June, Gen. Baldy Smith attacked Petersburg from the south, and meeting but slight resistance would certainly have taken it, but for his lack of enterprise and loss of time. The attack was renewed the next day—40,000 troops against 11,000, the latter commanded by Gen. Beauregard. Petersburg could still have

been taken, if Smith had divided his troops and attacked on the unguarded Confederate right. The Federals now brought up a third corps and broke like an avalanche through Johnson's lines, which had been placed on the Confederate left. He was here met by Gen. Gracie's Brigade who, by Beauregard's order, had left the Bermuda Hundreds line abandoned. It was while Gracie's Brigade was forming about sundown, that they found the Federals sweeping down upon them, and Beauregard "now thought" according to his own statement "that the last hour of the Confederacy had arrived." But the orders of Gracie "forward" and "charge," were never given to a braver set of men. They routed everything before them, and captured twice their own number of prisoners, which was 2300. The battle raged furiously until 12 o'clock at night, and meanwhile the road to Richmond at Bermuda Hundreds was left unguarded. At that hour the three Federal corps, according to captured dispatches, were *hors du combat*. Beauregard had previously seized the opportunity to mark out a new line, 500 yards to the rear, with white stakes so that the brigades could find it, and this became the celebrated line of fortifications which were defended to the end of the war. "The enemy in this days' fight," says Gen. Beauregard, "lost 13,000 men, or more than I had in my whole force."

A fourth corps under Warren had arrived, when Gen. Lee started his whole army forward. Kershaw's Division coming up first, such a warm reception was given to the Federals, that they commence forthwith the siege of Petersburg.

Beauregard then wanted to push Grant into a corner of the Appomattox and James; but Lee after almost consenting to this plan, decided to let Grant wear himself out

by a costly series of attacks. Grant's previous experience however prevented him from doing anything of the sort. His quickest method would have been to have continued his wheel around Richmond, destroying the railroads, by which, with the utmost difficulty, Lee's army obtained its supplies. But Grant who had not forgotten Lee's strategy, decided on the wearing out and attrition process, involving the construction of regular breastworks and forts, and a steady firing and bombardment which lasted a year.\*

A chance, which was lost at this time to the Confederate arms, was the neglect of Early, who made a diversion into Maryland, to capture Washington. "Early had then," says Swinton "an opportunity to dash into the city, the works being very slightly defended. The hope at headquarters, that the capital could be saved from capture, were very slender. But his conduct was feeble. Lee founded his hopes on the menace he supposed this move to Washington would have." In spite of the opportune arrival of the 19th Corps at Washington, it required all of Grant's moral firmness to withstand the severe pressure brought upon him to remove his army to Washington.

June 17. Nine Federals came into camp this morning—all German, French and Irish.

18. Ordered to South side of the James. Reach Petersburg on 19th, and put in position in the works at batteries, 34 to 38, on the 20th.

23, 10 P. M. Enemy shelling the city; several women reported killed. Many buildings struck. No notice was given of the shelling of the city.

27. Rain. Enemy continues shelling the city.

June 28, to July 3. Sharp-shooting and shelling has been going on. Women and children nearly all left. Hospitals have been removed. Our horses have not had a feed of corn this week.

July 4. Enemy in our front display all their flags along the lines, shelling the city at intervals.

July 9. Morgan Harris, 1st Company, mortally wounded.

\* Letter of Gen. Beauregard to Gen. C. M. Wilcox.

24. Kremelburg, 3d Company, killed last night while sleeping in the works.\*  
 30, 5 A. M. Mine sprung on the line, blowing up Pegram Battery, four guns, twenty men and eighteen of the S. C. Regiment. Enemy makes an assault and occupies our line. We took ten stands of colors and many prisoners, black and white. Whitcomb and Maines, 1st Company, and O. J. Toledano, 3d Company, killed.†

[The casualties along the line to the close of 1864, were: 1st Company, Killed—M. E. Harris, H. Whitcomb and W. Maines. 2nd Company—Wm Almindinger. 3d Company—Sergt. Kremelburg, O. Toledano. Wounded—Corporal Grimmer, D. Kobleur. 4th Company—Died, P. Mooney.

Murville, the twin-brother of Lecestiére Labarre, (both of the 3rd,) died about this time. He was a good soldier, and his mental attainments made him charming company in spite of a slight impediment in his speech. Another young soldier greatly regretted, and of more than ordinary promise, was Henry Psychaud.]

August 1st. Gen. Lee allows Gen. Grant an armistice of three hours to bury his dead, lying between the two armies.

Estimated loss of the enemy 4000; walked over to the Crater, and met the flag of truce. The Federal officers bring out plenty of good wine and brandy, luxuries unknown to us poor Confederates in the trench. Negro prisoners bury the dead in the trench between the lines.

Flag withdrawn and all retire to respective posts, and bang away again.

August 3. W. M. Owen, was shot in the face by sharpshooters, while directing the charging of a gun.

Oct. 12. One-half our artillery drivers are armed with muskets, to put on duty at Fort Gregg. Our supernumeraries will help in the same way, defend the lines if attacked.

Oct. 27. Fighting on our right; heavy fighting all day. At dark, a regiment of Federals, that our men on the lines took for our relief picket, entered—a bold move—the line at our left gun, nearest the Crater, and for a time created some little excitement. They were soon driven out.

Oct. 28. The attack yesterday by the enemy was evidently intended as a *coup de main* to gain the Southside railroad and the Appomattox river. Northern newspaper correspondents say the troops carried six days' rations and plenty of ammunition. It proved a failure; so Grant of course calls it a "Reconnaissance"; dead and wounded Federals left on the field.

March 29, 1865, 10 P. M. Heavy firing in front of Petersburg. Our lines are very weak, having a front of forty miles to cover; our men in the trenches.

\*Kremelburg was one of the most honorable men and best soldiers we had. A short time before lying down for the last time, he had borrowed a spade from an infantryman. Without knowing of this circumstance, the same spade was taken to dig K.'s grave, and never afterwards came to hand. When the thick-headed owner came to inquire for it, we never could, after two hours explanation, get it into his head that our dead comrade could have borrowed a spade for shoveling out his own grave, or why he or his ghost, after showing so much foresight in borrowing, could not have been equally thoughtful about returning.

†Oswald Toledano, was a mere stripling when he with his father, old Ben Toledano, joined the 3d Company—very amiable and faithful to his duties, as a messmate and soldier. On the morning of the crater explosion, the heat had been so great in the trenches, that some of the men though exposed to an enfilading fire, went back to get under shade. I was sitting down under a tent shelter when a shell tore through it, killing T. who was standing, almost instantaneously. He had but time to make the sign of the cross and utter a half finished word of a prayer, before falling lifeless into my arms. He was much attached to a lady of this city, of whom he was never tired of speaking, and whose ring he wore upon his finger. After his death, faithful to his memory, she entered a religious order and died a few months after, in the performance of her new duties.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## THE GAME ENDED.

The buoyant, hopeful tone of the army has now disappeared. Short rations and the conscript law have done their worst; most of the old leaders are dead, and no one could discover in Lee's old veterans, more than the smouldering embers of their former fire.\*

The 2nd of April, 1865, virtually ended the Confederate war, though the surrender of Lee was not made until eight days after.

The concluding battle had been brought on near Petersburg, by a desperate and last effort on the part of Gen. Lee to assume the offensive. The movement was entrusted at the time to Gen. Gordon, and was spoken of by both leaders as almost hopeless, and the last that could in any case be made without extraordinary success. It was probably a reconnoissance, or intended to open the road to North Carolina for a retreat, by causing Grant to withdraw from Lee's right flank.†

\*Gen. Longstreet says, the men improved in fighting qualities to the end of the war. My own observation was, that they were pretty well starved and fought out. The high strung young men who went out with picked companies, went into the fight with just as much determination to acquit themselves with credit, and do themselves justice, as in their maiden fight.

† The account of Lee's last attack at Petersburg has been given so variously, that I cannot do better here than to record what Gen. Gordon once told me of an interview which passed between himself and Gen. Lee, some time preceding the attack.

Gordon having been sent for, was asked, when he reached Lee's quarters, what he thought of the chances for the Confederate cause. He told Gen. Lee frankly, that he could see no chance at all. Lee admitted that he was equally hopeless. Gordon then inquired why, if he held these convictions, he did not urge them upon Mr. Davis. Gen. Lee replied that he was then about to visit Richmond, and left the impression that Mr. Davis would be made to understand what were the convictions of the army. When Gen. Lee returned, Gen. Gordon in his next interview, inquired if he had told Mr. Davis, of the true condition of affairs. Gen. Lee said no, and in further conversation, gave as an excuse—"You know what sort of man Mr. Davis is"—referring doubtless to the well known impossibility of shaking Mr. Davis in any of his convictions. Gen. Lee then inquired if he could see no loop-hole where an advantage could be gained, or a blow

The move was attempted by a midnight attack with two divisions, who succeeded in capturing the abattis of the enemy, for the distance of a quarter of a mile without loss. This opportunity was not improved, either on account of the darkness and the difficulty, from the disappearance of scouts, the Confederates had of discovering their way, or from natural weakness. While the latter were hugging the captured picket line in disorder, the artillery in the forts to the right and left opened on them, fresh troops were brought up, and the storming party were compelled to take refuge under the breastworks they had captured.

The decisive battle which followed two days after, was preluded with firing of cannon on the extreme right and left, and by the buzz and hum of arriving reinforcements, and a great addition to their drum corps and trumpeters. Every available man from the Confederate left and centre was hurried to the right, leaving only artillerymen in the trenches and pickets in front. The firing grew hotter—the water batteries on the left boomed incessantly, and the earth shook under the jar of the sound. This booming signified that Grant had opened his formal attack, March 27th, on our lines, and it caused Lee to send large bodies of troops to the aid of Gens. Pickett and Johnston. The old spirit of the men flamed up, and Lee now dealt Grant's Brigades, in their advanced positions on his left, a staggering blow, and at one moment there was “a great fear of another Chancellorsville disaster in the Federal lines.” \*

dealt. Gordon was more than ever convinced that any advantage gained would be only momentary, but at last entered into the spirit of leading the assault on the enemy's net work of entrenchments on the 29th.

The object of this was doubtless, if it had succeeded, to cause Grant to leave a road open for Lee to concentrate with Johnson, in North Carolina.

\*Greeley.

In the next, Lee was repulsed, and Sheridan\* who had coveted Five Forks, and several times been repelled in trying to seize it, made the most of his opportunity. Pickett and Johnston were now overwhelmed by double their force, losing heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners, when their flank was turned.

The night which followed was made lurid with death-dealing missiles, and the earth shook under the jar. The next day (April 2d) decided the fate of Richmond and the Confederacy. At 3:30 o'clock in the morning, the firing commenced from one end of the line to the other. Then ensued desperate charges from Grant's line. The attacking force here, Parkes' 9th Corps, succeeded in taking a portion of the breast-works to the right of the Crater; a capture which was really of no advantage as our men could retreat into a line of breastworks a few yards beyond, and an individual warfare was kept up until dark.†

\*Sheridan's presence at the time on Lee's right flank was one of the curious accidents of the war. In a fight in the Valley the Federal troops had been dispersed by Early with a greatly inferior force with the exception of one corps; just as Early began to lose ground and in turn be hard pressed, Sheridan arrived on the field by making the famous ride of which so much has been heard, and was just in time to receive the credit of Early's defeat. He continued a riding expedition towards Lynchburg which did not succeed, and having nothing else that he could well do, he came in by the only route open to him which was on Grant's left; the second time arriving just at the lucky moment which makes reputations.

†The following is the narrative of the occurrences of April 2nd by a member of the Battalion: I was in bed about 9 o'clock when I heard the order given to the infantry to sleep on their arms, as there might be a fight at any moment. I became so much impressed by this, that I immediately folded up my blanket, and made preparations for what I regarded as certain, the evacuation of Petersburg. I had scarcely done so, when a shot burst through my house, and the cry of "To arms—get to your pieces" was heard. The firing lasted from about midnight until next morning, our cannoniers replying.

About day-break we began to see the enemy and their flag, the latter on our front and flanks waving unsteadily, as if the color sergeant found difficulty in advancing or getting into lines of breastworks. All the time the firing continued. By this time we had two pieces disabled in the third company, Lieut. Stocker was knocked senseless, and shortly after Capt. Hero had been shot from the top of the breastworks by a ball in his leg. A piece was now taken from the embrasure and fired at the enemy who had already penetrated our line, or were



The Federal Army in advancing upon Petersburg found our artillery corps in the various places that had been assigned them, doing their duty probably a little more steadily, from the force of habit, in their last field fight, than ever before, repelling charges—arming their spare men with muskets, and each man working with the same pride and conviction as when first mustered in. But the time had now come for us to abandon the underground bomb-proofs that had been built; or the tents and huts which would every night be filled with a new supply of bullets.

The Federal right, as already stated, had struck the Confederate line on the western side of Petersburg. Meanwhile, the next corps (Wright's 6th,) swept, after a hard struggle, the scanty brigades before them, turning to the right, and then with Ord's Corps, who had also penetrated, swung to the left nearly up to Fort Gregg, a half a mile in front of the main line of Petersburg entrenchments. The small force towards Hatch's Run had been driven back and into the Appomattox. Besides the Federal Corps already mentioned, Humphrey entered still further to the Confederate right. There is some severe fighting in front until 2 o'clock P. M., at which time

coming over the breastworks. We had now become reduced to only two rounds of ammunition, and as the enemy were within fifty yards of us, our case seemed hopeless. Just then a fresh supply of ammunition arrived, which lasted until dark, at which time the firing gradually ceased. About that time, the order was given to leave the breastworks with as much secrecy as possible—which was done. The bodies of our dead, Coyle, and some others whose names are not now remembered, were placed upon the caissons, and as we passed through Petersburg interred in the Cemetery. The last rations I ever drew were cooked while the firing was going on, the latter being so long and continuous that the men would take turns, except when hotly pushed, and relieve each other at the guns. If anything else was given to us to eat until the surrender, I do not now remember it. A handful of corn, or a scrap of almost anything to eat that we found by the way was all I saw. The sheet-iron crackers that we found on the Yankee dead at Gettysburg, and which some of us then disdained to eat, I thought of with envy now, the more so, as, during the time when we were in the trenches, rations were so scarce that many of the men made themselves sick by swallowing tobacco, in order to experience nausea or indifference to food.

the enemy are seen to be advancing upon Fort Gregg and Whitworth. There will now be no further opposition to their forward move than can be made by a very small body of men in these two fortifications.

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## CHAPTER XXXII

### WHAT TWO HUNDRED MEN CAN DO.

A dramatic interest attached to the defence of the forts, aside from the fact that here was to be the last stand for Petersburg. This was because of the necessity of here detaining the enemy, who were advancing, wave after wave around the works, until Longstreet could get across the James; secondly, the attack on Gregg was followed by a lull along other portions of the line, and the men rested upon their weapons to witness, as at a spectacle of great national interest, the struggle of Secessia, and the last angry glare of her guns on a formal field of battle. The number of men on the two sides, 214 in Fort Gregg, about the same in Whitworth, and 5000 advancing against them, illustrated the comparative strength of the combatants. Fort Gregg was the Confederate LaTourgue. When it falls all of the old traditions and usages of the South fall with it; when the Federal standards wave over it, there is then to be centralization, negro government, and four times the ruin inflicted on the South, as was put by Germany on France.

The two forts stand 250 yards in the rear of the captured line, and were built for precisely such an occasion as is suggested by the cheers of the advancing enemy, namely, for use as an inner defence when disaster should overtake the Confederate line. Fronting Gregg, is

a little fort, the last built by Lee, and called by the men Fort "Owen," after the Lieut. Col. of that name from the Washington Artillery, who was assigned to the command of Fort Gregg, and the surrounding works. Lieut. Battles of the W. A. is in "Owen" with two guns, and Lieut. McElroy of the same batallion has charge of a company of 62 artillerymen who have been doing duty here most of the winter.

The night had been strangely quiet upon this portion of the lines, but towards daybreak the silence gave place to a little touch of skirmishing to the right of Gregg—sufficient to cause the ordering of the infantry and artillerymen into Fort Owen, although it was then so dark, that scarcely anything could be seen. Our infantry there could be barely detected moving in the trenches, towards what seemed to be the picket firing. As the men peered into the darkness in the direction of the flashes, solid shots commenced to plough up the earth—the infantry began quitting the trenches and taking to the fields, leaving the cannoniers under the impression that the troops were chasing small game of some sort.

Lient. Col. Owen, in his report says he gave orders to withdraw to Fort Gregg, and hurried off to rally fugitives—a no easy matter—who had already been dispersed by the Federal attack. McElroy reached the latter with his men, but Battles not receiving his horses in time, found himself suddenly surrounded, and his command captured by the enemy. McElroy immediately opened fire from Fort Gregg with his artillery-infantry, drove them away, and then turning his infantry once more back to artillery, ran down into Fort Owen and opened fire with the recaptured pieces on the enemy, two hundred yards to his right. Horses having been procured, the pieces by order

were moved forward a mile, where the guns fired thirty-five rounds each, and were then retired to Fort Gregg. Lieut. McElroy says, in his report, there were two hundred men in the Fort, who were, with the exception of his command, of Harris' Miss. Brigade, and that his loss was six killed, two wounded and thirty-two prisoners. Col. Owen proceeds to say :

At the time McElroy was put in position in "Gregg" some guns were placed in Fort Whitworth, a detached work like "Gregg" and to its right and rear.

Major Gen. Wilcox, who was then in Gregg, seeing Harris' Brigade in what he thought a dangerous position in front, sent his Aid to the General to recall his men to the two forts, Harris himself going into Whitworth, and Lieut. Col. Jas. H. Duncan, of the 19th Mississippi, into Gregg.

As the enemy advanced, McElroy was cautioned to have his ammunition as handy as possible upon the platform for quick work. Under orders, Capt. Walker hurriedly withdrew the guns from Fort Whitworth.

The enemy, a full corps of at least 5000 men, advanced in three lines of battle. Three times the little garrison repulsed them. The Fort seemed fringed with fire from the rifles of the Mississippians.

The cannoniers bravely and skilfully used their guns. The enemy fell on the clear field around the Fort by scores.

The capture of the work was but a question of time. The blue coats finally jumped into the ditch surrounding the Fort, and presently climbed over each others backs to gain the summit of the Parapets. There was a weak point on the side of Gregg, where the ditch was incomplete, and over this a body of the enemy rushed. Presently six regimental standards were distinctly seen waving on the Parapet.

\* \* \* \* \*

The part taken in the defence of Gregg, by the Mississippians, is thus described in the "Vicksburg Times":

"Fort Gregg was held by the 12th and 16th Mississippi Regiments, Harris' Brigade, numbering about 150 muskets, under command of Lieut. Col. Jas. H. Duncan, of the 19th Mississippi, who had been assigned by Gen. Harris, to the immediate command of that work. The artillery in the Fort was a section of 3d Co. Washington Artillery, commanded by Lieut. Frank McElroy. General Harris, with his two other regiments, 19th and 48th Mississippi, occupied 'Fort Whitworth,' distant about 100 yards, and between that work and the South-side Railroad."

Gen. Harris, in a letter designed to be an official report, says, "Gen. Wilcox ordered me to take position in front of the enemy, and detain them as long as possible. With this object in view I advanced about 400 yards, and formed at right angles with the Boynton Plank Road. The ground being undulating, I threw both flanks behind the crest on which I formed, and exposed my center, in order that I might induce the enemy to believe that there was a continuous line of battle behind the ridge. I then advanced a line of skirmishers well to the front. The enemy being misled by this device, made the most careful dispositions, two lines of battle, and advancing with the utmost caution, my position was held until the enemy was in close range, when a heavy fire was opened upon both sides.

"The enemy pressing me heavily and out-reaching me on my flanks. I fell back upon Fort Gregg and Whitworth, the 12th and 16th under Col. Duncan, being ordered to Fort Gregg, and to hold it at all hazards.

"The 19th and 48th were placed in Whitworth. In Gregg there was a section of the 3d Company Washington Artillery, commanded by Lieut. Frank McElroy. Preparations were now made by the enemy for the assault, and this time Capt. Walker, A. and I. G. of Gen. Walker, Chief of Artillery, came with orders to withdraw the artillery, and against this I most earnestly protested.

"The four guns were withdrawn from Whitworth under protest; but the enemy were too close to permit the withdrawal of the guns from Gregg. Perceiving the guns of Whitworth leaving, the enemy moved forward to assault us in both works. He assaulted in columns of brigades, completely enveloping Gregg, and approaching Whitworth only in front. Gregg repulsed assault after assault; the two remnants of regiments, which had won glorious honor on so many fields, fighting this, their last battle, with most terrible enthusiasm, as if feeling this to be the last act in the drama for them; and the officers and men of the Washington Artillery fighting their guns to the last, preserved untarnished the brilliancy of reputation acquired by their Corps. Gregg raged like the crater of a volcano, emitting its flashes of deadly fires, enveloped in flame and cloud, wreathing our Flag as well in honor as in the smoke of death. It was a glorious struggle. Louisiana represented by these noble artillerists, and Mississippi by her shattered bands, stood there side by side, together, holding the last regularly fortified lines around Petersburg."

While Gregg and Whitworth were holding out, Longstreet was hastening with Fields' Division, from the north side of the James, to form an inner line for the purpose of covering Gen. Lee's withdrawal that night. As soon as Harris heard of the formation of that line, he withdrew with his little band, cutting his way through.

At 12 o'clock that night the last man and the last gun of the brave army that had defended the lines of Petersburg for one year, passed over the Pontoon Bridges, and the march commenced, that ended at Appomattox Court House. I have been induced to write the foregoing, of which I was an eye witness, in the hope of *correcting History*. Many accounts have been published of the defence of Fort "Gregg," but all that I have seen have been generally far from the truth. Pollard, who showed but little disposition to waste compliments on the troops from the Gulf States, says, Capt. Chew of the fourth Maryland Battery of Artillery was in command of the work, and his account is reiterated by many others. If he was, it is strange we did not know it. A battery of Marylanders had in reality been disbanded a short time before the fight, their time having expired, and they were awaiting their discharge papers to enable them to go to their homes. If Capt. Chew was in the fort at all, he was simply there as a volunteer or a spectator.

We should give the honor to those who earned it in this fierce fight of three hours against such fearful odds. Swinton, in his "Army of the Potomac," in his description of the breaking through the lines on this historic Sunday, says:

"On reaching the lines immediately around Petersburg, a part of Ord's command under Gibbon, began an assault directed against Fort Gregg and Whitworth, two strong enclosed works, the most salient and commanding south of Petersburg. The former of these redoubts was manned by Harris' Mississippi Brigade, numbering two hundred and fifty men, and this handful of skilled marksmen conducted the defence with such intrepidity, that Gibbons' force surging repeatedly against it, was each time thrown back; at length a renewed charge carried the work, but not till its two hundred and fifty defenders had been reduced to thirty. \* \* Gibbons' loss was four hundred men"

Swinton does not mention the Washington Artillery in the fort: he also errs in putting the number of Mississippians at 250. Gen. Harris says there were 150, these with the 64 artillerists make a total of 214 men, and these men put *hors du combat* 500 of the enemy, or an average of more than two men each.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## FIRING THE LAST GUN.

The close of the day (April 2nd,) the most anxious that most of the men had ever passed, found Grant's lines touching on both sides of the Appomattox, and Lee completely hemmed in.\* A retreat from Petersburg north of the Appomattox, which all feel is a foregone conclusion, is now necessary, and Longstreet's troops can only be useful in covering Lee's flank, while he withdraws from his breastworks. The firing meanwhile continues during the night from the Federal batteries. At 9 P. M. all of the guns were ordered to be moved across the Appomattox,† and this was done without any delay, and as quietly as if the skeleton army had been one of spectres and phantoms. The whole of the night was spent in getting out wagons, artillery and infantry, and a large

\*As soon as Gregg was captured, the Federal signal corps were at work, and the cannonading and sharp-shooting were renewed on the other part of the line. In a moment heavy bodies of cavalry were seen emerging from the Federal's former lines, moving rapidly over the captured works and galloping in squadrons towards the Appomattox, which was some four or five miles off. Their track could be traced by the heavy columns of black smoke that rose from the various farmhouses on their route, which had been set on fire. The infantry who had succeeded in capturing the fort formed line fronting the Confederates' right flank, and looked as if they intended marching by the rear into Petersburg. New dispositions were also made along the Confederate front. Regiments were detached from their positions along the line (whose place had to be filled by deployment of those remaining) and sent to the right flank and rear, confronting the new line of the Federals. Artillery galloped into position, and soon Fields' Division, with the Texans in the lead, joined the right flank and formed a defensive line in the rear towards the river. A narrow creek only divided the opposing forces, but the Federals seemed satisfied with their success now and did not advance. *Lee's Last Campaign, Capt. J. C. Gorman.*

† Lieut. John R. McGaughey, of the first company, was captured while working away at his gun when our lines were broken. John was a strongly made, manly looking soldier, never absent from battle, and always popular with the men. Among some of our worthiest and most kindhearted officers, and whose consideration for their men deserve mention, before this narrative is concluded, were Lieut. Stocker, DeRussy, Apps. Britton, Battles, and Brown. During all of our long four years of fighting and hard marching, I do not remember the time when they did not show themselves more thoughtful for their men, than their own comfort. Britton was wounded at Sharpsburg, DeRussy at Chancellorville, and all received honorable mention in various battles.

mass of army plunder, which as the result showed would have been much better left behind.

The Washington Artillery crossed at midnight, Gordon bringing up the rear. The crossing of the bridge occupied three hours—quick time, and no delay was given to stragglers, before applying the torch. Petersburg had been previously almost abandoned; but a few sad faces appeared at the windows, and sent out sorrowful adieus—to the men who had so long remained about the city, that seemed almost their home. To the despondent reflections which the midnight retreat suggested, the flame and smoke which hung over the depots and warehouses, and the glare from the exploding magazine, gave an additional sombre tint. Still the men experienced a sense of relief—that of getting rid of some hideous dream, in leaving behind the trenches, and once more moving in column on the road.

The most singular feature of the retreat, was the noiseless manner in which Lee's army moved from the works, and the fact that the withdrawal was not known until revealed, as it were, to the world, by the blowing up of the siege guns and batteries, which had protected Richmond, and which by innumerable explosions proclaim, as with an Apocalyptic emphasis, that the Confederate Capital was and is, but shall be no more.\*

\* According to Pollard, Gorman, and "An Officer of the Rear-guard," a similar scene was meanwhile transpiring at Richmond, which, so tranquil when Mr. Davis receives the fatal dispatch, and walks composedly out of Church, will in a few moments be perturbed from top to bottom, and a few hours later be wrapped in flames. Late in the afternoon, wagon loads of Confederate boxes and trunks reach the Danville depot—hangers on imitating the example set them; \$100 for a wagon, in gold. All over the city, hurrying fugitives. Confederate money is destroyed—gold removed, the liquor is poured out as on board of a sinking ship—the gutters running with it. Still retreating stragglers, and roving pillagers get hold of it—open stores, and cover the side-walk with glass. Ewell is firing the four principal quarters, or as might be said the four tobacco warehouses—and the rams and shipping are blown up or scuttled; the bridges are burnt. Rioters are plundering, and despairing women shrieking,

The army, now pushed through the darkness in the direction of Amelia C. H.—the different army corps making good progress by different roads, though the wagon loads of plunder when united on one road almost destroyed all movement. One ominous feature was, that there was nothing to eat for man or beast, and occasionally pieces of artillery showed that the horses were giving out. Another thing to be noted was, that upon our arrival at Amelia C. H., the enemy's cavalry commenced dashing upon our wagon trains, whose canvass covers they readily ignited. Their plan of operation, was to strike the train, several miles long, fire a number of wagons, and then making a circuit, strike it again. Three hundred cavalymen supported by large bodies moving parallel, thus destroyed or confused the whole train. The burning caissons which had been sent on in advance of the artillery were anything but pleasant neighbors.\*

while at the government stores such a break is made upon the provisions, as causes the building to totter to its foundations.

Then the Federal General Weitzel, who in addition to the other horrors of the situation, had been playing "Yankee Doodle" and similar airs, was startled at last by the tremendous explosions of powder magazines; and like Blue Beard and some other historical characters, made his sentinel ascend his seventy feet watch tower, to see what it was all about. A great light in the direction of Richmond, is the answer. A rebel picket was now captured who could tell nothing about his commander—then a contraband, and finally, after daybreak with a sharp lookout for torpedoes, and amid exploding shells, Weitzel, on the 3rd rode into Richmond, just as the last rebel soldiers were going, and Butler's flag, which he had planted over the St. Charles Hotel of New Orleans, was now placed over the Confederate Capitol. President Davis had left with the Confederate Congress at 10 A. M., though why he thought it worth while to carry them off has never been ascertained; and meanwhile, as if to mark the commencement of a new regime, the fire is burning out the city, that is one-third of old Richmond.

It was Babylon the Great fallen, for the North, when the telegraph flashed the news. "No unmanly exultation was indulged in over those who had so nearly destroyed the Republic." Greeley here paid a tribute to a noble touch of feeling on the part of the North—one that he had not always previously been careful to observe.

\*The Falling Flag. "By the road-side was a lady from Mississippi, who had been in our ambulance wagon, and whose horses had been carried off. She was more mad than scared as she stood there in the mud—young, pretty, and gesticulating, and she made a picture striking and peculiar. As the advance



Reaching Amelia, it was discovered that the provisions which should have been in readiness for the army, were missing. They had, by some accident, been carried on to Richmond, and the army was now without food. Besides, the great wagon train sent by a different road was destroyed. Our doom was now staring us in the face. Instead of halting to give battle to Grant, there was nothing that could be done, but push on and try to reach Danville.

Demoralization, which the accursed slow wagons were enough to have effected alone, had now begun; the men straggled off to get something to eat at the farmhouses, and the commands had dwindled to hundreds;\* while at night as if to increase the desperation of the situation, the strains of triumphant music would float over from the enemy's brass bands. As we proceeded into the hilly country it began to be hoped that the many fine military positions on either side, would afford us some chance of escape; and so (April 6th,) we marched all day and all night. It was a race for life, for men who were hungry, and for gaunt-looking horses who were dropping by the road side; but we had to push on. Still the enemy was all the time close behind. The rear guard commanded by Gen. Lee in person is attacked, while cavalry are formed in front and a few shots are fired. Gen. Rosser

guard rounded the bend of the road, it was swept by the enemy who wheeled as soon as he delivered fire. Four out of five were hit—one of them, an approved scout, in the spine; throwing his arms over his head, with a yell of agony wrung from him by intense pain, he pitched backwards off his horse which was going at full speed. When I saw him again, years afterwards, he was a preacher."

\* At one of the burnt down bivouac fires, two men attracted by its warmth were discovered sitting, cold and weary. One was a colonel of Pickett's Division and another a lieutenant, and the destruction of this famous fighting command may be guessed at when a regimental officer did not know where to look for his standard. \* \* \* When the troops passed on, a number of tender girls stood gathered in a piazza, and greeted us with waving handkerchiefs and moist eyes, while cheer after cheer arose from the men.—*The Falling Flag.*

(one of our W. A. captains of the first year,) who meanwhile was ahead guarding Longbridge, at Farmville, here succeeded in capturing 800 men.

The column had now to keep up a retreating fight to Farmville, impeded by wagons which hurried forward regardless of contents. Ewell was cut off. The roads were axle-deep with mud. A *triste noche* for Lee's army was the night which followed. We reached Farmville early on the 7th, and bivouacked, after crossing the bridge with some show of provisions. But by some misfortune, the bridge over the Appomattox was not destroyed after us, and the enemy's cavalry followed closely. We were soon ordered to get under way, and the Federal cavalry, who were now becoming rampant, were taught a lesson which they were in no haste to forget. The cavalry charged them at a double-quick and captured 200 prisoners. Gen. Lee took off his hat, at the spirit shown by the men as he passed, and was in turn welcomed with one of the rousing cheers of old.

The wagons were then devoted to destruction, and the Chief Q. M. had the heart to apply the torch himself. The whole army were now marching by an out-of-the-way path, and fooling any longer with wagons was out of the question. If Gen. Lee had never sent his last dispatch to Richmond and given them timely notice, he would have succeeded in gaining the mountains. We made rapid progress; but matters were very blue indeed.

Late in the afternoon, horsemen from the front announced the rapid approach of the enemy. We quickly threw the guns in position, and gave the enemy such a reception as induced him to wheel and not stand on the order of his going. Our cavalry gave chase, and Gen. Gregg, of the U. S. A., was brought in prisoner. And

now comes the hour when our artillery fires the last gun, and ends its military record. The account which follows is substantially taken from the excellent narrative of a S. C. officer of the Rear Guard, entitled the "Falling Flag:—"

The army lay down to rest, and to watch—a very interesting process to a hungry man—a little modest cooking. Sleep was the great thing in view. We woke in a half hour, to eat what there was, and were about tumbling over again, when an officer came around, in a quiet way, and ordered us to be ready to move. Now for a weary march that ends only at Appomattox!

The line of retreat had been changed—a push was being made for the mountains at Lynchburg. On before us was a long line of wagons and artillery, splashing through ruts and mudholes. Pickets were posted under the immediate direction of Gen. R. E. Lee. When we moved again, time was lost in watering the horses—the wagons moved in double lines. The order now was, to get on past Appomattox, a little village of three or four houses, a mile from the Lynchburg railroad. The regiments were closing up, when suddenly the scream of a shell developed artillery practice in the neighborhood of the depot.

It was hammer and tongs down there—shell at short range. Custar was after the artillery train in advance, sixty pieces, and the three batteries left to hold it were the La. Washington Artillery; the Donaldsonville cannoniers, Creoles, exclusively of La., and a Virginia battery attached to our brigade.

The roar of the batteries was incessant. They were holding the dismounted cavalry in check. By the light of the moon there seemed to be a lull in the attack; but before our men could get to the guns, the enemy charged among them suddenly, but were driven back by the fire and rush, though taking some of our men prisoners—among others, Capt. Hankins of the Va Battery, who got away. Our men fell in between the guns, and then begun one of the closest artillery fights for the number engaged and the time it lasted, that occurred during the war. The guns were fought literally to the muzzles. It was dark by this time, and every cannon was ablaze from touch hole to mouth, as well as the small arms of some three or four hundred men packed in among the guns, in a very confined space. It seemed like the very jaws of the lower regions. They made three distinct charges, preluding always with the bugle on the right, left and centre, and thus confusing the point of attack; then a cheer and up they came. It was too dark to see anything under the shadows of the trees, but the long dark lines. They would get within thirty or forty yards from the gun and then roll back, under the deadly fire that was poured upon them from the artillery and small arms. In addition to the other extraordinary and infernal noises of the occasion, the scream of an engine was heard as a train rushed up almost among us, and sounded on the night air as if the devil himself had come up, and was about to join in what was going on. Then came a lull; our friends in front seemed to have had the wire edge taken off.

The great object that remained for us, was to draw off the guns, if possible, now night had set in, from the depot, and get them back with the rest of the train, in the line of retreat.

The guns were limbered up and moved off at once, it being but a few hundred yards to the main road. The silence of the guns soon told the enemy what was going on, and they were not long in following after; our men facing to the rear, delivered their fire steadily, effectually keeping off a rush; they pressed us, but cautiously. The darkness concealed our numbers.

We were going through an open field, and came now to a road through a narrow piece of woods, where we broke from line into column, and double quicked

it through the woods, so as to get to the road beyond. Before we got to the turnpike, we heard the bugles of the enemy down it, and as the head of our column came into the road, their cavalry charged the train, some two or three hundred yards below us.

Sixty pieces of cannon (the remainder of Lee's guns,) were at the point when we came into the road. The drivers were attempting to turn back towards the Court House—had got entangled with one another, and presented a scene of utter confusion.

In passing from the old field, where the guns had been at work, into the woods that separated it from the turnpike, two men were walking just in front of me, following their guns, which were on before. I heard one say, "*Tout perdu*." I asked at once "What battery do you belong to?" "Donaldsonville." It was the Creole Company: and they might well have added the other words of the great Francis, after the battle of Pavia, "*Tout perdu fors l'honneur*," all lost but honor; for well had they done their work from sixty-one, when they came to Virginia until now, when all was lost, "*Tout perdu*." It was the motto of the occasion.

The stag was in the toils, but the end was not yet: we would hear the rush, the shouts and pistol shots, when the enemy mounted and in force had attacked the train; the artillerymen having no arms could make no fight, as they could not use their pieces. We could do nothing (being closely pressed by a superior force of their dismounted men,) but fall back upon the town toward our main body, making the best front we could, leaving the road and marching under cover of the timber on the side. Being on foot, gave us a better position to resist any attack that might be made upon us by the cavalry.

The following, is from Lt. Col. W. M. Owen's Journal from which much of the preceding details of the retreat has already been drawn:

On the 8th, we halted just before day, to rest an hour or two, near New Store—in road to Lynchburg. We resumed march at day light, and camped at night on Rocky Run, one mile from Appomattox, C. H.

At Amelia Court House, most of the Army was sent off by another road, under charge of Gen. Walker, Chief of Artillery, to try to reach Danville to recruit horses.

This afternoon, heavy firing heard in the direction of Appomattox Station. After bivouacking—Lieut. Norcomb, 4th Co. Washington Artillery, and other officers of same Battalion, rode up and reported the whole artillery reserve under Walker, cut off and destroyed near Appomattox Station. The Washington Artillery have buried and destroyed their guns, and gone to the mountains. No formal surrender of the men with Gen. Lee took place. Some of them succeeded in reaching President Davis, and acting as his body guard.\*

The names of the Louisiana Artillery, who acted as Presidential body-guard, were; C. H. C. Brown, Lieut. Commanding; Sergeant, W. G. Coyle, 3rd Company; Corporals, J. F. Lilly, 4th Company; W. A. McRay, 1st Company; L. D. Porter, La. Guards Artillery; W. R. Payne, C. A. Longue, La. Guard Artillery; G. A. Weber, 2nd Company; T. J. Lazzare, 4th Company; T. J. Domerty, La. Guard Artillery; R. Wilkerson, J. B. McMullin, 1st Company; McDonald, Webster, Davis, 4th Company.

\* WASHINGTON, GA., May 3rd, 1865.

LIEUT. BROWN, *Washington Artillery*.

MY DEAR SIR,

The President directs me to return to you his heartfelt thanks for the valuable services rendered him, by yourself and the gallant men under your command, as part of his escort.

Very Truly Yours,

WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON.

*Col. and A. D. C.*

We fired our last shot to day, after three years nine months service, since the first shot was fired at Bull-Run.

Gen. Gordon is fighting the enemy in front. We are massed in a sort of natural basin. High land encircles us.

Gordon captures two Napoleon Guns from the Federals.

Gordon can't hold out any longer, and Lee orders the token of surrender, the white flag, "to be raised.

The Army of Northern Virginia is no more.\*

Lee had but 8000 men with arms in their hands this morning. We are surrounded by more than 100,000 of the enemy.

\*The Louisiana troops at the surrender, were extremely reduced in number, as indeed was the case with every other brigade. This was owing partly to the many desperate charges which they had made, partly to having once neglected while on picket duty on the Rapidan, the etiquette of retiring when confronted by the enemy in overwhelming force. The picket line was overrun, held by them and N. C. troops after they had been cut off from the pontoon bridge, and the men were all gobbled up who could not swim back. Hays who had been presiding at a court-martial, galloped over the pontoon, under a heavy fire, just at the right moment to be regularly in for it. His horse had become meanwhile so frantic, from the bullets, or from the sword in Hays' hand, that he could not have surrendered if he would. There was nothing left him but to pop spurs to the beast and ride through the enemy's line and over the bridge, which was now in the enemy's hands. His escape from the volleys fired at him was almost miraculous. Col. Eugene Waggoner, who marched straight up to the enemy's batteries at Malvern Hill, was in command on the day of Lee's surrender, and the addresses of Gen. Gordon and Evans, made to the command through him were extremely touching.

To show what service these troops did, it may be stated, that about 16,000 men all told, followed the brigade colors. Of those who can now be found in the city, it is thought that 800 would be a large estimate. Lt. Col. L. Power of that command, has kindly furnished the subjoined additional list of names—all he could remember, ten years after the Brigade's disbandment, of those who followed its marches: Col. Monaghan, killed; Col. Jos. Hanlon, since dead; Col. D. B. Penn, Col. James Neligan, since dead; Col. Noland, killed; Col. T. G. Hunt; Col. Henry Forno, since dead; Col. Peck; Col. Alcibiade DeBlanc; Capt. Louis Prados, commanding much of the time from loss of life of regimental and brigade officers of 2nd Brigade; John M. Leggett, killed; Lt. Col. H. D. Monier; Adjutant Mills, 10th; Adjutant A. Marks, now pastor of Trinity Church; Capt. Wm. P. Harper, Adjutant General; Capt. Dave Merrick, Adjutant General; Major New; Capt. Jos. Witherup, since dead; Capt. Levi T. Jennings, since dead; Capt. McClellan, killed in battle; Major Andrew Brady; Lieut. Col. R. A. Wilkinson, killed in battle; Brig. Gen. Nichols; Brig. Gen. Stafford, killed in battle; Col. Williams of 2nd Regiment, killed in battle; Capt. Ashbridge; Capt. Bowman; Lieuts., Condon, Lockwood, Cady; Capt. McChesney; Capt. W. T. Scovell; Lieut. Crain; Capt. Brigham; Lieut. Davenport; Capt. Jonte, killed in battle; Col. Zebulon Yorke, afterwards Brig. General; Col. V. Zulakowski; Capt. Thomas G. Morgan, and George Morgan; Major Toler; Capt. John Leach, Egan, and Murphy.

MUSTER ROLL  
OF THE  
WASHINGTON ARTILLERY  
OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

*From May 27th, 1861, to April 8th, 1865.*

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STAFF.

- J. B. Walton, Major; promoted to Colonel; made Chief of Artillery Army of the Potomac; Nov. '61, Chief of Artillery Longstreet's Corps; appointed by Secretary of War Inspector-General of Field Artillery; recommended twice by Generals Beauregard and Longstreet for promotion to Brig. Gen. of Artillery; resigned July, 1864.
- B. F. Eshleman, Captain Fourth Company; May, 1861, wounded at Bull Run; promoted Major of Artillery, 1863; promoted Lieut. Colonel of Artillery, vice Colonel Walton, April, 1864.
- W. M. Owen, Adjutant First Lieut.; promoted Major of Artillery, August, '63; assigned Chief of Artillery Preston's Division, Army of Tennessee; re-assigned to Washington Artillery, April '64, as second field officer; wounded at Petersburg, August, 1864; promoted to Lieut. Colonel, '65; commanded the Battalion at the surrender of Lee's Army, April, 1865.
- M. B. Miller, Captain Third Company; May '61, promoted to Major of Artillery; assigned to Va. Battalion; re-assigned to B. W. A. January, 1864.
- E. J. Kursheedt, promoted Adjutant B. W. A.
- E. S. Drew, Surgeon, present with the command in all its marches and battles to the close of the war
- Jos. T. Aby, promoted Assistant Surgeon, Feb., '63.
- C. H. Slocomb, Q. M. May, '61; resigned Nov., '61; Captain commanding Fifth Company W. A. of Western Army.
- A. G. Geiger, A. Q. M. May, '61.
- C. L. C. Dupuy, Sergt. Major; May, '61, promoted to Lieut. of Artillery at Vicksburg.
- W. A. Randolph, promoted Sergt. Major.
- B. L. Brazleman, Ordnance Officer, May, '61.

## ROLL OF FIRST COMPANY.

Captain Harry M. Isaacson, resigned August, '61. First Lieutenant, C. W. Squires, promoted to Captain, September, '61; to Major, January, '64. First Lieutenant, John B. Richardson, promoted to Captain; assigned to Second Company, June, '62. Second Lieutenant Geiger, detailed in Q. M. Dept. First Sergeant, Ed. Owen, promoted to First Lieut. September, '61; promoted to Captain, January, '64. Sergeant John M. Galbraith, promoted to Second Lieut. Nov. '61; promoted First Lieut. December, '61; died of wound received at battle of Drury's Bluff, May, '61. Sergeant C. H. C. Brown, promoted to First Sergeant, October, '61; to Second Lieut., May, '61. Sergeant C. L. C. Dupuy, promoted Sergeant-Major, May, '61. Corporal Frank D. Ruggles, killed at Fredericksburg, Dec. '62. Corporal E. C. Payne, Jr., promoted Second Sergeant, Oct. '61; discharged Feb. '62. Corporal Wm. Fellowes, Jr., returned to his ranks at his own request, Aug. '61. F. F. Case, returned to his ranks at his own request, Oct. '61; promoted to Corporal, April, '63; to Sergeant, October, '64. Private Thos. Y. Aby, promoted to Corporal, Oct. '61; to Sergeant, Oct. '61; to First Sergeant, July, '62; to Assistant Surgeon, Feb. '63. Richard Aby. Saml. Aby. R. H. Alsobrook, blown up on a caisson in Maryland, Sept. '62, severely wounded. Jos. H. Berthelot, discharged Feb. '64. R. J. Ball, transferred to McGregor's Horse Artillery, Nov. '64. S. A. Baillio. H. P. Bayley. W. H. Blount, promoted to Corporal, Oct. '64. Jno. Bozant. L. L. Brown. Jno. Bare. W. Chambers, killed at Rappahannock Station, Aug. '62. H. Chambers, died at Camp Hollins, Va., Dec. '61. C. Chambers, wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept. '62; lost portion of his hand. Geo. Chambers, killed at Drury's Bluff, May, '64. A. F. Coste, wounded at Fredericksburg; died Dec. '62. E. A. Cowen, promoted Capt. Q. M., B. W. A. Nov. '61; resigned, June, '62. J. B. Cleveland, transferred to Second Company, Dec. '61. S. M. D. Clark. W. L. Clark. W. T. Cummings, detailed in Richmond. E. Collins. Thos. Carter, captured at Petersburg, Sept. '64. C. E. Caylat. Geo. B. DeRussy, promoted to Sergeant, Oct. '61; to Second Lieut. July, '62; transferred to Second Company. R. N. Davis, Jr., transferred to Fourth Company. Geo. Dupré. C. W. Deacon, transferred from Third Company, April, '62; promoted to Q. M. Sergeant, and captured June, '64, at Petersburg. C. A. Every, wounded at Fredericksburg, Dec. '62; at Fredericksburg, May, 1863; at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864. L. G. Elfer, transferred to Third Company. W. R. Falconer, promoted to Corporal, April, '62; transferred to Second Louisiana Cavalry, February, '64. C. A. Falconer, transferred from Third Company, June, '61; killed December, '62, at Fredericksburg. P. O. Fazende, transferred from Third Company, June, '61; promoted to Corporal, April, '63; to Sergeant, July, '63; captured at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864; returned having escaped, November, '64. John R. Fell, wounded at Rappahannock, Aug., '62; discharged. H. C. Florence. J. E. Florence, killed at Fredericksburg, May '63. F. H. Fowler, wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept., '62; detailed, Q. M. Dept. M. Fisher. J. Frolick, jr. Paul Grima, G. B. Genin, promoted to Corporal, April, '64. D. H. Garland. Wm. H. Hardie, promoted to Corporal, Oct., '61; to Sergt., July, '62; to First Sergt., Sept., '64. S. Harrison, promoted to Corporal, Oct., '64. J. R. Harby. T. P. Hall. E. Morgan Harris, killed at Petersburg, July, '64. J. Horrock. G. M. Judd, promoted to Sergt., Oct. '61; killed at Sharpsburg, Sept., '62. J. E. Jarreau, discharged, Feb., '62; J. U. Jarreau. H. O. Janin, wounded at Fredericksburg. G. D. P. Jones. Thos. P. Jones. E. T. Kursheedt, promoted to Corporal, Oct., '61; to Sergeant-Major, April, '63; to Adjutant, with rank of Lieutenant. J. W. Kearny, discharged, April, '62. Herman Ross, killed at Rappahannock, August, '62.

E. F. Keplinger. D. Kilpatrick. L. Labarre, transferred to Third Company. Frank Lobrano. T. J. Lutman, promoted to Corporal, April, '63; killed at Fredericksburg, May, '63. A. M. Lappington, detailed in Montgomery, Alabama. E. Levy. P. Leahy. John R. McGaughy, promoted to Sergeant, March, '62; to First Sergeant, April, '63; to Second Lieutenant, September, '64. S. M. G. Mount, caisson ran over his leg, August, '63; retired by Medical Executive Board, October, '64. J. P. Manico, discharged, January, '62. J. Muntinger, wounded at Sharpsburg, September, '62; died October at Winchester. A. M. Moore. R. F. Marshall, killed at Rappahannock, Aug. '62, by explosion of his gun. Geo. Maxent. Geo. W. Muse, killed at Bull Run, July, '61. W. Moran. P. A. J. Michel, wounded at Sharpsburg. T. M. McRobert, discharged Aug. '62. W. Mains, killed, July, '64. A. Micou, promoted to First Lieut. on Gen. Fry's Staff, May, '64. H. H. Marks. J. L. Mathews, detailed to Med. Dep. B. W. A. N. Milhardo, discharged July, '62. Jos. Meyers, detailed to Med. Dep. B. W. A. J. McCormick. W. J. McLean. J. B. McCutcheon, wounded at Sharpsburg, lost his arm. W. P. McGehee. J. B. McMillan. H. C. McClellan, died at Petersburg, Nov. '64. A. G. McCorkle. W. A. McRae, promoted to Corporal, Oct. '64. C. M. McIntire. W. T. Norment, promoted to Sergeant, April, '63. E. S. Ogden, promoted Second Lieutenant First La. Artillery, April, '64. J. W. Outlaw, captured at Gettysburg, July, '64. W. F. Perry, discharged by Medical Board, April, '64. J. N. Payne, promoted to Sergeant, July, '62; transferred to Major Byren's Battalion Artillery, March, 1864. L. Parson. N. B. Phelps, detailed Nov. '64. D. Pendegrass. R. Pollard, detailed Nov. '64. E. Peychaud, wounded at Drury's Bluff, det. in Richmond. H. Peychaud, killed at Drury's Bluff. C. Peychaud, detailed by Med. Board. C. Rossiter, wounded at Drury's Bluff, retired by Medical Board, Oct. '64. J. E. Rodd, wounded at Fredericksburg, detailed. M. Ranch. E. Niviere, captured at Gettysburg. John Richardson, det. Q. M. D. Jas. Reddington, killed at Rappahannock, Aug. '62. R. McK. Spearing, promoted to Corporal, '62; killed at Fredericksburg, Dec., '62. F. A. St. Amant, discharged, July, '61; disability. W. T. Saul. C. N. B. Street, transferred to Moody's Battery, July, '62. Ph. Seibrecht. P. D. Simmons, killed at Drury's Bluff, '64. W. W. Spencer. Frank Sagee. T. S. Turner, promoted Corporal, '63. S. Turner, promoted Corporal, April, '64; wounded at Drewry's Bluff. John A. Tarleton, discharged, July, '62, special order Secretary war. J. M. Turpin. W. E. Fowles, killed, Railroad accident, March, '63. F. Villasana. Van Vinson, promoted to Corporal, July, '63; to Sergt., April, '64. H. Whitcomb, killed, July, '64. E. V. Wiltz, discharged. C. R. Walden, killed at Drury's Bluff, May, '64. W. H. West, promoted to Corporal, May, '62; to Sergt., April, '63; killed at Fredericksburg, May, '63. John A. Wayne. J. V. Webb, discharged, May, '62. T. J. Wilson. B. Woodward. J. E. Woodward. H. S. Wilkinson. J. N. White, detailed. H. L. Zebal, discharged by Med. Board, May, '64. L. E. Zebal, discharged, furnished a substitute. S. G. Stewart, J. Scott. J. A. O'Neal, discharged, April, '64. John Charlesworth. H. Collins. John Eshman. John Earls, died in hospital. John Farrell. W. Farrell. E. Gallagher. J. L. Hock, promoted to Quarter Master Sergeant, September, '64. M. Hock, detailed in Ord. Department. J. Hammel, discharged, June, '62; Surgeon's certificate. J. Jacobs, detailed Medical Department. Jas. Kinney, died from wound received at Fredericksburg, December, 62. John Krafts, detailed to Ordnance Department. F. Lester. J. S. Lehman, transferred to Second Company. J. Lenon, transferred to Second Company. B. D. F. McKesson. J. A. McCormick. Wm. Oliver. Chas. Rush, transferred to Second Company. E. W. Smith. Jas. Smith. A. Szar. F. Schmarbeck. H. L. Allain. John Bachr. J. J. Norment, promoted to Corporal, October, '64; wounded at Drury's Bluff.

*Names of Wounded omitted in above Roll.*

Captain E. Owen, at Sharpsburg and Drury's Bluff. Lieutenant C. H. C.



Brown, severely wounded, left on the field, and captured at Gettysburg. W. R. Falkner, at Rappahannock and Fredericksburg. W. R. Fell, at Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg. W. H. Hardie, at Fredericksburg. J. R. Harby, at Fredericksburg. C. J. Kursheedt, Sharpsburg, '62. A. Micou, Fredericksburg, '62. Jos. Myers, Drury's Bluff. N. B. Phelps, at Drury's Bluff. C. Rossiter, Fredericksburg and at Drury's Bluff. P. S. Turner at Rappahannock Station. Van Vinson, at Gettysburg. T. J. Wilson, at Drury's Bluff. H. S. Wilkinson, Drury's Bluff. A. L. Zehal, at Bull Run and at Williamsport, Md. John Charlesworth, at Fredericksburg, '62. C. Rush, Fredericksburg, '62.

The above statement has been taken from the Historical Record furnished to the War Department C. S., January 1st, 1865, and is correct and as full as can possibly be made from that Record.

LT. C. H. C. BROWN,  
*Ranking Officer 1st Co. B. W. A.<sup>c</sup>*

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 2d, 1874.

## ROLL OF SECOND COMPANY.

Lieutenant C. C. Lewis, commanding Company, May, '61; resigned, Aug. '61. Capt. Thos. L. Rosser, promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of Artillery; wounded at Mechanicsville. Captain J. B. Richardson, assigned to Company, June, '62. First Lieutenant Sam. J. McPherson, resigned August, 1861. Cuthbert H. Slocomb, promoted to First Lieutenant; resigned November, 1861. Second Lieutenant Samuel Hawes, promoted to First Lieutenant, December 1861. Second Lieutenant J. D. Britton, wounded at Sharpsburg, September, 1862. Second Lieut. Geo. B. DeRussy, promoted from Sergeant First Company, and assigned by Col. Walton, July, '62; wounded at Chancellorville, May, 1863. (Cadet) F. H. Wigfall, relieved from duty with company, June, 1862, by order No. 137. First Sergeant Jos. H. DeGrange. First Sergeant A. A. Brinsmade, promoted to Second Lieut. of Artillery. First Sergeant A. G. Knight. Serg. Gustave Aime. Sergeant H. C. Wood, discharged October, 1861, by order of Secretary of War. Sergeant C. Huchez. Sergeant Charles E. Leverich, appointed First Lieutenant P. A. C. S. July, 1863, by order of Secretary of War. Sergeant Jules Freret. J. W. Emmett, appointed First Lieut. P. A. C. S., July, '63, by Sec'y of War. A. G. Knight, promoted to Orderly, Nov. 1863. Geo. E. Strawbridge, appointed Second Lieutenant P. A. C. S., March, '68, by Sec'y of War. Sergeant W. A. Randolph, promoted to Sergeant Major, Sept. '63. Sergeant Walter J. Hare, wounded at Sharpsburg. Sergeant Ed. L. Hall. Sergeant Thos. H. Fuqua. Sergeant John W. Parsons. Corporal James D. Edwards, discharged December, 1861. B. N. L. Hutton, discharged July, 1861, by order of Gen. Beauregard. Samuel Hawes, promoted Second Lieut. Nov. '61. Corporal T. B. White, discharged Nov'r '62. A. G. Knight, promoted to Sergt. Feb., '62. W. A. Randolph, promoted to Sergt., April, '63. Ed. L. Hall, promoted to Sergt., August, '63; wounded at Williamsport, July, '63. Thos. H. Fuqua, promoted to Sergt., Nov., '63. Jno. W. Parsons, captured at Gettysburg, July, 5th, exchanged; promoted to Sergt., Nov. '63. S. Isaac Meyers, killed at Petersburg, August, '64. E. J. Jewell, wounded at Williamsport, July, 6th, '63; died at Williamsport, July, 19th, '63. Stephen Chalaron, wounded at Gettysburg, July, '63; captured, exchanged; promoted to First Lieut. in Nit. & Min. Bureau, May, '64. L. C. Woodville, wounded at Petersburg, June, '64. Jno. Howard Goodin, wounded at Drury's Bluff, May, 1864; promoted to Ordnance Sergt., June, '64. C. C. Twichell. Thos. H. Suter. J. F. Randolph. E. D. Patton.

Phil. A. Clagett. John C. Woodville. G. W. Humphries. Q. M. Sergeant Josh DeMeza. J. S. Bradley. Artificers—Leonard Craig. James Keating. Jno. W. Dempsey, transferred to Third Company, June, '63. Privates—Fred. Alewelt, wounded at Sharpsburg, died at Shepardstown, Sept., '62. Randolph Axon, detailed in Richmond, Oct., '62. E. D. Augustus. Geo. Alpin. — Almunding, killed at Petersburg. F. P. Buckner, transferred to Fifth Regiment, April, '62. A. R. Blakely, wounded Second Manassas, August, 30th, '63; captured August, '63; exchanged and detailed in Treasury Department. R. J. Banister, wounded at Williamsport, July, '63; captured, exchanged; drowned while on furlough in Mississippi River, February 8th, '64. J. T. Brentford. E. M. Bee, discharged, Oct. '62. James Brown. James Byrnes. Joe Barr. Patrick Brooks, wounded at Sharpsburg, July, '63. Frank Baker. John S. Bradly, promoted Q. M. Sergt. April, '61. John A. Bloom. Henry Brooks. Stephen W. Britton. J. B. Cleveland, transferred from First Company, appointed Second Lieutenant, P. A. C. S. March, 1863, by Secretary War. W. P. Curtis, discharged. H. D. Coleman, captured at Chancellorville, May, '63; exchanged. Phil. A. Clagett, promoted to Corporal, Oct. '63. H. S. Carey, detailed in Ordnance Department. John A. Coakley, wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863. J. W. Cross, wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863; died August, 1863. W. H. Cantzon, detailed clerk, Gen. Lee's Headquarters, Nov. '64. N. J. Clark. C. A. Duvall, transferred from Fourth Company, July, '61; appointed Second Lieutenant P. A. C. S., March, 1863. A. DeValcourt. Wm. Davis, honorable mention at Second Manassas, August, 1862; wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863. Theo. O. Dyer. Charles Dougherty. Dan J. Driscoll. Thos. W. Dyer. W. E. Florance. Wm. Forest, wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863. Thos. H. Fuqua, transferred from Third Company, July, '61; promoted to Corporal, Nov. '62. L. C. Fallon, wounded. Geo. A. Frierson, wounded at Williamsport, July, '63. Armand Freret, wounded at Sharpsburg, September, 1862; died at Winchester, September, 1862. Jules Freret, wounded at Gettysburg, July '63; died same place. John H. Forshee. Wm. M. Francis, transferred from Watson's Battery, July, '64. Wm. C. Giffen, captured at Chancellorville, May, '63; exchanged. John H. Goodin, promoted to Corporal. August, '63. John M. Greenman, wounded at Bermuda Hundreds, May, 1864. John F. Giffen, wounded at Williamsport, July, 1863. D. Gleason. Geo. Gessner, wounded at Drury's Bluff, May, '64. F. M. Gillespie. Hugh S. Gookin. E. E. Gookin. Jas. A. Hall. Geo. Humphrey, wounded at Williamsport, July, '63; captured, exchanged May, '64. S. C. Hartman, discharged, Oct., '62. J. Hefleigh. Chas. Harris. Chas. Hurley. Alex. Anderson. C. M. Harvey. I. Ichstien. O. Jewell, died, February, 1863. J. Jackson, detailed, May, 1864. D. E. Giggetts, discharged by order, May, 1864. B. C. Jacques. T. R. James. M. Kelly, discharged, May, 1862. B. F. Kirk, wounded at Chancellorville, May, 1863. Wm. Kirk, transferred, June, 1864. R. H. Knox, appointed cadet, P. A. C. S. November, 1864. T. F. Land, discharged. Wm. Little. B. Lynch, discharged, December, 1861. W. Layman, wounded at Gettysburg, died. L. S. Lehman. James Lennon, transferred Feb. '64. A. G. Lobdell, retired December, 1864. M. P. Lapham, wounded, and died at Drury's Bluff, May, '64. P. B. Lynch. J. S. Meyers. J. R. McGowen. W. Mills, detailed Oct. 1863. John Meux, transferred from Fourth Company, July, '61. W. Maroney. J. McCormack. D. T. Moore, died Aug. '64. J. Madden, detailed Feb. '65. L. Miller. B. A. McDonald. W. O. Mallory. W. E. Maynard. H. McGill. H. M. Payne. retired Aug. '64. A. H. Peale, discharged Nov. '61, by order of Gen. Beauregard. William Palfrey, promoted Second Lieut. First Louisiana Artillery. J. C. Purdy, appointed Second Lieut. P. A. C. S., March, '63. W. A. Perrin. J. H. Peebles. I. H. Randolph, killed at Williamsport, July, '63. W. Roth, discharged August, '61. Wm. Rockwell, discharged Dec. '61. J. W. Ridgill. A. G. Ridgill. W. G. Raoul, appointed Capt. A. Q. M., March, 1864. J. L. Richardson. H. D. Summers, captured at Chancellorville, detailed with wounded captured at Williamsport; exchanged May, 1864. W. D. Sayre. A. D. R. Sutton. D. Self. W. H. Simpson. H. C. Twichell, discharged October, '61.

C. C. Twichell, wounded at Williamsport, promoted Corporal, August, 1863. C. A. D. Theineman, discharged, Aug. '62. G. J. Thomas. R. Urquhart, wounded at Petersburg, June, 1864. P. Von Colln, wounded at Chancellorville. L. C. Woodville, promoted to Corporal, April, 1863. W. H. Wilkins. J. Weber. F. Wilson. H. N. White, killed at Second Manassas. T. B. White, promoted to Corporal, December, 1861. F. M. Williams, appointed Second Lieutenant, P. A. C. S. April, 1863. B. Ward, wounded Second Manassas, captured; exchanged. G. Watterston, wounded at Williamsport, captured and died, August, 1863. T. E. Williams, wounded at Gettysburg. G. A. Webre. Chas. Waterson. D. P. White, wounded at Williamsport. — Winter. F. H. H. Walker. H. Berthelot. F. H. Sawyer.

The above statement has been taken from the Historical Record furnished to the War Department C. S., January 1st, 1865, and is correct and as full as can possibly be made from that Record.

JOHN B. RICHARDSON,  
*Captain Commanding at surrender.*

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 5, 1874.

## ROLL OF THIRD COMPANY

Merritt B. Miller, Captain, May, '61; promoted to Major of Artillery, Feb. '64. Andrew Hero, jr., Second Serg. May '61; First Serg. Nov. '61; Second Lieut. May '62; First Lieut. Aug. '62; Capt. Feb. '64; wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept. '62; at Petersburg, April, '65. Jos B. Whittington, First Lieutenant, resigned Louis A. Adam, Second Lieut. resigned Aug. '61; re-enlisted as private. Aug. '61. James Dearing, Second Lieut., promoted to Captain Art'y, April 8, '62. J. J. Garnet, First Lieutenant, assigned to Company July, '61; transferred to Signal Corps, June, '63. Isaac W. Brewer, First Lieutenant, killed at Rappahannock Station. Frank McElroy, First Lieutenant; Geo. McNeill, Second Lieutenant; Charles H. Stocker, Second Lieutenant, wounded at Petersburg, April, '65. First Sergeant John T. Handy. Sergeant Louis Prados, promoted to Lieut. La. Brigade. Sergeant W. A. Collins. Sergeant R. Maxwell, discharged from command. Sergeant W. H. Ellis. Sergeant O. N. DeBlanc. Sergeant W. G. Coyle. Sergeant F. Kremelberg, killed at Petersburg. Sergeant P. W. Pettis. Corporal Ed. J. Jewell. Corporal A. H. Peale. Corporal C. E. Fortier, discharged. Corporal E. W. Morgan. Corporal R. P. Many, died of wounds. Corporal W. Leefe, died in Louisiana Hospital. Corporal A. E. Grimmer. Corporal N. Bartlett. Corporal T. Ballantine. Corporal Samuel Bland. Corporal R. Ballauf. Corporal M. B. Cantrelle. Corporal I. C. Dick. Corporal John R. Porter. Corporal H. J. Phelps. William A. Collins, wounded at Second Manassas, August, 1863. E. Avril, wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept. '61; discharged Dec. '62. John Anderson, transferred from First Company, July, '61. Henry J. Atkins, killed at Sharpsburg, Sept. 1862. Frank M. Andress. J. A. Adde. S. S. Andress. B. L. Braselman, promoted to Ordnance Sergeant Battalion. Robert Bruce, discharged April, '64. Samuel C. Boush, on duty in Quarter Master's Department. J. D. Blanchard, died March, 1864. James C. Bloomfield, detailed to General Magruder's army. Michel A. Becnel, discharged December 1861, by order of Secretary of War. Geo. Bernard, detailed with ambulance. M. Burke. J. P. Benton, captured by enemy, June, '64. Samuel Bland, wounded at Rappahannock, Aug. '62. James

S. Behan, died at Mobile, Ala. Wm. Barton. Jos. Bloom. Rudolph Ballauf, promoted to Corporal, April, '64. Geo. Brady. Geo. B. Behan, died at Culpeper, Sept. '62. C. Bush, injured by falling of a tree, Oct. '62; detailed in Richmond. Ernest Beyer. Charles Brady. Henry G. Brooks. John H. Beaton, wounded at Petersburg, Sept. '64; died Sept. '64. Geo. H. Bryens, killed at Gettysburg, July '63. Lawrence Berry. Richard Bryens. Wm. P. Brewer, promoted to Assistant Surgeon. B. F. Bryan. Robert J. Ball, transferred to First Company. Steve Burke. F. A. Carl, died May 27, 1861. M. W. Cloney, wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept. '62; captured at Gettysburg, July, '63. John H. Colles, discharged Nov. '61, by order Secretary of War. Ernest Charpieux, wounded at Manassas, August 1862; detailed Q. M. Dept., April, '64. W. G. Coyle, promoted to Corporal, Nov. 1861; to Sergt., Oct. 1863. Stephen Chalaron, transferred to Second Company, July, 1861. Wm. Casey, transferred from Second Company, July, 1861. James Crilly, transferred from Second Company, wounded at Rappahannock Station, August, 1862. Frank E. Coyle, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863; killed at Petersburg, April, '65. W. Campbell. Geo. W. Charlton. L. W. Cressy, killed by falling of a tree at Winchester. C. W. Deacon, transferred to First Company. Edward A. Clark. W. W. Charlton. T. S. Collins. J. F. Clark, killed at Gettysburg, July, '63. Jos. H. DeMeza, transferred to Second Company, July, '61. Edward Duncan, captured at Petersburg and exchanged. Fred. Douber, killed at Sharpsburg. J. F. Davis. A. Dumas. James Dolan, died from wound at Rappahannock. August DeBlanc, Isaac C. Dick, promoted to Corporal, October, '64. H. Dietz. Benj. E. Dick, captured at Fredericksburg and exchanged. Armand DeBlanc, discharged May, '63. W. Dennison. Wm. DeLacy. Honoré Doussan. Adolphe Dupré, Jr., wounded and captured at Gettysburg. Louis G. Elfer. Edgar D. Evans. P. O. Fazende. Charles E. Fortier, promoted to Corporal, July, '61; discharged, Sept. 1861. F. P. Fourshee, wounded at Rappahannock. T. H. Fuqua, transferred to Second Company. Otto Frank, wounded at Fredericksburg. René Faisans. Auguste Faisans. Louis E. Guyot. A. E. Grimmer, wounded at Fredericksburg; promoted to Corporal November, '63. Fred. W. Gras. Jno. W. Gore. J. B. Greter. C. A. Gough, wounded at Gettysburg, and died. S. R. Givens, discharged January, '63. Leon M. Gerard. Philibert Gerard. G. A. Grimes. Henry Guillote. F. L. Hubbard, right arm injured, and discharged October, '61. C. Hart, discharged February, '62. John Holmes, jr., wounded at Sharpsburg, and discharged May, '64. John Huisson. John G. Hottinger. Ed. D. Hubbell. Wm. Jones. Wm. N. Johnson. Eugene Joubert, wounded at Rappahannock, and died. Jos. H. Jagot. F. Jourdan. John Jones, captured and escaped July, '64. Joseph Kinslow. S. Kennedy, transferred to Twenty-eighth Louisiana Regiment; resigned, '64. Thos. Kerwin. Damas Kobleur, wounded at Petersburg, October, '64. W. H. Kitchen. R. H. Kitchen. M. Kent. Wm. Leefe, promoted Corporal April, '63; died October, 1864. Ed. Loftus, died February, '63. M. F. Lynch. James Little, died June, '62. G. Leytze, missing after battle of Gettysburg. S. Levy, wounded at Rappahannock; discharged September, '62. J. T. Luddy. John Land. Geo. Land. Gustave Leclere. Eugene Leclere. Charles Lombard, transferred to Fourth Company June, '63. T. Lazzare, died at Petersburg, December, 64. Murville Labarre, died at Petersburg, December 31, '64; E. Labarre, discharged October, '63. Lacesiere Labarre, transferred from First Company September, '63. P. E. Laresche. A. Leefe, wounded at Drury's Bluff. N. Lightbouse. T. M. McFall, promoted to Q. M. Sergeant April, '63. O. McDonald, killed at Rappahannock. J. H. McCartney, wounded at Sharpsburg. J. H. Moore, transferred to 7th Brigade. W. Mills, transferred to Second Company. E. W. Morgan, discharged July, 1861. Robert Maxwell, promoted to Sergeant November, '61; wounded at Rappahannock and discharged '63. A. B. Martin. G. H. Meek, promoted to Ord. Serg. Nov., '63. R. P. Many, Corporal, April, '63; wounded, captured and died at Fredericksburg, May, '63. C. B. Marmillon, discharged '62, by Secretary of War. G. W. Massy, wounded at Sharpsburg; died September, '62. John C.

Murphy. Henry A. Madden, killed at Drury's Bluff, May, '64. E. L. Mahen. S. W. Noyes. Albert Norcom, transferred to Fourth Company. J. S. Nesbitt, discharged May, '62. L. T. Noyes. W. P. Noble. T. Nulty. F. Ozanne, captured and escaped at Hagerstown, '63. Peyton W. Pettis, promoted Corporal July, '62; wounded at Rappahannock and Sharpsburg; promoted Sergeant, '64. Jno. R. Porter, promoted Corporal August, '64; wounded at Petersburg, Oct. '64. H. J. Phelps, Corporal, April 1863; wounded at Fredericksburg, 1862. Abraham B. Phillips. Geo. A. Peirce. Paul T. Patin. Jas. W. Price. Wm. F. Pinckard, wounded at Petersburg. Wm. M. Pinckard. C. P. Russell. Sam'l Rousseau, wounded at Petersburg. J. F. Randolph, transferred to Second Company. Charles Raymond. H. Rideau, killed at Gettysburg. F. Ruleau, wounded and died at Gettysburg. E. Riviere. Jules A. A. Rousseau. G. D. Robinson, severely wounded by capsizing of a cannon, fourth of July, 1863. Frank Shaw, jr., discharged by Secretary of War. Chas. H. Stocker, promoted Corporal, June, 1862; Sergeant, July, 1862; captured at Gettysburg, July, '63; elected Second Lieutenant, March, '63. S. G. Saunders, wounded at Sharpsburg. Charles Smith, captured at Petersburg, June, 1864. A. Seicshnaydre, Leon Seicshnaydre. S. B. Slade. C. G. Smelser. T. W. Smith. R. Smith. H. D. Summers, transferred to Second Company. Wm. S. Toledano, discharged September, 1861. E. Toledano, discharged September, 1861. Howard Tully, wounded at Bull Run and Fredericksburg. Ralph Turnell, discharged November, 1862. Hugh Thompson, killed at Rappahannock. James Tully, wounded at Rappahannock. G. J. Thomas. Walter A. Tew. Victor R. Tisdale. John Trémé. Oswald J. Toledano, killed at Petersburg. Ernest Vidal. J. W. White. Thos. E. Williamson. W. Williamson. W. J. B. Watson, transferred to Fourth Company. J. N. White, transferred to Fourth Company. J. W. Dempsey, transferred to Second Company. Geo. Pielert. W. D. Holmes, transferred to Second Company. Tom Nugent. James Keating, transferred to Second Company.

The above roll is copied correctly from the historical records of the Third Company of the Washington Artillery, and contains all details as to members of the Company.

A. HERO, JR.,

*late Capt. Com'd'g 3d Co. B. W. A.*

## ROLL OF FOURTH COMPANY

Captain Jos. Norcom; First Lieut. H. A. Battles; Second Lieuts., G. E. Apps, W. J. Behan; Sergeants—1st, J. S. Fish; 2d, J. C. Wood; 3d, J. W. Wilcox; 4th, B. F. Weidler; 5th, J. B. Valentine. Quartermaster—S. T. Haile. Corporals—F. A. Brode, O. S. Babcock, B. Hufft, J. F. Lilly, Geo. Montgomery. R. S. Burke, F. W. Ames, Geo. E. W. Wilkinson. Privates—Geo. Anderson, J. S. Allen, Jos. Adams, O. W. Adams, P. M. Baker, Lewis Baker, H. H. Baker, A. Banksmith, Jas. Bateman, F. A. Behan, Jas. Borland, Chas. M. Byrne, A. Boucher, J. W. Burke, L. W. Clayton, W. P. Creecy, O. E. Cook, Thos. Carey, Wm. Cary, Wm. Curley, J. M. Cox, Denis J. Cronan, E. Condon, A. S. Cowand, Chas. Cowand, B. Chapman, R. N. Davis, W. Deninson, W. R. Dirke, R. Davidson, Jas. D. Edwards, Jno. Fowlkes, Jno. Fagan, W. S. Fell, J. J. Farrell, R. H. Gray, G. C. Gregory, E. F. Gubernator, J. G. Hood, Thos. Herbert, Sam'l E. Holt, W. McC. Holmes, W. W. Jones, A. C. Jones, I. Jessup, F. Jordan, M. J. Kinney, M. Keegan, F. Langdon, Chas. Lake, J. R. Land, Theo. Lazzarre, Dupre Lazzarre, P. J. Lavery, C. W. Marston, E. A. Mellard, Wm. Martin, R. F.

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F. Moore, R. McDonald, Jno. McManus, B. Marisoli, H. Mayer, C. McGregor, A. Norcom, D. Nolan, Thos. Norris, A. L. Plattsmier, Chas. Palfrey, D. W. Pipes, H. T. Peak, Jno. Pheiffer, J. M. Rohbock, M. J. Ryan, G. Reynolds, W. Redmond, L. Reney, Louis Roesch, J. H. Smith, J. H. Stone, Jno. Schekler, A. Soniat, Chas. Smelzer, A. Shew, W. N. Stuart, E. Terrebonne, A. F. Vass, H. F. Wilson, Geo. Walker, G. W. Wood, P. N. Wood, J. J. Wall, Jno. Wilson, W. J. B. Watson. Artificers—Levi Callahan, J. McDonald.

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The above roll has been taken by me from the records of the Washington Artillery, and I certify that the same is as full and correct as it can be made.

WM. J. BEHAN,  
*Ranking Officer of 4th Co. B. W. A.*

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For the muster roll of the Fifth Company, see p. 150. Of the remnants of the four companies in Virginia, forty-five escaped under Major Miller, (the horses having been cut from their harness,) by way of Lynchburg and the mountains, to Johnston's army in North Carolina, Capt. Chas. A. Green, of the Louisiana Guard Artillery, and some of the Donaldsonville Artillery, under Lieutenant Prospere Landry, among the number. Major Moses says, in reference to the Confederate gold which was placed in his hands, and which had followed President Davis to Washington, Ga.: "I employed four young men of the Washington Artillery, to guard the gold and accompany me to Augusta. There were a great many cavalry and straggling soldiers prowling about, and on the train they made what was then called several 'charges' upon the gold, which, with the assistance of Col. Sanford, of Montgomery, and Private Shepherd, of Texas, were successfully resisted." Whatever became of the gold, after it was honorably placed by Major Moses in Federal hands for the relief of wounded soldiers, has never yet been ascertained.

The very last battle fought, or regular engagement during the war, took place on the night of the 16th of April, at Columbus, Ga., at which time that town was captured and 1,200 Confederate soldiers made prisoners. Three of the Washington Artillery, \* Adams, Cummings and Bartlett, the first and last of whom had fired the first guns at Bull Run, were present at the night attack, and made prisoners, the last named three times during the night.

\* The following is one of the orders still in existence :

HEADQUARTERS CAMP RENDEZVOUS, BATTERY DIVISION, }  
 COLUMBUS, GA., April, 16th, 1865. }

Corporal N. Bartlett, having reported to me for duty, will hold himself subject to my orders, mounted.

V. H. TALIAFERRO.  
*Colonel Commanding.*



APPENDIX.

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CAMP STORIES

AND

TALES OF THE CRESCENT CITY

BEFORE AND SINCE THE WAR.

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The stories which follow, are added to the edition intended for subscribers, at the request of old army friends, who are disposed to see them again, rather as awakening old associations, than from any value of their own. In explanation, it may be stated, that they were most of them in their original shape put together while living in small tents, around camp-fires, or read aloud during the intervals of guard mounting, and that they and in consequence their author came to be one of the standing jokes of camp; the listeners always affecting to weep and blow their noses over the humorous passages, while roars of laughter would be pretty apt to follow where any effort was made at sentiment. The cynical taint which runs through them with such critics, will need no other explanation. An additional reason for the presence of this collection, is, that the incidents of four of the stories might have been incorporated in the body of the narrative; one of them (p. 70,) being an account of the violent death of Major Prados, an old member of the Washington Artillery, an event which excited much interest at the time; and another, (The Homeward Journey, p. 59,) being almost literal account of travel made in company with Maj. Nelligan, Fred. Gruber, Jack Wagener and other old friends in the memorable last year of the war. "Under the Yoke," (p. 83,) was New Orleans, as it was misgoverned immediately upon our return, and as it has been ever since.





# AN OLD FAMILY HISTORY.

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[It has not been long since the public of this city were agitated about the arrest of a lady, supposed to be of position and fashion, and that this incarceration formed for several days the principal and almost the only topic of conversation. The fact that it had occurred in one of the most public restaurants of the city added to the interest. By the journals at the time it was variously spoken of as an outrage of the police on one side, and as a violation of received usage on the other, though without, as it now appears, either side knowing much about the matter. Whispers were heard of enormous bribes offered to prevent incarceration or the knowledge of the fact becoming known—of the delirium of passion with which the event was attended when finally the incarceration was made—and of the suppression of names, even by mutilating the records. As a curious history in this and preceding particulars, now that the veil of secrecy is no longer needed, and as a justification of the character of the Recorder at the time attacked; lastly, to banish from conversation the absurd statements of the gossips and sensation-seekers who affected to know most about the matter, the following facts have been arranged in what may be called a rounded story. They were originally indorsed, as given below, for the purpose of serving as a prologue or introductory chapter to a fictional work prepared about this city, (never published,) and for a certain coldness of tone and absence of warmth of coloring, this must be its excuse. The absence, too, of details, which gives, in places, baldness to the account, and makes it appear too crowded, must also be explained by the time covered by the narrative. A few obvious discrepancies and almost bodily excerpts from publications made years ago, will, in a story of this sort, need no excuse.]

It is in our own meridional city of the Great River and Gulf Coast that this story opens—in one of its oldest faubourgs. It is in a portion that was once prosperous, but which is now either depopulated or abandoned to its former servile population. Its glory has departed and its business has fled to other quarters. The cobble stones have become worn and uneven—the grass grows thickly between, and houses with placards dangling from the balconies and inscribed with *chambre a louer*—show by what class they are occupied and the scarcity of tenants. The population now is generally disreputable. Its history is made up in Coroner's inquests and police court reports.

Still you cannot help feeling interested in the suburb with its air of faded gentility, its hints of past wealth and prosperity. The old houses leave impressions that you are unable to shake off.

If, for instance, you have ever rode or promenaded through Desoto street, you must have particularly been struck with the old Charlorais house. But half inhabited and thoroughly dilapidated, it tells plainly, without any questioning, that the fortunes of the founder have either been scattered, or what is more likely, that the original possessors have disappeared and become forgotten altogether. The observer would pronounce it the embodiment of all sombre-looking and faded old family residences.

The frequent arches by which the outer walls of the building are perforated, tell of its age and of its Spanish architecture; but these have become mildewed and mouldering, and a high lattice fence still surrounding it appears as if endeavoring to screen it from observation. A thick growth, too, of orange, banana and other evergreen trees, and which almost embower it in the dark green shade, adds to this impression.

The very atmosphere about the place is melancholy. You readily guess that its walls never echo to the tread of revelry or pleasanter music, the rustle of a woman's dress. The household gods have in fact vanished—the private residence has degenerated into a disreputable restaurant, and a lurid lamp, with the inscription of "Entrance to Families," warns every happily married couple to escape from the neighborhood as speedily as possible.

What causes the house to be remembered is that it was once the residence of a family of some note, but which, like many others of that day, are now almost forgotten. It has suffered the fortunes of the street and quarter, after standing as the synonym of the fashions and follies, the virtues and crimes of several generations. The name has disappeared except in connection with some similar old building or street, and is scarcely mentioned except in answer by old citizens to inquiries from the curious.

Its present obscurity is difficult to be realized, after hearing of what was its importance so short a time ago.

Once having controlled wealth, one wonders what ill-omened qualities led the possessor to lose it, or why the influence that wealth ordinarily commands in times of prosperity in making friends did not prevent a name from passing altogether out of memory. But families decay as often through their generous qualities as they do through their vices. The open-hearted possessor of wealth who stands forward as the redresser of wrong, and whose means are ever at the command of his friends, is in constant danger of parting with means and friends altogether.

To some extent mistakes of this sort may have affected their worldly prosperity. But with their nobler qualities were mixed vices of a positive nature—sufficient in themselves to have

brought on ruin. The wealthy descendant degenerated from the energetic ancestor. Estates that were inherited, and which were so valuable that it is difficult to understand by what course of folly they could have been squandered—passed from their hands never to return. For a time it was sustained by its past social position by appointment to offices obtained through friends. Once by the great beauty and accomplishments of its female members it was enabled by fortunate marriages to regain some of its wealth. But it remained only momentarily, and with its final disappearance, the name seemed to go down and die out all at once. This was accounted for by several dark actions which sullied its records. A beautiful girl connected with the family, it was whispered, had had a history similar to that of Beatrice Cenci. One of the name had been tried for murder, and had exhausted his means in establishing his innocence. Another had become the jest of the town from his philosophical ideas upon the subject of marriage; and lastly, the head of the family had failed, and had lost what money had thus far remained.

Mlle Isaure Charlorais was the last of the name who occupied much of the attention of the world. Her history commenced when the family greatness was at its zenith. She was born with wealth and position, and her beauty is spoken of as of that remarkable kind that it amounted to fascination. What with her positive attractions and her reputation for others, she certainly was not lacking in admirers. Race horses, bar-rooms and steamboats were named after her, and apropos of the latter, the answer she once gave a too curious admirer will serve to show her power. "Why is that tug boat called by my name?" said she. "It is because I have so many flats in tow." Her explanation was founded in truth, if all the statements about her are to be believed. She is said to have had several hundred offers of marriage, and two or three elderly citizens, with gray hair streaming behind like King Lear's, still tell of her charms. In short almost from the baptismal font, with Gen. Jackson acting as godfather, to the marriage altar, her path was strewn with flowers.

In spite of the positive advantages by which she was surrounded, the omens for her future happiness were not altogether auspicious. Mlle. Isaure was regarded as wild and *inconsequente*. None but an acknowledged belle could have committed so many indiscretions, or have escaped their consequences so easily.

Another of the anecdotes told of her is that once she had invited a gay party to accompany her upon a steamboat she held in her own right. During the excursion she took possession of the bar-room, and then demanded the patronage of her friends. She ceased not to play the role of Hebe until the heads of all her guests were affected and the contents of the bottles exhausted. The instance thus given was a fair sample of her follies, though they did not generally violate the prejudices of her sex. Still her fascination almost invariably ruined every young man that came within the sphere of her influence; and it was to her that Louis Philippe addressed his compliment upon the charms of herself and city sisterhood.

Among her innumerable suitors, the most prominent were two gentlemen well known at that time as St. Evremond and Depinay. No better example could be given of her reckless disregard of consequences, than the manner in which she finally awarded her preference between them.

They both belonged to the fast set of the day, and equally occupied themselves with the bizarre follies common enough with men who

have no serious occupation, and which seemed committed only to bewilder everyone as to their true character. The predominating trait with both was that they were equally quick to give and take offence—Depinay from a passionate, resentful disposition, St. Evremond from amusement—from a lack of serious employment.

St. Evremond had in this the advantage of his rival that he was the equal of Isaure in point of fortune. He was the heir of a family which had become possessed of large grants of land, and which had been the first to adopt Etienne Brie's sugar-raising experiments in 1796. The dream which had ruined all who had previously attempted it had brought in the present case an enormous fortune; that is to say, that in a parish which produced 50,000 hogsheads of sugar, the St. Evremond family had raised 5000 hogsheads upon their own estates alone.

This estate, large as it was, St. Evremond had already distinguished himself for his ingenious ways of dissipating. But in spite of his generous, or rather reckless, display of wealth, Adolphe Depinay was thought to be the more favored suitor. He was, in the first place, thoroughly infatuated with the lady in question, and in spite, or perhaps on account of his uncertain temperament and violent humors—sometimes generous, sometimes revengeful—would probably have won with any degree of prudence. But this latter quality he was never known upon any occasion to have shown; and an opportunity at length occurred when the lack of it redounded fatally to his claims and to the credit of his rival.

The two had been upon a debauch together at a watering place across the lake, where, in company with Isaure and many other residents of the city, they had been spending the summer. Among other excesses which St. Evremond affected, he sometimes destroyed on such occasions with a singular deliberation every frail article that came within his reach. For instance, he would enter a coffee-house—his favorite point of attack—and break every glass decanter and bottle that he could lay his hands upon. It would endanger the life of the bar-keeper to make any resistance, but the bill for damages would be subsequently paid without question.

Upon the present occasion he had carried Depinay to a house owned by himself, but which he neglected, to stay at the hotel. By way of amusing himself and friend, he commenced an attack upon his furniture, plate, etc., and invited his friend to do the same. Depinay himself was in a savage mood, and did not wait for a second offer. By way of showing that the favor was appreciated, he seized a decanter, and while his host was amusing himself with the smaller articles, he hurled it at a large pier glass which adorned the parlor. The destruction of his most valuable piece of furniture at the outset by his friend, and his own comparatively harmless efforts meanwhile, disgusted St. Evremond with this species of madness, when no word of counsel would. He proposed play, as equally ruinous and in better taste.

Depinay assented and the two sat down to cards. But the game in the mood in which they were in, did not greatly interest. Finally St. Evremond declared that he had hit upon an idea.

"I have grown wearied," he said, of this place. I still do not chose to abandon my chances of winning the prize for which we have both been struggling."

"What is it you wish to say?" inquired Depinay.

"Your chance of gaining the hand of Mlle. Isaure is as good as mine. But she is perfectly contracted to have us both harnessed to her

triumphal car, and she, if let alone, will keep us so forever."

"True," said Depinay, "She shows but little alacrity in hastening my—that is to say, the happiness of either one of us."

"What I propose, then," said his companion, "is that we decide before we leave the table which of us shall abandon the field. We have already staked everything else. My hopes of winning against yours. Come!"

"The proposition is not a fair one. My chances are more than double yours."

"You are mistaken about the facts; but rather than remain longer in doubt, I will give you that much odds. The wager will at least lead to something."

Depinay consented. The cards were dealt. It was his fortune to win. His adversary threw down his cards without any emotion.

"I accept the result philosophically," said St. Evremont, "and shall not wait to have my trunks packed. I leave you to make my adieux. You will not neglect to invite me to the wedding."

Depinay was too happy to escape, and hurried into the presence of Isaure. At learning of the approaching departure she soon guessed at the truth. It was obvious she was about losing one of her wealthiest and most devoted admirers. She liked Depinay the better of the two, but her heart had never absolutely decided in his favor, and at hearing of his rival's departure, it turned strongly against him. Added to this her vanity was piqued that her hand should have been disposed of without her consent.

Actuated by these feelings she hastened from the drawing-room to the general reception room of the hotel, and was not disappointed in finding him there. In the presence of a large number of guests, who had thought they were to witness his departure, she threw her arms around his neck and begged him not to leave her—that she had loved him always, and him only.

He remained.

The wedding was arranged to speedily take place, and Depinay cursed and execrated without changing the result. He maintained that his only fault was his generosity, and that his rival had given him odds and lost purposely in order to produce a dramatic situation. He thought the matter worth fighting a duel about, and his star was again malignant. Had he have been wounded, he now argued, all of Isaure's sympathy would have been in his favor. Unfortunately he inflicted a slight wound upon his adversary, though sufficiently severe to cause her to abide by her resolution. It did not prevent her, however, from hesitating.

A dozen times during the day preceding the wedding did she alter her mind and her purpose almost fail. At the ceremony appeared Depinay himself, who had with difficulty been kept from suicide, and whose wild, haggard appearance caused all of her slumbering sentiment in his favor to reawaken. She consented to appear upon the floor in one of the first waltzes, after the ceremony was performed, and St. Evremont in vain crossed the room and reminded her that she was married—that henceforth he would arrogate to himself the exclusive right to her hand. But the remonstrance was unheeded, and the assembled guests were scandalized by seeing a quarrel upon the wedding night between the husband and his former rival suitor. It required another duel to adjust the matter, and this time it was the fortune of Depinay to receive a severe wound.

After such a commencement, it need hardly be said that the union was not a happy one. Perhaps any contract that Isaure might have entered into would have appeared ill-assorted,

She had been educated to shine in company, and the task of amusing any one admirer, she soon discovered, was the one she was least fitted to perform. Still, with Depinay at that time, her life would have had many more guarantees of happiness.

As for St. Evremont, he was not long either in arriving at the conclusion that his heart had not been much more affected. Anticipating the caprices of a spoiled woman was a task which he entered into with but little spirit. He was not naturally of a jealous disposition, but the truth was that without sometimes quarreling, he had nothing else to do, and his wife furnished him more than one pretext for indulging in what was perhaps the most agreeable pastime of his life.

Otherwise his business was to do nothing gracefully, and to spend the income of a large estate, and finally the estate itself, in as useless a manner as possible. A present of a magnificent residence would occasionally attest his generosity, where some thought a bouquet would have shown too much admiration, and the loss of lands enough to constitute a principality, would sometimes be the result of a single night's amusements. Still he lived gaily, and was not of the class who grow old.

He was already passing the prime of his life at the time of his marriage, but with his courtly air and lively manners, it was hardly suspected. Indeed had he lived to the patriarchal term, he would have made some protest against wrinkles and old age. His philosophy was to distil pleasure from every source, to shrug his shoulders at the ills of life, and to trouble himself very little about the effect of his losses upon his own life, or the lives of those who might come come after him.

Meanwhile there was nothing that was known to be criminal in any of Isaure's relations, still her conduct undoubtedly inspired distrust. At almost every public place Adolphe Depinay was her attendant, or other cavaliers, whose whiskers or violent style of dressing induced suspicion; whose arm rested with too much ease upon the back of her chair, or whose air and attitude were too assured for mere platonic friendship. There was about her an atmosphere—a malaria which could not be defined, but which was none the less felt—which none the less awakened doubts. A restless fever glittered in her eyes, and in her whole person there was an evident discontent with the sober realities of life. In course of time her name came to be mentioned in connection with that of Depinay, with the usual shrugging of shoulders and wagging of tongues in subdued whispers; and, lastly not mentioned at all. Her carriage was no longer seen standing at other people's doors, and her name disappeared from invitation lists and card baskets.

This last state of affairs was not accomplished without a struggle—the struggle of a captivating woman to retain her admirers and her social position. With a little less frivolity of character, the contest might have gone in her favor. She was still admired for her beauty, and to every one, but her husband, was still fascinating. She dressed with taste. No certain scandal was ever laid at her door. Her husband, too, though little careful about preserving her innocence, was always ready to embark in its defence. Lastly, she was not altogether deserving of censure, and her indiscretions arose sometimes from the generous traits of her character. It is always a difficult matter at any time to expel a charming woman from society, and so, for a long time, she had been attacked only in timid whispers.

Still it is not permitted even to the fiercest always to triumph. She was made definitely to

realize her altered position upon the occasion of a ball which was given at the old Opera House, and which was designed to be the grandest and most exclusive affair ever up to that period given in the city.

To obtain the entree to this became a question of standing. Applications for tickets were passed upon by a committee of half dozen censors; and, as a question of character was the only reason that could be assigned, a refusal would be regarded as a serious misfortune.

Under these circumstances the name of Isaure was presented. Although Depinay was one of the committee the name was rejected. The utmost efforts of her friends, assisted by Depinay, failed in producing any other result.

The blow was a severe one to her, but as was her wisest course, she endeavored to keep the knowledge of her application concealed, more especially from her husband. Unfortunately, it became the gossip of the town; and it was not long in reaching the ears that Isaure most dreaded should receive it. She understood the character of St. Evremond too thoroughly to have much hope of affecting his resolution.

Nevertheless, when she saw him making preparations for a hostile meeting, she knew too well that its consequences would affect her position unfavorably, not to make at least a faint effort to prevent it.

"You are bent upon exposing me to comment? Whom have you challenged?" she impetuously asked.

"What matters it," he answered, "so some one is held responsible. I drew by lot from the names on the committee."

"And with what result?"

"Our old friend Depinay will be my man."

"You will not fight him. He did everything to assist me that he could."

"You do not know that—that is, the public are not supposed to know it. It would not much matter if they did. Besides, I prefer to fight him to any one else, and it has been a long time since we saluted each other at ten paces."

"You are an old man now, *mon ami*—your head is gray. Select some other folly to amuse yourself with at your time of life. I am more concerned than you. I no longer care for the world; and even if I did, the remedy you propose will prove the surest means of forever banishing me from it. Will you not for once give way to me, and let this matter drop?"

St. Evremond was carefully examining a box of dueling pistols which had already had a history of their own, and which he probably valued as much as any of his possessions. Occupied in this care, and thinking of the scenes which the case suggested, he hardly heard, and at any rate made no answer to the appeal of his wife.

"But select," continued the latter undiscouraged, "some other name from the list of the committee. If you will fight us as you pretend, upon my account, do not try to kill the only man who in the matter proved himself my friend."

St. Evremond laughed gaily, and promised her an answer at their next meeting.

From her presence he proceeded immediately to a well known duelling ground, where he found that Depinay already awaited him.

The two men had taken their places, and with unfastened sleeves and exposed breasts, stood regarding each other while awaiting the word of their seconds. Depinay held a cigar between his teeth, but his air was thoughtful. At length he said:

"I regret, M. St. Evremond, to have to shoot at you any more. We have fought and shown ourselves fools often enough to prevent any one from doubting our courage. Withdraw your challenge. For once in our lives we can show ourselves sensible. Will you not imitate me?"

Depinay threw away his pistol, and stood with folded arms.

"What you say, Depinay, may be true enough," said St. Evremond, with his usual sbrug, "but your suggestion comes rather too late. It is much more sensible that we shoot at each other than to have to make long explanations hereafter. I should fire at my grandfather and try to kill him too, once he was placed ten paces distant. Take again your pistol, and let us get through with this."

"You may be right, but something tells me I shall kill you when we fire. As you say, if we are to fight, there is no need making it a farce. Give the word," said he to one of the seconds, throwing away at the same time his cigar and retaking his pistol.

The word was given—the weapons were discharged at the same moment, and a wound that St. Evremond received told that Depinay's anticipations would probably be realized.

His antagonist, although the wound was near the heart, did not immediately die—he was carried home upon a litter; but it was evident to every one but himself that his days were numbered. Indeed, as for St. Evremond, he refused to give any indications of pain, and apparently his mind was as gay, as frivolous, and as much occupied with trifles as ever.

A young brother, who had been already forewarned that he would never recover, came to visit him. The brother's face naturally had assumed the serious expression which one wears when standing in the presence of death.

"Do you wish to see the priest?"

"Ah bah!" was the response. "Come none of that with me, *vieux criminel*. Anything but that tone. You are younger than I, but I promise to outlive you yet. Tell me about the town, the *jeunes gallants*—about anything but dying."

"Permit me to speak of something else besides youthful follies. I will not disguise from you that your end is approaching."

"I shall not accept your judgment as the correct one. You were always wrong—you were never correct about anything in your life. If I die, it will be of a broken heart that I did not give Depinay the bullet wound he has bestowed upon me."

"And yet, he bore you no malice, and wished to avoid the difficulty."

"I don't know that I bear him a great deal; on the contrary, I wish you would bring him to see me, instead of wearying me with your sermons. In spite of our quarrel, he always understood me better than any one else."

"What would you say to him if he were present?"

"I would not attempt anything with Depinay that was not obviously absurd. I would try to persuade him, therefore, to marry my wife when I am out of the way, as you insist I soon shall be."

"That would indeed sound like a singular request."

"It would be the only revenge I could take upon him. He has always fancied he was in love with her and that his life has been made miserable because his wish was denied him. I think it would be amusing to see how these disappointed lovers would act when all of the obstacles that stand in their path are removed. You must bring them in my presence and let me pronounce upon them my blessing in advance."

"Now that you have resigned yourself to the approach of death, would it not be better to settle your worldly accounts. Once again, will you allow me to send for a priest?"

"By no means. You shall not come here, you young blackguard, to remind me of my follies. After living so long I shall not require any advice about dying. I have always acted

like a gentleman. My balance sheets are as clean as some of those who do not think it." And he commenced singing a well known chant with much affected fervor.

Still when the crowd had departed and the old man was momentarily left alone with his child, he revealed to the latter, who could scarcely understand it, more emotion than he had thus far betrayed to his friends.

"It is a rather poor sort of world this even when you have had almost everything your own way," he went on to say, talking as much to himself as any one. "We should never have quarreled or fought if Depinay and I had not at one time been such good friends. It is always so. It is our friends who in the end become our worst enemies."

Depinay was prevailed upon to visit him, and to him, almost with his last breath, he repeated his request; and, not only this, he furthermore asked that Depinay should act as his executor in case he could find any estate upon which to administer.

After his death it was discovered that he had long before secretly deposited a valuable diamond ring—an heir-loom of his family—in the hands of a well known undertaker, with instructions to pay with it the expenses of his funeral. Obviously he had become possessed with the idea, which, indeed, his extravagant course sufficiently warranted, that there was a probability of his being buried like a beggar unless he should in some way provide in advance for his funeral.

But the most singular circumstance about the whole matter, and which sounds too absurd to be believed, was it not remembered that the eccentricities of daily life exceed those of romance—the most singular part of this family history, was that the union between Isaure and Adolphe Depinay—which had been dreamed of when both parties were young, full of hope and generous sentiments—which had been arranged by St. Evremont upon his death-bed—was actually, a short time after his death, consummated.

It is true, Depinay had once been so madly in love that he would have sacrificed his own life in despair had he not been restrained by the remonstrances of his friends. But the world only laughed at his final union, and said that he had never had any definite purpose or conviction in life—that he did not know what he wanted—that the match was one of Isaure's bizarre follies, and that what appeared a little like romance was only an absurd indiscretion which she was now too old a woman to commit.

The judgment of time tended to confirm these conclusions. The second union was as little productive of happiness as the first.

Isaure still had at the death of her first husband a considerable estate, which she held in her own name and nominally under her own control. But it one day appeared that she had been induced to make sales of what property she possessed at almost nominal prices. Through an agent Depinay had become the purchaser, and had then, unknown to her, resold it for its full value.

The evening preceding the discovery of this treachery, Depinay had appeared in public with his wife, and those who then saw them together remembered the time when they first were lovers. Depinay never appeared so fond; no one could have understood what precise motive led him to perform so despicable a part. Some said that it was suspicion, some a natural want of principle—that in spite of what appeared a trait of generosity in his last duel, he was revengeful by nature; that he had never forgiven either Isaure or St. Evremont for their marriage, and that his union had proceeded partly

from avarice, partly from a desire to finally triumph; that he doubted her purity at the time of his marriage, and that some circumstance, which, to his suspicious mind, amounted to a proof of guilt, had goaded him to the commission of what was worse than a crime.

Be this as it may, the last time they were ever seen together in public, was in a dashing equipage upon the boulevard, both of them abandoning themselves to their humors, and apparently happy. They continued their route to the hotel at the fashionable resorting place for suburban suppers. The usual meal followed, of costly dishes and rare wines, which still attends such excursions, and under its influence Isaure began to dream that the happiness of her life was about to recommence. Toward the close of the repast the conversation had become more tender, and it was remembered by at least one of the parties.

"I do not ask you to love me, Adolphe, if you will only promise to be moderately good natured."

Adolphe kissed her arm and pinched her ear by way of reply.

"I know I am no longer in the first bloom of youth, and you men of the world—it is you who are capricious and difficult to please—I know that you never care for us after we fade."

"Your skin is like alabaster, Isaure; you were never prettier than in the full maturity of your charms."

Isaure remarked that he had only complimented her for her beauty, and it caused her to ask immediately what would otherwise have exacted from her a longer delay and more caution.

"Tell me, why it is that knowing me as well as you have done, you are so often jealous? You must remember that, in spite of the sentiment I could not keep from entertaining for you during my former marriage, in spite of my natural indiscretion and impudence, I never gave the world any real cause for speaking ill of me. And you knew, too, that had I not truly loved you, I would not, situated as I was, have married you, or indeed any one; and, yet, you will be jealous of me!"

Depinay slightly trembled, and his face became pale at this speech; but it did not appear whether it was from anger or remorse. He concealed his emotion by kissing her neck.

"No, you need not compliment me—I am getting old. I am growing weary with city life. You never have any real friend here, and I sigh for the country. I have never lived there very long; but I think I could there find some happiness. It may be perhaps because I know nothing of it, and because I have never found any here."

"Let us finish our wine," said Adolphe.

"But you have made me no answer; be amiable enough to drink to me some good natured sentiment."

"In that case—*Our happiness in the future*. We will go through life like a couple of lovers as we are, and live in the country with a shepherd's crook in our hands if you wish."

Here he emptied his glass, and rose as if to go out and pay the bill.

"And you will not be jealous any more, Adolphe?"

"No, I shall never weary you any more with my jealousy. Have a gay time with whom you please. I give you a *carte blanche*."

He stooped and kissed her upon the face. It was the last time. At the door he lingered a moment, and repeated his words. He went out and did not return.

At the end of fifteen minutes Isaure recalled the tone in which his last words had been spoken. A superstitious feeling and a vague terror made her immediately summon the *restaurateur*. His answers to her eager questions were polite and

formal; but the news his words conveyed to her ear were so dreadful they sounded like brutality.

She had been left alone after being, as she now saw, ruined and plundered. She had not only been abandoned and betrayed, but deserted in the most public manner; deserted too by a man who had sworn to love and protect her; deserted at the moment she most fancied that she was loved. She had been treated as a lorette who becomes wearisome. *Swellbroaded*—the word that described their miserable fate was now the term applicable to her.

Surrounded by a crowd in whose presence every expression of grief is mute, every utterance of despair restrained, Isaure scarcely gave any expression to her feeling. Indeed her calamity was so overwhelming, so obviously irredeemable in its consequences that it admitted of no palliation.

"It is the friend we love that betrays," she said in an agitated voice a little above a whisper. The phrase, in a voice a little above a whisper, was many times repeated, as if her lips were incapable of forming any other words. It was afterwards remembered that almost the same words had escaped the lips of St. Evremond.

The *restaurateur* was meanwhile watching her wild and frenzied look of despair with increasing consternation. The locking of her hands in an emotion which was incapable otherwise of expression, the rigid attitude and half hysterical laughter, seemed to him the efforts of wine or of absolute insanity. In either case his duty and interest were plain.

Poor Isaure was consigned to the care of a policeman.

The rest of the story is soon told. The Coroner was called in at one of the lock-up's for vagrants and criminals to hold an inquest upon a somewhat singular case. A rigid and pallid corpse lay extended in one of the cells. The keepers appeared a little perplexed about the matter; for the party who had just died had excited by her manner a certain respect. Still the jewelry that was found on the body and the elaborate toilette, left no doubt about the matter—a prostitute of the better class, of course, died suddenly in prison. That was all. A statement to this effect is the verdict and a burial—before friends are informed of the matter in an unpainted coffin—the result. Poor Isaure! The sudden alterations in life are perhaps more appalling than—that of those who have scarcely known through life a moment of happiness.

# A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

## A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE WAR.

Why certain scenes and impressions in no way unusual, and in themselves common-place, should settle readily in the mind, and afterwards have power to haunt the memory, is not always easy to understand. Doubtless it is because the faculties are in a more than ordinary observant mood; possibly it is somewhat the same frame of mind as that which leads us, when superstitiously inclined, to have what is known as presentiments; to take up whims which are unsupported by reason, and to trust to them as if they were logical conclusions.

That something unusual should then really justify the presentiment is but to say that our actions are affected by abnormal trains of thought. The awakening within us of a deeper and more prophetic perception of the truth must explain the fact that such presentiments sometimes come true—if the matter will admit of any explanation whatever.

For this somewhat musty statement of truth, the following account of several extraordinary circumstances must serve as an excuse.

At the time of which I have to speak, I was following the fortunes of the Virginia army, and ranking in close company with two comrades the last of the terrible marches which preceded the surrender. The army had been overtaken by a snow storm. The roads were quagmires, into which the horses and men descended to their knees. Tents and commissary wagons had been stalled far in the rear. The regiments struggled heavily along, one blended mass of wet and hungry soldiers. With no food, with a pitiless heaven overhead, and a wet ground under eath, to shift for themselves, was, with almost every soldier, as was conceded by the strictest officers, a matter of absolute necessity.

It was the incidents of this particular day's march (for such marches were common enough) that fastened themselves at the time upon my attention, and awakened the particular feeling to which I have alluded. For instance, while late in the afternoon looking down from a hill of some elevation, and seeing the army pass, toiling forward by regiments and brigades through the red mud, the idea was distinctly formed in my mind, without any apparent reason, that some unusual event was about to happen in my history, and that I would, by something soon to occur, be transported to an altogether different world of thought and feeling. Why such a presentiment should have arisen at the moment from a circumstance which admitted of no such a logical inference, I have never been able to understand.

My friends I shall briefly introduce by the names of Camille and Wandorf. The former was the humorous man of our party. Wandorf had no conception of a joke whatever.

The great point with us at the time was where to find some comfortable place to sleep. The matter was one full of difficulty. The army was scattered in every direction. Every place of shelter was already occupied.

Toward the close of this murky afternoon, when the whole party was worn down with fatigue, we passed in front of one of those large comfortable-looking mansions which had once in Virginia bespoken the abode of wealth and plenty. It appeared to us doubly comfortable after our recent marches.

The house in fact looked so inviting that each one regarded it long and wistfully. Camille point blank refused to go any further. It was absolutely necessary, he maintained, that we should here obtain quarters.

But the matter upon examination did not appear so easy. There were abundant evidences that every coign of vantage had already been taken. Soldiers were streaming in and streaming out from every place of shelter. Some had modestly contented themselves with the shuck-pens and haylofts; others had quartered themselves in the negro cabins, and stood drying their dripping clothing and blankets by the fire. Camille explored toward the mansion house itself, but his face was not cheerful as he rejoined us.

"It's a bad showing here," he remarked, with a dismal glance upward at the still weeping heavens. "There's a crowd out of doors who appear to have designs upon the dining-room, and looking through the windows you will remark that the parties already in possession of the knives and forks display a rude skill in using them—a bad augury for those who come after. Obviously there's no chance for supper. We had better play for one of these stable lofts. Let us take up our quarters there for the night at once."

"Unfortunately," said Wandorf, "the experiment has been tried already. The loft is already filled with soldiers, and the one who guards the entrance threatens to shoot any man that attempts to come up."

"There was no mistaking that hint," said Camille, musingly. "I've tried the kitchen, and the cooks and servant-maids, for once, are not to be flattered. They refuse to be prepossessed. We are regularly in for it to-night."

The rain was now descending with a dull patter upon the roof of one of the outhouses, under whose eaves we were standing for shelter. Meanwhile the main building gained in appearance, and we regarded it more and more wistfully. The scene in the dining-room irritated the fancy of Camille, who was always hungry, and now more than ever, and started him to giving us a very animated description of a



tropical feast to which he had once sat down to in Havana. His minute and exaggerated description of the various fruits and tropical dainties became tormenting. We were so hungry that we had to beg him to stop.

"It won't do to stay here remaining idle, rain or no rain," said he. "Something must be done—we have tried every other way—we must attack the enemy in their parlor strongholds."

"You are right," I told him. "You are sure to succeed. I have had a presentiment all the afternoon that we were to sleep in just such a house."

Camille was the Figaro of the party. He now set to work, without waiting for encouragement, to arrange his costume in the most telling manner the nature of the case would admit. He brought out a white collar and cravat which were reserved for extraordinary occasions, and leaving the rest of us to shift for ourselves, boldly approached the door. We saw him speak to one of the inmates of the house—we saw him make his best bow, and then disappear.

Then the fancy of Wandorf became excited with a momentary ray of hope, with Camille's description of his feast, and by seeing the windows of the house lighted up from within and gleaming with a warm ruddy glow. Once or twice too the figures of the inmates, elegantly attired in evening costume, were seen to momentarily appear. He heaved a sigh of regret.

"Are you taking the situation, *aux sérieux*, or are you amusing yourself with busy images of the past? You may be dull until Camille returns, if you have anything to say."

"The fact is," he said, "that this dog's life brought to mind a pretty party whom I once knew, and for whose arms I sometimes sigh."

"Courage, then; you will soon see her. The lady in question is one of those figures whom we now occasionally see flitting behind the panes. Soldiers never think of anything but the opposite sex in camp—even those who at home never dream of going near them. In fact, I am sufficiently affected to get married myself should a leave of absence ever afford me an opportunity."

"But why did you say that the lady who appeared just now at the window was the one of whom I was thinking?"

"A presentiment tells me you will soon stand face to face, and presentiments, you know, always come true."

"She is not there," he said, though his fancy was struck with the suggestion.

"Let us at any rate indulge in rosy ideas until Jasmyn appears. Now for the story of your charmer."

"You absolutely insist——"

"Undoubtedly."

IDALIE.

"Fancy, then, if you are in the mood to listen, a very pretty woman, in a small village, who had more wit and education than most of those by whom she was surrounded; in fact, one of the few fascinating women whom one meets in a lifetime."

"But that is imagining a good deal."

"It was, nevertheless, true. I was young and inexperienced—I was infatuated at first sight. I obtained an introduction to her guardian. When I pressed him, he vaguely promised me, when occasion presented, to introduce me. Her name, I should tell you, was Idalie."

"You of course called upon the paternal party and reminded him of his agreement?"

"Precisely. Fancy how my ardor was dampened when he coolly informed me that the lady declined receiving any introduction."

"What did you do?"

"I was angrily threatening at the door to hold him to account, when the lady herself appeared.

She sustained the statement already made, but consented to listen to what I would say, if I would in the first place apologize for my rudeness to her guardian."

"This you of course did. But the commencement of your conversation must have been a little embarrassing."

"Indeed it was not. Entering the parlor I never spoke more at my ease, for I said what I felt. I made an explanation which was absurd enough, but which was perhaps as effective as any. I told her that there was something in her face that convinced me we were destined to be friends. Twice already I had seen the same expression and cast of features—in each case I had been strongly attracted and not to my sorrow. Would she but grant me an opportunity—would she but banish the prejudices that I had through my awkwardness awakened, I ventured to hope she would find the same sympathy for me that I had already felt in advance for her."

"If any one else were to introduce themselves to a lady with such a speech it might excite some wonder at their assurance. It must have been sincerity upon your part, or downright simplicity. But how did it affect her?"

"She smiled as you have done, at the way in which I regarded the matter, but seemed to believe me serious. What she said to me was: 'Have you come here simply to tell me this?'"

"No," was my answer—I have a message besides from the lady who gives a soiree to-night, to which you are invited. She was fearful you might be unprovided with an escort, and begged me to attend you to her house. As you are dressed already you have no excuse for not attending!"

"She smiled again, but ultimately consented to accompany me."

"My expedition was a success, and we were soon conversing upon the most amiable terms. My companion I discovered was as much a dreamer as myself, and evidently believed in dreams as the only realities. She had a face of that soft, mobile, yielding character which tempts to effort, and I was lucky enough on my way to the soiree, and after our arrival, to obtain her undivided ear. You laugh at my ignorance of the world, but jealousy upon this occasion prompted me to ward off all dangerous rivals and introduce only those upon whose dullness I could depend. By the time that the supper was over she had cried for mercy, and avowed her readiness to return home. Once more I offered my services, and when they were accepted, it was by the longest and most circuitous route that we set out. Intoxicated with her presence and the champagne perhaps that had been drunk, the gay company we had left, and the soft moonlight, I breathed, without remembering the length of our acquaintance, as delicately as I could, my devotion and love. We were both in the gayest of moods, and our conversation was accompanied upon both sides with a sort of hysterical laughter. I remember her reproaching me with my levity, and my telling her, which I think is the truth, that laughter frequently accompanies our most earnest acts, and that my smiles were like those of Sir Thomas More while awaiting the axe of the headsman."

"But where are you taking me?" she finally demanded. 'I am not familiar with these streets, but I know it is not the way home. The labyrinth into which you are leading my feet is nothing to that in which you are conducting my understanding.'

"Is that the only answer to all I have said to you?"

"Answer—my only excuse for listening to you at all is that you expected no answer."

"But when one says he is in love, it requires

that at ~~the same time~~ <sup>the same time</sup> should be said upon the other side."

"I must then say something?"

"Yes, that you can love me in return if you can."

"Unfortunately I am married already!"

"No, not that."

"I am telling you a very prosaic fact."

"A husband—you have really a husband?"

"You are the only person in the place that does not know it. You would have discovered it yourself, if you had not prevented me from speaking to any other company during the evening."

She laughed, for several minutes, in my face, looking at me very hard, as if the matter was the most amusing thing in the world.

"There's a mistake somewhere—it must be a very queer husband or a very queer marriage. You can see that I have spoken to you with sincerity. Will you not answer me frankly?"

"I am, in that case, a very foolish woman, who, at sixteen, fell in love, without the consent of my guardian. I first went into hysterics; then wrote verses about suicide; and finally eloped with my hero. It turned out as everybody predicted. In six months the mask fell off, and my hero stood revealed, a very ordinary mortal. He was interested in agriculture, and not at all interested in verse, even when rhyming in his own praise. Consequently I have brought my lyre with me to my former guardian's roof, disappointed and discouraged! There is but a slight addition to be made to the story."

"And that is that you have applied for a divorce?" She blushing replied—

"It is worse than that. I have applied and the application will undoubtedly be granted as the case is now on trial—probably to-morrow."

"Practically, then, you are free and have no excuse for not answering."

We had by this time reached her home. At my last suggestion she ran inside and closed the gate.

"Do you thus shut me out of all hope?"

"I am not yet off with the old love—it is too early to commence with the new. I could only give you a reversionary right to my hand."

The interview ended. I awoke the next morning with a headache, and a vague consciousness that I had committed myself to a lady whom I had seen the evening before for the first time, and of whom nearly all that I knew was that she was already the wife of another! The worst of it was, that after thinking over the matter, I could not decide whether the conversation on the other side had been serious, or might not have been intended as a pleasantry.

"I hovered around the court the next day in the hopes of there learning something, but the case was not called. I heard no allusion made to it on the following day, or the day succeeding to that. I called, too, at the house, but the mistress was never at home."

"Did you ascertain," I here inquired of Wandorf, "whether any suit had been instituted when you visited the precincts of justice?"

"There was no doubt about that fact. The rendering up of judgment would only have been a matter of form, if it had been demanded."

"You ought to have written and asked an interview or an explanation."

"That is what I did; but before receiving an answer I discovered that the husband had fallen heir, at the time of the stay of the proceedings, to a large fortune. 'It must be a very unendurable husband with whom one cannot live when he is rich,' I thought, and the answer I received tended to confirm my conjecture."

"Did she tell you that love was a question of worldly gauds, to be studied by the lamp of poverty?"

"To judge from the letter, the writer had but a faint recollection of anything that had been said; and would have been willing to have forgiven me for having prevailed upon her to drink too much champagne according to her own explanation, had I not been so ungenerous as to allude to the conversation which subsequently took place. Some one, she hoped, I would find upon whom to lavish my devotion; but for herself, she was so unsuited to mingle in the world, so impulsive and improvident, that henceforth she would have to deny herself more than ever the pleasure of receiving her friends. The letter terminated the acquaintance."

"Your story has a miserable ending for so romantic a commencement."

"When you meet me again, and I tell you I am in mourning," was one of the phrases of the letter that long remained impressed on my memory, and which led me to hope for awhile —"

Before he could finish, Camille had rejoined us.

"What is all this romance you have been telling?" he inquired.

"I have been speaking of a heroine," replied Wandorf, "who I am to see to-night. My friend here believes in presentiments. He has a presentiment in the first place that we are to stay all night in this house. Secondly, that each one of us is to see the friend he most values. Thirdly, that this is about our last march. Fourthly—"

"There is no need of going any further," said our Mercury. The first has undoubtedly come true. We are to rest our bones here—we are to be transported bodily to dreamland, into one of those abodes of elegance and refinement which seems created by benevolent geni in response to a wish. Come, let us enter."

We followed.

Previously, however, to narrating what immediately happened to us on entering, let us occupy ourselves a moment with one of Camille's previous adventures.

#### CAMILLE.

None of the young men who knew Camille Graves, (and they all knew him intimately,) ever thought there was any likelihood that his wedding would ever be chronicled. He was always falling in love foolishly; and always with such eccentric characters as no one else would ever dream of. As his absurd fancies would invariably end in the most capricious manner—about the time, as likely as not, that he had inspired any sentiment—it did not seem probable that his friends would ever be called upon to wear a white cravat and gloves, or bridal favors in his behalf.

Indeed, Camille had long been known as a youth of unsettled habits, and being naturally of a restless fidgety disposition he was constantly hunting up queer lodgings. After they were found he did not occupy his apartments much oftener than do those rulers who are constantly dreading assassination.

None of the mildewed tenements in the Crescent City, that single lodgers climb by dismal flights of stairs, but what has sheltered him; no one was more familiar than he with the *armoires*, bedsteads, with red canopies, and immense pillows and other paraphernalia which constitute the *meubles* of such apartments: he had never seen a placard with *chambre a louer* that had not tempted him to make inquiries; and, in short, he was well known to landladies and boarding-house keepers of high and low de-

free. Upon some of his handkerchiefs he had embroidered in grotesque style the figure of a goat cropping shrubbery through a fence; and the design did not seem incongruous with his own browsing disposition.

Upon one occasion he had determined to make a change in his quarters, and had rung the bell of an old house, whose appearance had appealed to his fancy, and made the customary inquiries for apartments to rent. These inquiries were answered by an old woman in imperfect English, and the two then started upon a tour of inspection. After all of the rooms had been examined without producing much impression, the landlady stated that there still remained one more, which was at the time occupied by a lady, but who would exchange it the next day for another.

As the occupant, the landlady furthermore stated, was not at the time at home, she ventured to show Graves the premises in question. The door to the room was now opened, but it soon appeared there had been some mistake. The fair tenant was not absent, but stood *en deshabille* before a pier glass, lacing a small waist into still smaller compass. The suffusion of her face and neck with blushes warned her unceremonious visitors to retire; but when the toilet was at length completed the sanctuary was opened—this time by its owner.

The latter now proved to be pretty and intelligent, and though somewhat confused at the commencement of the acquaintance, disposed to talk. It therefore followed that a much more careful examination was given to this room, and more questions asked than had been demanded from any of the others. It now occurred too to Graves to remark, upon observing that the apartment contained a piano, that an instrument of that description would be for him an additional inducement towards engaging a room; he even went so far as to beg from the occupant the pleasure of hearing her touch its keys. When she had done so—when she had informed him that she was a music teacher—and when she in turn had discovered that Graves could play a little himself and sing second, a charming acquaintance was already formed, and the room was secured without further parley.

After this commencement it did not require a great length of time for their acquaintance to ripen into something like intimacy. The lady proved to be a music teacher of some repute, with some singular particulars of history which were not lost upon Graves. Her father had been a consul in an Italian port; her mother had been a Maltese Arab; her education she had obtained in Bruxelles and Paris. Her accomplishments were as various as those of the different countries in which she had resided. Her religious beliefs—the most intimate of her friends scarcely knew what they were. The soft name of Heloise, completed the list of her attractions.

With that absence of prudery and affectation which she might have acquired with her education, she maintained, for instance, her distrust of all affairs of the heart; that she disbelieved even in the happiness that was derived from the married state; and that she had resolved never to be affected either by cupid or hyman; she had no relatives; she could obtain as many scholars in the best families as she chose; she should therefore live independently; please herself; fall into a platonic love, now and then, with some one who might arouse her too capricious fancy—whom she might find worth the trouble—but never embarrass herself with the *grande passion*.

Coquetry of this kind in which the challenging party appeared as weak as she was amiable—where a series of amusing incidents might be

made to terminate with an unembarrassing conquest—a dare of this sort, Graves found hard to resist. But this ardor was somewhat dampened, when, as he might have expected, he soon discovered that a dozen rivals, in spite of all the lady's protestations and avowments, were equally infatuated.

But the discovery was made too late for him to hesitate; he lost no time in employing those arts which he had frequently before found so successful. "Beauty has a sweet tooth," he reasoned, "and makes no concessions which are not preceded by visits to the theatres and ice cream saloons"; he therefore hastened to partake in sweet union with her of the *glaces*, *discuits*, boned turkey, and other tempting delicacies which wily *trait-turs* hold out for the perdition of rash youth. Camille, furthermore, soon discovered that however indifferent Heloise might be to the tender sentiment, the depletion of his pocket-book attested the vigor of her appetite; that becoming curious upon one occasion as to her capacity for wine drinking, he had found she could carry a bottle of champagne under her diminutive belt with no appearance of trouble, and that after the experiment he had been indebted to her for finding his way home and not she to him.

"But there must be an end to everything," thought Camille, and he resolved to come to an understanding. One night the two walked pensively from one of the places of amusement, discoursing of the story they had just heard, or occasionally giving away to poetic ejaculations about the beauty and serenity of the night. The attitude of Camille's companion encouraged him in the resolution he had formed. Her arm was closely locked through his; her face was turned musingly upward, and she was uttering, as if in a delicious reverie, a thousand pretty nothings, as if her thoughts, too, had penetrated beyond the stars.

"She is evidently very hungry to-night," thought Camille. The last time she was in this mood I had to order everything the restaurant contained before I succeeded in finding anything that hit her fancy. "But after all she is a good-natured, lively girl, and in spite of her faults, if she would but be serious a moment, I would make an honest declaration of my love. I shall persevere for fifteen minutes."

"Where are you carrying me?" Mlle Heloise at length interrupted his reflections to inquire.

"There is a new saloon which has just been fitted up, and which should be at one of these entrances just in front of us. You shall decide, as they are both brilliantly lighted, which of the stair cases we are to mount."

Heloise did decide, and mounting forthwith the steps to which she gave the preference, they passed into a room which it was soon seen was not the right one. It was presided over by a dealer of cards, crowded with spectators, and where various sums of money were being hazarded upon a *lapis vert*. A respectably dressed lady, or indeed one of any kind, was a *rara avis* at such an exhibition, and the sight, it need hardly be said, attracted every eye. But a colored waiter, who had been momentarily absent from post, now ran and informed them—what they knew already—of their mistake.

"Take me away from here quickly, or I shall die with mortification," cried Heloise.

They were already at the head of the stairs, and Camille construed her command literally. Supporting her form with his arm, he descended the stairs so rapidly that she had to cling to his neck to keep from falling backwards. Such haste was made in escaping that a large part of the lady's dress, which had caught upon the door, was left behind.

"Put me to the ground, stupid booby," cried

Heloise, completely out of patience, when they reached the bottom of the stairs. "Who ever dreamed of carrying a lady before in so rude a manner. The bare idea of my feet dangling down in that absurd fashion!"

Camille was profuse in his apologies, and once or twice, imprudently enough at the time, endeavored to give expression to the idea that was uppermost in his mind.

"I shall never forgive you," said his companion, "or rather I shall never forgive myself."

"I have given her a fair chance," thought Camille, becoming impatient, "one cannot depend upon her mood for a moment. I shall hunt up new quarters to-morrow."

"I can see now which way all of this is tending."

"All of what?"

"Let us speak plainly. What is it you wish?"

"I have had some faint hope of winning your love."

"You are unsuccessful," said Heloise, recovering, but not showing at this announcement a return to her good humor. "I do not love you."

Camille did not seem to hear.

"I do not love you," repeated Heloise; "you are not, in the first place, worth the trouble of winning." And she looked at him curiously, as if to know how far it would be safe to amuse herself further at his expense.

Camille meanwhile reflected: "She has cost me enough money for suppers, amusements, presents and Shellroad turnouts to have kept me gadding for the winter. And, after all, I am only moderately interested. It is rather hard to be laughed at in this way, and be the only sufferer."

"Are you asleep, Mr. Camille? For you see I am dealing frankly. The fact is, that—that I am to be married soon."

"Your conduct has been a little singular, for a lady who is engaged. Your intended has a confiding disposition."

"Undoubtedly. My eccentricities amuse him. He laughs at the pains my friends take to ruin themselves, and at the funny speeches they make me."

"You have, then thought it worth your while to tell him? He must be the prince of lovers. You need never fear exciting his jealousy. But here we are at home. Before separating, let me say"—

"You wish me not to tell? You need not fear. I am not quite done with some of those that remain."

"You interrupted me too soon. I was only about to say good night," Camille good-naturedly extended his hand.

"Good night!" said Heloise. She took his hand, but did not release it.

"Is there anything more to be said?" inquired Camille.

"Do you believe everything I have told you, fully?"

"No—not fully."

"About what do you think I am mistaken?"

"I think you are mistaken altogether."

Heloise began to think she had not answered his declaration of love in the right way, and that she had gone a step too far.

"What I said just now, Camille, you understand was a *plaisanterie*?"

"Yes, I thought we understood that. Good night."

It was now the turn of Heloise to feel astonished. The tide was rapidly turning, and it was turning the wrong way to please Heloise.

"This Monsieur Camille is, after all, not so stupid," she mentally thought. "There is something about him I cannot quite understand."

"You are wrong," she said aloud, "Monsieur Camille, to give me up so easily."

"You have said yourself that it was all settled between us."

"On the contrary, it is nothing of the kind."

She put her arm softly around his neck, and looked up into his face; but it did not move him.

There was but one step further she could take in advance. Even Heloise, although an old coquette, blushed to say the next words.

"Camille, *mon amie*, I am absolutely in love with you; since you will have me, say it; you will not take your revenge with a woman by remaining silent."

"No, but at the same time there is but one thing to be said, Mademoiselle: We have both been a couple of fools, and have both been punished. I have wasted my money and time on an old coquette, for whom, at the last moment, I have to admit that I do not care. You are momentarily deceiving yourself in imagining that you feel any attachment. We are at the residence of your friends. To quote your own words, before retiring: 'I do not love you; I am to marry somebody else soon'; and lastly, 'I do not think you worth the trouble of winning.'"

#### THE DENOUEMENT.

Let us return to the mansion through whose portals we were entering.

As to what now happened it seemed to me more like a dream than anything else that I can compare it to. One event succeeded the other so rapidly that the whole affair seemed more like a transformation than a daylight reality.

We had entered into one of those old abodes of opulence and wealth, which had as yet been undisturbed by the agitations and disasters of war; a place which still had about it an air of indolent ease and refinement. From being outcasts we had suddenly entered an atmosphere of quiet elegance.

The servant whom we met at the door ushered us into a chamber, in which lights had already been placed, and upon whose hearth a ruddy fire was already burning. A half an hour's toil enabled us to remove the evidences of travel from our dress—to make some almost incredible changes in our costume—to, in fact, effect a sort of half brigand dandyism in our dress.

At the last moment, when our preparations had been all completed, Wandorf suddenly thought to ask—

"But in what extraordinary way did you succeed in securing such comfortable quarters? People are not so hospitable now-a-days as to invite the first new comers to the furnished chamber."

"The fact is," said our guide, "our quarters are not yet quite secured. But now that we are dressed, and can make our appearance before mistress of the mansion—"

"And you have not seen her?" inquired Wandorf, in a tone of stupefaction.

"Why, no—not yet," said the traitor; "the fact is—"

"The fact is, said Wandorf proudly, "that I prefer to sleep like a dog in the mud and rain to entering a house where I am not certain of a welcome."

He made a hurried movement towards the door by which he had entered.

Apparently my dream and happy presentiments were rapidly melting away. Still although I followed him, I did so half curiously, but with hardly any doubt.

As we passed silently through the long hall way, and came to the front door entrance, it did not astonish me to find that it was locked.

It did not surprise me, before the door was finally opened, that three of the occupants of

the hospital mansion should have been attracted to the scene—

That one of the party should be received and welcomed by the lady of the house as if he had been an old guest. Lastly, I had arrived at that point that it did not astonish me that we were led into the drawing-room—that a folding-door should now be thrown open, and that we should see lighted by wax tapers a supper room that would have delighted Lucullus or Apicius after a long march.

But as we first entered the drawingroom and became fully exposed to the light, the scene and conversation that followed fairly surpassed my most visionary imaginings, and put to route all my attempts at philosophical conjecture.

"You are welcome, Mr. Wandorf, you and your friends," said the fair hostess. "I heard that your regiment would be marching in this direction, and never doubted that you would do me the honor of paying me a passing visit."

Wandorf was the perfect picture of surprise. "Is there not some mistake here," he said, "as to identity. Am I really in the presence of the Idalie whom I knew before the war?"

"And you are telling me," was the blushing reply, "that you did not expect to see me here—that you and your friends found their way to my house by accident."

"Our lucky star, madame, has taken pity on us for the four years hardships that we have been compelled to endure, and has made one of us at least the victim of a delightful enchantment, in some way that I do not pretend to understand. The gentlemen with me are a couple of comrades. I present them," he added, in a tone of mad exaltation, "to a lady whose charms were once only too dangerous. Will you believe, madame, that it was not half an hour ago

that I was telling them of an old flame who would have given her preference to me had she not already found a worthier claimant to her hand."

"It is for this worthy claimant you now see me in mourning," was her reply, which was accompanied with the downcast look of coquetry or pious resignation.

I had scarcely heeded their words, so much was I occupied on my own account with a surprise that had overtaken me. I was awakened by a formal presentation.

"Since it has come to explanations," I said, "let me repay one introduction by another. The lady whom I have the honor of presenting, promised me at our last interview to make me, the next time we met, the happiest of men."

A blushing protest and a faint attempt at denial from the fair party presented, confirmed rather than gainsayed any explanation.

Camille, who from having been previously acquainted with four of the party, began now to suspect he knew as much about the fulfillment of my presentiments as anybody. An observation from him will be all that the reader cannot himself guess.

"I have seen before the only lady that remains in this happy party to be disposed of, and it seems to me that I have some rights in the matter from having brought about so charming a tableau. If she will allow me," he concluded with the gallant air of a Marquis of the old *regime*, "to be guided by feelings and presentiments, it will not be long before I can speak as confidently of the future as my friends have of the past and present."

Of course, the lady in question was the Heloise whose history has been related.

# SKETCHES AND STORIES ABOUT THE CITY.

## THE LATE M. UGALDE.

Some attention, not to say notoriety, is naturally enough always attracted to an old and wealthy citizen at his death. The interest is of course doubled when the character of the deceased was strongly defined, or eccentric.

It consequently need hardly be stated then that about the late M. Ugalde, though an extremely quiet citizen, a great deal of gossip and a number of reports have originated injurious to surviving parties.

To shield those, whose names need not be mentioned, from unmerited obloquy as his nearest surviving relation, is my task on the present occasion, as well as to explain certain traits which, though mere faults, have been construed into crimes. The facts given below, in the form of two or three pictures, have been mostly taken from a journal with which I have been accustomed from an early age to occupy my time.

Instead of publishing a card of denial in reference to the stories concerning his once contemplated marriage, or the alleged violent manner of his death, I have thought that a detailed account of all I saw and heard of him during the two or three interviews, as his probable heir, I held with him in his lifetime, would best set matters right with all parties.

It was when he proposed to adopt me as his heir that I first heard the name of M. Ugalde. He had always previously avoided the society of his relatives, and indeed society of most kinds. I was now formally spoken of as his successor, perhaps because of his strong dislike to others who entertained claims upon his succession, or through a momentary sense of his loneliness. At that time I had not completed my minority, and was extremely ignorant of received usage.

Upon the day upon which I was to be transferred to his residence a carriage had been in attendance. Inside of this, I found upon entering, was an elderly gentleman with a snuffy nose, and who was to take charge of my education. He was attended by what appeared to be a confidential servant, whose manners indicated discretion and experience. The name of the elderly gentleman, I soon discovered, was Bruno. The servant was addressed, as is frequently the case with French servants, as Francois. Having been placed on the seat beside Francois, the door of the carriage was banged to with a noise which filled me with uncomfortable misgivings, and we proceeded on our way.

The conversation thereupon followed which a good natured elderly gentleman would have with a youth whom he wished to place at his ease, and who found while doing this that some

information might also be indirectly added to his own stores. What suggested this turn to the dialogue was a naive inquiry I addressed him as to the character of M. Ugalde.

"Is he a very good man?" I asked, feeling somewhat doubtful as to what would be my treatment. The question, through timidity, I addressed to the servant.

The latter repeated the question after me as if it was too difficult for him to give a correct answer.

The elderly gentleman, M. Bruno, who spoke with the polite periphrase once common with all whose maternal tongue was French, coughed in a perplexed way, but finally added that M. Ugalde hardly made any pretensions of the sort—"any pretensions to being a very good man. He lives as he thinks a man of taste ought to live—that is if he has ever given the matter a thought. It is not very easy to say what Monsieur the uncle's character is—*n'est-ce pas, Francois?*"

"He does not resemble most men," said Francois, discreetly.

"You have been with him a great many years, and ought to understand him as well as anybody."

"I was raised as a servant in the family. He was an altogether different man as I first remember him from what he is now. He was considered a pushing and driving man in those days, and was up early and late."

"Yes; I can see that he must have been a business man at one time, from his ledgers and books which I am now employed in settling. I remember, too, that he was largely interested in the first steamship line, and was active in building the St. ——— Hotel. He was always organizing something. What was the name of that immense sugar plantation which he used to own, and for which he paid nearly a million and a half dollars?"

"It was called the Serapion Place when he owned it."

"And could you understand how he succeeded so remarkably the season when every one else failed?"

"He had studied the art of grann'ating sugar profoundly in the West India Islands and France, and probably understood it better than any other man in the State."

"Still it did not keep him from losing, and from ultimately being nearly ruined."

"That was in the year when sugar was down to two or three cents a pound, and he had met with two or three reverses elsewhere."

"It was that year that he tried to commit suicide, and you prevented him, was it not?"

"That was the year, but there was some other trouble besides."

"What was that?"

"He objected to any steamboat landing at his plantation, and warned them that he would fire into them if they did. He gave instructions in fact to that effect."

"Were they carried out?"

"The order was obeyed when the next boat attempted to make a landing. Two men were killed and fell overboard."

"I remember it, I remember it now—that was a shocking affair—sbecking," said Mr. Bruno, with considerable show of feeling; "I saw the bodies when they were brought to the shore, all decayed, and half eaten up with crawfish. I have never been able to eat any of the latter at table from that day to this. Doubtless the loss of so much money weighed on his mind. But it is probable that this tragedy affected him equally as much. It was thought at the time that when he gave the order he never expected it would result as it did."

"He was not generally looked upon as a bad man by those who knew him, except when in his violent moods. There was at one time more than a thousand hands upon the place, and those that wished to learn he educated according to their inclination as blacksmiths, carpenters, and so on. He let those learn to read that would, and gave his bead workmen wine and the same food he bad upon his table every day. He gave me my freedom, and several others who still remain in his service."

"And you think that all of his troubles have affected his life?"

"That and his contemplated marriage, though he never says anything about it. He seems now to have gone back somewhat to his tastes when a young man, or to be amusing himself with those he has recently acquired."

We arrived at my uncle's residence without further adventure.

Looking at it for the first time as we descended and entered, I was struck with an air of grotesquerie and gloom which appeared in the building, and for which I could not at the time altogether account. It was one of the few residences there were in the city that were built of granite. The solidity of the materials, the smoothness of the walls, which were not perpendicular, but which sloped gently to the top—the absence of many windows, all gave it the appearance of a citadel or mausoleum. What contributed to this impression was that it was built upon a street principally inhabited by outcasts, and that it overlooked a cemetery.

Some of the lofty monuments adorned with emblematic gronpes of statuary in various attitudes of grief and woe, could be seen on the walls. But what more than all struck my youthful fancy, was that upon the corners of the house and immediately over the wide portico, were placed four large lions or sphinxes, who were gazing upon the world around and below with a cold and philosophical gaze.

The carriage having entered beneath a covered archway, M. Bruno and Francois mounted to announce our arrival. I was permitted, as a favor, to look through a garden and the house itself until I should be summoned.

The grounds, I soon discovered, had apparently at one time been carefully laid out in squares and parterres. There were all manner of plants and vines, some native to the soil, some exotic, which grew in the beds or which hung suspended in censor-like flower-boxes. A very old palm-tree which had a singular history of its own grew in the centre of the garden, and the ever-present orange-tree and wide-leaved banana. Shadowed by these were statues of classical and mythological characters—of Pluto, Memnon, Prometheus, the blind Belisarius, and the Laocoon—of Niobe, Iphigenia, Pasiphae and Medea. Each one of them in their name was suggestive of some gloomy story, and the shadow that resided in the name was farther increased by the mouldered and mildewed condition to

which they were abandoned. But these were not neglected more than the vines and flowers. The ground had become so thickly covered with shadowy foliage as to look damp and unhealthy, and altogether it rather resembled an Indian jungle than the ornamental garden for which it had been originally intended.

Finding but little pleasure in this anything but Paradisaical retreat, and becoming annoyed and affected by the sight of some strange birds and wild animals that were confined in cages, and which chattered and screeched at me as I passed, I hastened in doors.

The scene within was not more suggestive of domestic comfort, and was entirely destitute of that character which is given to an establishment by the presence of woman. It was obvious, even to a child, that it was not the abode of any of the opposite sex.

The furniture was of costly enough pattern, but appeared old rather from neglect than too frequent use. A great deal of it was still packed in the different apartments of the house, and but little care had been evinced in its preservation. Everything indicated the little consideration in which the establishment had been regarded by its owner.

Francois, whom I subsequently discovered, beld my uncle's whims and caprices in the greatest awe, and who, although he dressed in *bizarre* colors, betrayed a sort of imitation of him in his costume—Francois was not averse to answering my questions about what I saw, though he did it without any unnecessary waste of words.

"Why was not the furniture put in use which I see piled up in some of the rooms?" I inquired.

It was what Mons. your uncle brought with him from Paris upon his last visit, although he might perhaps have obtained just as good here. The home-made furniture, however, does not please him. The country, he says, only produces cypress wood, and that, he thinks, is fit only to make coffins.

"Your uncle," said Mr. Bruno, apologetically, "has a taste for the antiquities, and he admires the cypress: first, because it is despised by his friends; secondly, because it was the emblem of immortality among the Egyptians, and furnished the coffins for the heroes and great men of Athens. If you were, perhaps, a little older, you would have observed its dark, melancholy foliage among the plants in his garden."

"But why, Francois, does he not use his furniture, now that he has purchased it?"

"He had not intended doing so when he ordered it. He likes to know that he has such articles upon hand in case of need."

"And those pictures and busts, do they always remain with their faces to the wall?"

"Except when he turns them for his own use. He objects to their being exposed to the criticisms of visitors who would not understand their merits."

The busts were mostly of the Roman emperors who were only distinguished by their gluttony or crimes. One of the pictures represented Sardanapalus at a feast, on the night which was to be his last, and another with the motto of *De cenda est Carthago*, was of the six days' fight of the housetops, which resulted in the abasement of Rome's African rival, and in which the wife of the Carthaginian general was represented as throwing her children into the flames of the burning city.

"But who is this the picture of? It ought to be of Cleopatra, though there is no asp applied to her breast, and besides the costume is too modern," inquired M. Bruno.

"That frame, you will observe by the dust,



is rarely turned. It is of the lady of whom you spoke in the carriage—that is of Madame Marie —.”

Before the sentence was finished the door of my uncle's room was heard to open, and Francois, with a guilty air which contrasted oddly enough with his ordinary dignity, hastily turned the picture to the wall.

We now approached the room in which my uncle attended to us, and on my part with a mind not a little puzzled to know what to make of the character of almost my only relative. The next traits that I saw revealed troubled me still more as to what to think.

On entering, M. Ugalde was discovered surveying himself in a full length mirror. He had the air of a man who had finished an important labor, and who was satisfied with his success. He was dressed elaborately, and held in his hand a handkerchief scented with the last perfume of the day. At the time, I saw no evidence of the traits of character which I had been led to expect from the appearance of the establishment, and from the conversation to which I had just listened.

Having disposed of his own dress, and examined himself in a pier glass as critically from head to foot as if he had been a young man just commencing a career of folly, he turned his attention to me. He did not salute me, but regarded me attentively. My appearance did not please him. He spoke of my manners and dress to Francois as if I had not been present, and in a manner that would have exasperated any one ignorant or otherwise of the world, to the last degree.

His tone was so cold that I begged that he would reconsider his proposal of naming me as his heir. A request that to any one else would have been considered an affront, and would have perhaps ended all intercourse had the effect upon him of a menace that was to be dreaded. He made no answer to my demand beyond leading the way impatiently to the breakfast table, and never afterward, (with an exception soon to be named,) interferred for good or bad with my pursuits, one way or the other.

#### A Dinner in Respectable Company.

I have now stated in detail my first impressions of M. Ugalde, and what I at the time learned of his character from those who knew him best. At that period of his life he appeared to have no serious occupation for his time unless his studies and theories on the subject of gastronomy might be considered as such. In fact the dishes and wines that he drank occupied his time to the exclusion of almost everything else. He showed in this, as he did upon most subjects, that he was a man of great capacity, and were it not at the risk of making my description too long, an amusing chapter might be easily written upon what might be called his table philosophy. The purposes of this narrative will only admit that I now relate one more conversation that occurred at a dinner to which my uncle once invited some of his friends, and at which the subject of eating was the Alpha and Omega of every remark that was made:

*First Speaker*—Can you tell me who the fat old gentleman is at the other end of the table with the spectacles and red nose? He looks more good natured than most of those who are present.

*Second Speaker*—You are right. The old man commenced life as a waiter in one of our restaurants—acquired a fortune, was swindled out of it, and reduced to his former position. He again appeared with an apron upon his stomach, became once more wealthy, and has retired from business. He is really the best judge of

good dishes of any man in the city. But his value to our host is that he always supports, or rather anticipates, his decisions, a matter which is not very difficult, since he has taken his orders the best part of his life.

“Not a great while since, the ex-restaurateur gave his daughter's hand in marriage to the tip-top swell who sits at the opposite end of the room, and whose name is St. M——. The family of the latter was rather obscure; but St. M—— succeeded in getting in with a fast crowd, to retain whose friendship he has been known to deny all relationship with his own mother and sisters. On the night of the wedding, I need hardly state that he had on hand the best known of the class who promenade in patent leathers and pick their teeth around first-class restaurants. The wedding was really a showy affair; the *fiancée* was resplendent in orange blossoms and diamonds; the supper table had received the especial care of the bride's father, and was a miracle of success; and St. M——, who knew his father-in-law's occupation, and had been apprehensive, congratulated himself more and more upon the success of the entertainment.

“Still there was one drawback. *Monsieur, le pere*, was uncorking the champagne regardless of expense, and St. M. had to regret that a large part of it, in answer to frequent toasts, found its way down his father-in-law's throat. In short, the old man set the revellers a glorious example in spite of the winks and nudges of his son: he at last stood upon his feet and commenced addressing the crowd. Once started, he dwelled with pride upon his early struggles—upon the curses and imprecations which he had received as a waiter, but which had yet not kept him from making his way in life. Catching his son-in-law's eye, he promised to the assembled guests that he should have his blessing and support, that the same four-posted bedstead in which he slept himself 30 years before, and in which his daughter was born, should be her's to commence housekeeping, and that the old horse hair trunk (every hair of which he regarded as a souvenir of happy days) should bring to his son-in-law the same success and prosperity that had attended its first owner.

“The sensation which this speech produced upon the minds of the guests beggars description. It was amusing enough in itself, but it was remembered that St. M—— married to improve his fortunes; and the gift of the old bedstead, horse hair trunk, and similar relics of household furniture sounded to the guests like a death-knell to these expectations. A great many believed at the time that the ex-restaurateur knew what he was saying and doing, and that his drunkenness was only affected. He had been violently opposed to his daughter's marriage to St. M——, whom he detested; and detecting his son-in-law's character, and having no shame about having been a *restaurateur* himself, he had taken that opportunity of reciting his dislike.

“St. M—— is a handsome fellow. If the other sex goes by looks as they say they do, I can easily understand how he came to win his wife.

“He certainly seems to be popular in that quarter. The winter before his marriage he became involved with a girl who at one time sold oranges at one of our fruit stalls. The poor girl was violently in love with him; but whether it is that medicine is as jealous a mistress as Coke describes law to be, the devotion of the pretty fruit-seller was but indifferently returned. If his features appear chiseled from marble, it is perhaps because nature has made his heart of the same material. The matter resulted as it nearly always does where a woman loves above her station. St. M. carried the orange



girl to one of the dance houses which abound in her neighborhood, and the excitement and liquor she was made to drink, did the work that might have been expected. St. M. was thoughtful enough not to abandon her, until he had conveyed her to her home; but unfortunately her friends refused to suffer her to remain. Thus deserted by every one, the poor girl drowned herself in a cistern. But to conclude the story, said the speaker, as every one rose to leave the table, a Coroner's inquest was soon after held upon the body. Will you believe that St. M. assisted at the deliberations of the jury, made the post-mortem examination himself before the City Physician could be notified, and recommended a verdict of accidental drowning? It is nevertheless true."

The *restaurateur* thus spoken of was my tutor, M. Bruno, whose occupation had been as described. His son-in-law was my uncle's physician. Of the latter, the following story was also related by one of the speakers:

Apocryphal attempts at suicide, the last story related by those best posted in matters of gossip, is of an old adventurer who came to this city some time ago, and who took apartments with an old lodging-house keeper of somewhat doubtful color, language and nationality. The latter, partly as a washer of laces, (*blanchisseuse en fin*.) partly by leasing rooms, partly by acting as a sick nurse in time of epidemics, contrived to live along comfortably, and upon holidays with some show of style in dressing.

Meanwhile, the adventurer had taken sick with the dengue fever, and had it not been for careful nursing would have commenced the journey upon which the traveler carries no baggage—not even a carpet-bag. In fact the attending physician who valued his time and perhaps his fees, had dismissed the case as hopeless with a professional shake of the head.

At this juncture the old nurse took the patient in hand, and by dint of simple treatment, soon made him work around.

The old nurse going out one day left the patient in the hands of her daughter, a young and inexperienced girl, with instructions to allow him during her absence nothing but the customary low diet of gruel, and such like. Instead of following these instructions, the daughter yielded to the entreaties of the patient when the back of the old nurse was turned, and soon after brought from a neighboring restaurant a sumptuous dinner for two, of graces, snipe, fish, etc., with enough wine to give the meal a good start. Instead of partaking moderately as he had promised, the wretched patient soon consumed every dish by his own exertions alone, bones and all.

The consequence of all this was that the old nurse soon after found him with the mortal palor overspreading his face which usually precedes death.

Nevertheless she did not despair, and brought him around the second time.

The termination of the matter came with the departure of one of the outward bound steamships. The sick patient had recovered and was carrying from the city more flesh than he had brought with him. Still the old nurse and her daughter were left behind, and were shedding tears at his departure.

These latter, however, were not precisely those of friendship. The fact was that the convalescent patient had as tokens of his gratitude omitted the formality of paying for his room on leaving, and he had, after destroying her innocence, abandoned to despair the daughter.

The conversations above, given merely as an illustration of my uncle's friends, had occurred during the earlier portion of the meal. As the

feast progressed, there was some changing of places, and I ultimately found myself near Mr. Bruno.

"Is all of my uncle's interest in cooking real," I inquired, observing the occupation of the other guests; "or has it been so long an affectation with him that it now seems a part of his character?"

"Nobody well knows—not even his best friends—if any one is regarded by him in that light. I have at times thought him haunted by some unhappy reflection or remorse of which he never speaks, and that rather than show his weariness and discontent, he chooses to make himself a little absurd and amuse himself with this melancholy farce—secretly laughing at the flattery of his guests, until it has become part of his character."

"What is the disappointment in life that is supposed to have affected him?"

"Some old love story. I believe it is always pretended to be that."

"Everybody else is too much absorbed in discussing the last culinary marvel to pay attention. You can tell me and be discreet."

"The affair took place some years ago," said Bruno, and to say that there was a disappointment is to say that there was a lady in the case. I remember rather vaguely the facts. But I shall never forget the appearance of the young lady in question. Her first name was Marie; and were I to select from all whom I can now remember, who made the most impression upon me by modest, maidenly deportment, it seems to me it would have been her. We associate the better womanly qualities with the name of Mary, whether written in French or English; and there was something about her general appearance and manners that was fully in keeping with the idea. She had blue eyes and golden hair, and her eyelashes—what you do not always find with people with hair of that color—were long and of a darker hue. Her manners was innocence itself; her smile showed a happy, contented disposition, as well as teeth which were like so many pearls, and her soft rippling laugh was a thing to be remembered long after."

"And to jump at the natural conclusion," said I, for Bruno's rather elaborate description awakened in me a suspicion that he was drawing on his imagination for half of his material, "the conclusion to be naturally arrived at was that my uncle was enamored of this paragon." I thought that if I interrupted him in the midst of his rather smooth narrative I would more accurately and quickly get at the truth.

"You are right; the parties were thought to be devotedly attached to each other, and preparations were at one time made for their wedding."

Bruno was discontented at having been interrupted in his story, and it now became necessary to ask questions.

And what prevented this happy consummation?

"Unfortunately it was not prevented until a day or two preceding the marriage."

"At that time the bride that was to be suddenly disappeared altogether with some one whom, according to one cruel and unjust rumor, nobody could remember to have previously seen in her company."

"The lady was never afterwards met nor even alluded to by your uncle."

"And is she dead? Is she living in the city?"

"It is not known what ever became of her. She must have died. She could not with her personal appearance have gone in company and failed to have attracted attention. Her face, indeed, was one of that spiritual beauty that reminded you of the faint echo of ravishing mu-

sic—one that inspired sentiment in every glance and gesture. If ever a man was justified in allowing his judgment and reason to become unsettled and unsteady by any woman, it was by her."

"And does M. Ugalde regret her still?"

"Regret her? You may well say that. He never, as I have already stated, alludes to the matter. But it is impossible to suppose her absent from his thoughts. It was her picture, you may remember to have remarked, that you saw turned to the wall. If the truth was known he would probably at this day sacrifice his fortune, or what he values more, his cook, to obtain one repentant or loving glance from Mlle Marie's eyes."

"And is that all you have to tell me of my uncle's contemplated marriage?"

"That is all I know of the matter, except that one report represents that his former fiancée is now dying of a broken heart. As for himself I do not know, as he has not been more confidential to me than to others, that the matter has positively affected a character that may already have been previously formed, one way or the other."

"But whose fault, M. Bruno, was it that the estrangement took place?"

"The question is a little difficult to answer—perhaps through faults or mistakes of character on both sides. One whisper was that it arose from a criticism of some impulsive action on the part of the lady, and a malapropos quotation of Caesar's in reference to what should be the virtue of his wife. Another was, that the expression of suspicion had been still stronger, and that Marie had sacrificed her attachment to what she deemed a justifiable pride of sex. But to return to the contemplated marriage, an estate was left and a suit grew out—"

"If it is a law suit don't tell me, I won't understand it."

Mr. Bruno made a grimace and gesture, which intimated that he thought himself unfortunate in his listener.

I caught my uncle's eye at this moment, and I fancied from its expression that he must have guessed our conversation.

A moment after the guests arose from the table, and he passed near us in going to the parlor.

"I think you were telling me before dinner you have completed your education at the institute at which you have been attending."

My answer, of course, was in the affirmative.

"In that case a few years of study, or, at least, travel is what you now require. Your tutor, M. Bruno, I give *carte blanche* to assist you with letters and with preparations for your departure." And he passed on before I had sufficiently recovered to make any reply.

Knowing his character, though not precisely the motive for his conduct, I completed my arrangements the next day and waited upon him before leaving to pay my parting call.

But M. Ugalde did not apparently think my departure was a matter of enough importance to demand a separate interview. He sent his adieux by Francois.

I made bold to inquire through the same messenger how long my absence was to continue.

The answer was until I should receive an imperative summons to return.

I remained absent for several years, when I received a letter commanding me to return. The summons was indeed imperative.

#### Pontonian Shadows.

A letter had reached me through M. Bruno,

which announced the sickness of my uncle and the near approach of death.

I lost no time in returning to the city. It was on Sunday that I reached his residence. The streets at the time were deserted. The population was either occupied with the religious services of the day, or had remained home, and the quietude without was a fitting prelude to the scene I was now called upon to witness.

On entering the house I found that most of the old friends with whom my uncle had been accustomed to associate, were seated in the different rooms quietly smoking, or discussing their customary topics. The decanters and glasses upon the buffet had evidently been used, and in the philosophical turn of the conversation there was the tone of resignation which the nepenthe that had been imbibed, and the presence of death which does not nearly concern us, were of a nature to produce.

It is a not uninteresting study, the effect that such a scene has upon different temperaments—the effect that the deaths of our different friends have upon each individually. In the present case the scene was so much at conflict with all past associations and ideas—such reflections had been so often banished, or only casually alluded to, that it was almost impossible for the company assembled to keep the present uppermost in their thoughts, and not allow the conversation to wander unchecked altogether.

It was not a reflection I had leisure to make at the moment, as I passed on immediately to my uncle's chamber. What was occupying my mind at the time was that I, who was his nearest relative, was the last person in the world qualified to administer any consolation at his departure from the world.

M. Ugalde had never been much occupied with my welfare, but he had nearly always allowed me to do as I pleased. He had rarely listened to anything that had interested me, but he had not greatly thwarted my whims. Considering how often we are made miserable by the active interference of friends, and not unfrequently by their interest in our affairs, I felt that I ought to be grateful. He had virtually said to me to amuse myself with life—which, at the best, was a farce—in what way I could. It was not his affair, whether I joined in the follies of others or looked on from his standpoint of view.

Feeling that his nature had been shadowed by some blight, that I was about to lose the only relative I had known, I could not fail of being impressed as I passed into his darkened chamber.

For some time after my entrance, he did not appear to see me, and when he did regard me with a steadfast gaze, without any attempt at speech, and with an expression whose meaning I in vain sought to comprehend. Otherwise, the features wore their usual reserved, fixed expression. There was no gasping, or faltering in his voice when he finally spoke, no restless movement of the limbs. Thus seeing him, tranquil and with no appearance of pain, it was difficult to realize that he stood upon the threshold of death.

I learned afterwards that the composed state in which I found him had been produced by opiates, upon the use of which he had insisted, contrary to the advice of his doctor. His disease had been brought on by an indigestion, and once prostrated he had shown himself much less indifferent to the approach of death than to the disturbance in his life produced by pain. It was difficult to refrain from such language as a deathbed would naturally inspire, although it was evident he wished to avoid the subject.

"I know, uncle," said I, "you have distrusted all manifestations of gratitude, but if I could give you the elixir of life by shortening my days, it should be yours."

In the mood in which I was in, what I said was the truth.

"What you are telling me now may or may not be true," he said, very slowly, "but it never was a matter of any consequence, least of all now, I have done nothing for you but allow you a certain sum of money. It is false feeling to be grateful, if you will have it so, for anything more. My judgments have not been infallible; if I gave you any advice it would as soon be forgotten as myself."

#### Philosophy.

"You have a fortune before you to dispose as you prefer, and fortunes dwarf and demoralize natures of small ambition. I am not certain that I ought not rather to bestow an imprecation than my wealth. What you will inherit will be a burthen under which your talents and energies will have to stagger. You will not naturally put forth your best exertions for a small remuneration when your bank notes accumulate as fast as you can scatter them."

"But now that you have been raised to a life of ease and will soon have wealth in your possession, endeavor at every sacrifice to preserve it. What the world calls crime is a lack as often as not of judgment, or is brought on by misfortune. Any sudden change from one condition in life to another is dangerous to principle, if you have any, and if you become poor it is but one step to stealing. Families of former wealth that become impoverished, for this reason, not unfrequently bequeath their names to gamblers and prostitutes. Wealth will not always procure pleasure, but it will protect against some of the ills of life. But happiness is dependent upon others as much as upon ourselves. It never lasts long in one condition or the other. We look forward when we are young, and sigh for youth when we are old. What will satisfy at one time will not at another. Occupy yourself with any of the duties, honors, or various relations of life, and you will arrive at my conclusions in the end."

"To give any advice to one at your age would be a warning against the dangers to be met from the other sex. It is a matter of calculation with every woman that understands her business to make us mad. She involves the happiness of every man whose love she secures. If you are unsuccessful, you dissipate your fortune. If you succeed, she assists you in doing so. Be satisfied with a matter of fact companion if you can; a fascinating wife will never be satisfied with you or any one else. The chances of winning are not sufficient to overbalance the risk to which you expose your happiness."

His last advice did not surprise me. I had never seen a lady enter his house, and he could

not bear to have one near him. When he spoke of woman at all it was generally with the intimation that they were in every way man's inferior, and only excelled in such branches as had been contemptuously abandoned to their skill.

But while concluding what he had to tell me, by mentioning the friends whom he wished to appear at his funeral, and providing that they should be entertained as usual; while bequeathing a legacy to Mr. Bruno, to the restaurateur with whom he had been accustomed to dine, and to Francois, his old attendant—the latter himself entered, and announced in a low tone that Mlle Marie was in attendance, and begged to be allowed to see him before his death.

Her own health had long been broken, and her life was only a question of time. While passing in a carriage she had been shocked by the funereal appearance of the house—by the almost visible atmosphere of death. Her agitated inquiries and demand for admission, which scarcely admitted refusal, had been the result.

M. Ugalde's face, at mention of the name, became agitated and convulsed with more feeling than I had ever before seen it. It was very evident that the secret wish of his soul was to see the applicant.

"I have been struggling all of my life," he said, "for the triumph of intellect over impulse. It costs me as great a struggle now as it did the first time I ever made feeling bend to pride."

"Shall Madame be admitted?" inquired Francois.

"No," he said with a tremulous voice; "tell her to remember me as she saw me years ago. I am too near being a corpse to have to play a living role with credit."

Before Francois could execute his errand, the door of the apartment swung slowly open. The veiled figure of a woman dressed in black, shadowy and evanescent, now entered, and it did not need that I should be afterwards told who it was—that it was the Marie to whom my uncle had been many years previously engaged.

As she approached and knelt at his bedside, the tragic light which I had never seen absent from his eyes suddenly gave way to a look of happiness and ecstasy, and the weight of years and of approaching death seemed to be shaken off. The flame from the expiring taper shot up from the socket for a moment—for a brief moment. "Clasp my hand once more, Marie—once more. It seems, after all, that I am to die in your arms. If I had long ago believed you capable of this we never would have separated. We never get what we want, or if it comes at all it comes when we have ceased to care for it."

It was the last sentiment, good or bad, that he ever uttered. When we went to arrange his pillows it was found that the two existences which through life had flown apart and refused to mix had now united in their flight for the pale realm of shadows.

# STORIES ABOUT THE CITY.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

In my twentieth year I discovered a conspiracy among my nearest relations to deprive me of my freedom. Their plan was nothing less than to marry me to the daughter of an old family friend and neighbor—to a young girl, good-looking and intelligent enough, but who at the same time was not at all to my taste, and to whom in fact I had acquired an almost positive aversion. Besides, I naturally concluded I was too young to get married—that is, I had seen but little of the world. Before settling down it was necessary to go forth and meet with some of the charming adventures with which romancers are perpetually barthening their pages. That would be a stupid sort of marriage, indeed, where you would be given away to a young creature who might or might not be good looking or lovable, who had made no impression one way or the other. I could, in fact, scarcely say that I had seen her. My proper line of action was of course to go forth and meet with adventures—to discover that one lively and agreeable incident led on to another—to a charming encounter here—to a formal presentation a little further on, and to a quarrel and difficulty with a wicked and maliciously-disposed rival, who would threaten to kill me, but which difficulty would end, if necessary with my marriage, or by killing him.

Under such circumstances any serious proposal to marry the daughter of an old neighbor was simply ridiculous. The more so too as my education was scarcely completed.

In those days I had been going to school with a youth of the same age as myself, at what was known as the Two-Sexes Institute. One or two such schools are still in existence, though they never became popular, and the name in the precise case to which I refer was almost a misnomer.

My friend and classmate, who subsequently became celebrated as a *bambocheur* and a young man about town, was called Hypolite.

It was in accordance with his suggestion and advice that I had rejected the overtures of my friends, and had determined to see what there was in life before listening to any propositions about settling down into a quiet, easy-going existence.

Monsieur Baudoin, the head of the school in which we were both placed, was a little bald-headed gentleman, with protruding eyes, who had come to this country as a gardener. Matters not prospering with him in this capacity, he had contracted a marriage with a well known milliner, and tradition represented that the institution which he now had under his control had been given him as a bonus, upon the completion of the marriage by some one who had previously been the *cher ami* of the lady in question. The world had looked at first coldly on the institution of Baudoin, after its commencement; but in process of time, it came to be dis-

covered that his grounds—for he was a gardener—looked as blooming as the garden of the Hesperides, and that the female pupils of madame dressed with more taste and fashion than the *élèves* of any similar institution in the city.

Neither of the heads of the school interfered actively in our studies; these being confided to subordinate teachers, who deserved the credit of what progress we made (if any) in our studies.

Madame we never saw, except on the streets, riding or promenading, very gaily dressed; while Monsieur, her husband, jogged through life contentedly enough, snipping and clipping at his shrubbery, and making bouquets for his patrons, and favorite female pupils. Engaged in this occupation, we were allowed to admire him at a distance, but in no wise approach or disturb; and any attempt to trouble his intellect with questions connected with our studies, would be visited heavily, not only upon our own heads, but those of our unfortunate teachers.

"The success of the institution was undoubtedly due to a certain piquancy of manner upon the part of Madame, which pleased, and a certain assumption of superiority which had awakened dread. As a milliner she had possessed the power of making visitors purchase against their judgment, by an air which said, 'If you do not buy you are lacking in taste, or are from the country'—an argument which few visitors who had not already ruined their guardians or husbands in acquiring the necessary experience, could resist. This power, which books failed to teach, had to a great extent sustained the reputation of the school.

Mme. Baudoin, the ex-modiste, was the head centre of the institution which bore her husband's name. She knew little of books, but contrived to keep her establishment in order; a daughter, on the other hand, called Ernestine, was an excellent teacher, while M. Baudoin was too much interested in ornamental gardening to be of much in-door use in one capacity or the other.

The only trouble about Ernestine, who sometimes accepted a situation as governess, and was in every way to be trusted, was that her complexion was so unmistakably brunette as to be sometimes embarrassing not only to herself but escort. At one time it involved the cowhiding of a restaurateur, who declined to receive the orders of herself and party. At another time it led to a more gentlemanly affray, in which her uncle, who kept a pistol gallery, acted as principal, and proved the accuracy of his weapons. On still another occasion she was engaged to a suitor who carried his devotion to such an extremity as to insult half of his male friends on her account. He finally succumbed, however, to his enthusiasm, and the visitor to the old St. Louis Cemetery may still see inscribed upon his tomb, '*Victime de l'honneur.*'

"In this state of affairs I was one evening surprised by Hypolite's bursting into my room, dressed as an Indian, and painted to such an extent in the warwhoop style as almost to defy recognition.

"What do you mean by penning over a book all alone to-day," he noisily inquired. "Or do you forget the ball to-night?"

"True; I had forgotten it. And so you are among the masqueraders?"

"And to-night you must go with me. Throw away your books, and quit all that foolishness. *On s'amuse*. Ernestine and Gabrielle have tickets to the opera ball, and they wish us to go along with them."

"But in the first place will Mme. Baudoin consent?"

"We have not thought it worth the trouble of asking her. She consents to everything that Gabrielle demands. Besides the latter is soon to leave the school, and naturally does what she pleases."

"In the second place, who is Gabrielle?"

"Do you not know? She is Madame's wildest *eleve*. You have no idea what a young colt she is, or was—for she is getting better now. But the first week she came here she slapped Madame's own face and actually ran away from school, went on board of one of the boats, and would have gone home by herself if she had not been recaptured. It may have been the influence of the family, or perhaps a desire on Madame Baudoin's part to tame her; but everybody wondered why she was not expelled long since. If half what the other girls and the servants say is true, she must be the biggest devil in the world."

"But have you ever seen her? The boys are not usually allowed to enter the portion of the building which is occupied by the girls."

"It was through Ernestine. She is Ernestine's favorite pupil, though she never does anything but look out of the windows or over the porticoes, or play and sing a little at the piano. But you ought to see her—the most beautiful, indolent, restless girl you ever put your eyes on. She is the tyrant of the household. She believes everything you tell her, and will cry or affect to cry at any story of suffering. But, *en revanche*, you have no idea what a temper she has. The other day she broke a chair to pieces, and set to work with it upon one of the servants who had been impertinent to her. Another time she drank too much punch, and was so sick all the next day as to disturb the order of the school. But to come back to where we started. Will you go with us to-night? You may act as her cavalier, if you will."

"No, I do not care to go; I do not think I would like your new friend, as you describe her."

But Hypolite was saved the trouble of making a further appeal by the sudden entrance of Gabrielle herself. Her appearance was eminently *neglige*. She was attired in a faded, waistless sack, which, with the powder she wore upon her face, gave her the appearance of imprisoning her sylph-like form in a sack made to contain meal. The half-open door through which she had entered revealed so many skirts scattered about the floor that you were led to suspect that her little figure was minus of the ordinary number. Her face, as Hypolite had said, was in the highest degree striking, and with her long hair streaming down her shoulders and back, and which she appeared to have been just in the act of combing, you almost forgot the sloven in the picture she presented.

"Has Hypolite asked you to go to the ball with us to-night?" said she to me without awaiting any introduction.

Before I could reply, the voice of Ernestine was heard from the room which she had just left.

"Will you come along, Gabrielle; I must commence dressing too, and I cannot waste all day with your hair."

"Wait one moment, Ernestine. Lace my bottino, Hypolite, while I talk to this imbecile. I can see that he wishes to make out that he does not want to go with us."

Hypolite meanwhile bent upon one knee and with the air of a blacksmith shoeing a horse, set to work at his appointed task.

I blushing commenced to make some excuses, but she interrupted me.

"What young man," said she, glancing over her shoulder at me, "with any life and spirit, will be able to stay away. Everybody goes to balls on Mardi-Gras night, and you will be only making yourself ridiculous by not doing as every one else does."

As she said this she freed her foot from Hypolite's hands, and whistling a *cachuca* and moving her arms as if playing upon castinets, she danced gaily out of the room.

"Are you going to go with us?" she stopped at the door to inquire.

"But I have never been to a ball of this or any other kind, and I shall be of no assistance."

"There never was a better time, said she, to commence. You will meet there a crowd of delighted spirits, whom you have never seen before, and do not expect to meet again—but with whom you dance, and gallop with an *elan*—a *gusto* and a *laissez-aller*, which knows no bounds in such a crowd. You will pass your time more charmingly than if you had been old friends all of your life."

"And lastly," added Hypolite, "the numerous lights, the reflecting mirrors, the music, the gay and ornamented throng, will awake you to an ecstasy felt rarely in a lifetime."

"Say no more," I added. "You make me curious to experience this delirium and intoxication which, if one is to believe you, is equal to that of the best in Heaven."

"In that case," said Hypolite, "it will be necessary that you at once secure a costume. There is a magnificent *Figaro* suit at Mme. Groux, which I have asked that veteran *costumiere* to hold in reserve. It will be for you just the character. *Au revoir* Gabrielle, we will return for you early." And kissing the tips of his fingers and making an impressive bow, first with one side of his head, and then the other, he backed himself out of the door.

Hypolite's costume I soon discovered was in keeping with the scene out of doors. The carnival spirit was in full blast. Singular figures were moving about on foot or clattering by on horseback or in vehicles. Sometimes a dozen wild characters of both sexes would be crowded into one carriage, and in spite of the fantastic costume the driver would be forced to wear, his business air would be discovered beneath his paint, and stand in singular contrast to the mad hilarity to the remainder of the party. The social status of those who masqueraded in daylight was not what it was in former days; fast men and faster women lent it the most generous support; but what was lacking in respectability was made up in drinking and boisterous merriment.

What was your first observation was the extraordinary tendency the female masqueraders had to rush into male apparel. At least one-half of them were so disguised, while those who were debarred from appearing as cavaliers took their revenge by curtailning their skirts, and in the paradisaical shortness of their attire left the ballet-dancers but little behind. About dark, a society of masqueraders, composed, it

was supposed, of some of the best known men of the city (for none of the members were positively known), made their appearance in procession. The Mrs. Grundys who had kept their daughters within doors during the day from fear of the revelers, who would have hesitated little at accosting them or lifting their veils, could now no longer restrain their curiosity, and between the maskers and the lookers on, it became impossible to proceed.

The passage of this procession, some several hundred strong, in chariots, and representing the mythological age, closed the outdoor amusements. The air grew cooler; the hahoons, nonkeys and devils, unsustained by the consolations of liquor, became less sportive; the musical instruments, which were held in the hands of low-necked sirens, emitted no sounds of harmony, and even the wildest of the *bambocheurs* showed signs of letting down.

"The day's performance is over," said Camille in my ear. "Let us get your costume and report to our friends."

I followed his suggestion. The white-haired matron who had made costumes all of her life, recognized by a smile one of her best customers, and at Hypolite's request had soon unhooked with a pole the disguise which he pointed out.

Having no experience about the matter, and the costume being a very pretty one in purple velvet, I yielded to Hypolite's representations, and lost no time in arraying myself in it. This task accomplished, we hastened back to the pension for Ernestine and Gabrielle. The latter kept us sometime waiting, but when she at length made her appearance, I was obliged to admit that her costume now made up in brilliancy for any little negligence I might have before observed. Still she was not the kind of girl I thought I could have ever fancied, and thinking that Hypolite, from the manner in which he had spoken of her, might be more amiably inclined, I offered my arm to Ernestine, and resigned to him the fairer prize.

Our party had reached the door of the Opera House. A long line of carriages hinted that we would not find ourselves alone. The first part of the evening, there was to be represented a spectacle gotten up by a masquerading club, which had been eagerly expected for a long time previous, and large sums of money had in some cases been offered to procure tickets. As it was known before hand that the number of invited guests would be immense, both banquettes in front of the main entrance before the opening of the doors were crowded with ladies in diamonds and ball dresses, and so great was the throng that snowy slippers were forced sometimes to come in contact with the mud of the street. From the compression of skirts, the damage to tulle illusion, and the unavoidable pushing and pressing of such a crowd, more than one Niobe was reduced to a melting mood, and I had particular occasion to remark a young lady, whose head was forced against my bosom, from the absolute impossibility, on account of the crowd, of turning it any other way, and who moistened in this manner my embroidered shirt sufficiently to alarm me for its effect.

But the doors were at length opened, the crowd gained seats, the ladies in the first and second floor stalls and open boxes, the gentlemen in the upper galleries, and now the performance began.

Hypolite was not of an age or temperament to be greatly interested, or to allow me to believe so, in the allegorical tableaux of the arts and seasons, when so dazzling an array of beauty formed a more alluring spectacle; and fearful of missing the sight of some pretty face, he was constantly moving from one por-

tion of the building to the other. At one moment he was about the entrance of the dress circle; at another he would penetrate, with lorgnette in hand, to the paradise or uppermost tier and look down from that supreme elevation upon the magnificent sight below.

When he had reached the latter height, "Let us, said he, consume the interim between this and the dancing portion of the evening in discussing some of the characters which we can still see from this serene elevation. Dancing, after all, which is work, is associated with the sweat of the brow, should be preceded by rest."

He now rolled a couple of cigarettes, and then commenced discoursing with the air of a *Diable Boiteux* about many of the personages whom he saw.

#### A Coup d'Œil from the Dress Circle.

We had reached what was to be the scene of the evening's festivities, and Hypolite and I, while awaiting the reappearance of our party from the dressing-room, discoursed of the guests we saw below.

"The great staple of the invited guests you see below is a fair representation of the respectability, and almost of the fashion of the city. Either through the influence of friends, or for some other reason difficult to explain, there are, and, perhaps, always will be some exceptions to the rule. When the tableaux are over, the *haute ton* will leave or remain in the loges, and another stratum of a lower formation, and who have invitations for only that part of the evening's amusements, will be allowed to enter."

"But tell me, Hypolite, now that you have brought me here, who are some of the principal characters we see to-night? You know everybody, or affect to know everybody. You may commence with the young lady who has on the pretty but bizarre costume, and who seems to be acting the role of *Le chat Boiteux*."

"Who is she?" That is the daughter of Madame ———, another *costumière*, who keeps, for the amusement of the public, a *magasin* of masquerade costumes. She dresses well, and cheaply, too, though her social position is not high."

"The family of Mlle. Sophie, (for that is her name,) have had their history in their day. Her father was one of the noblesse who emigrated at the time of the French revolution, and who hoped to establish in this country the fortune he had lost in the old. But fortunes which pass away seldom return, and the family in the second generation were poorer than in the first. At the death of the *émigré* he left his son nothing to remind him of his father's estate, except a magnificent sword, which had more than once been worn in the presence of royalty. Can you guess what became of this heirloom which had survived the loss of every other relic? The son was reduced to earn his living as a cobbler, and the sword was deliberately broken into shoemaker's knives. With these he for a long time did his work toward honorably supporting his family—he may be doing so yet."

"If I dance at all, it shall be with Mlle Sophie for one of my partners. Now for the rest."

"The party, for instance, who is just passing beneath, has had her name in the *Chronique Scandaleuse* for several years. How she obtains entrance into society and keeps from obtaining it in a criminal court, is difficult to be seen. She is pretty, her relatives deservedly rank high, and will probably obtain admission for her into one or two assemblies more."

"But if you wish to witness a sight, notice the manner in which her unexpected presence is greeted by others of her sex."

I followed his eyes, and sure enough, such silent rearing of crests, when she was recog-

nized by old acquaintances, I have never before or since witnessed.

As the various arrivals passed her in entering the room, each lady bestowed upon her a broadside, like that of a besieging squadron, and welcomed her in the manner in which the ghosts of Richard's victims amused that badly-resting monarch.

The sinner who follows her in the procession is still worse. That is the latter's husband, with the honest, melancholy expression of countenance, whom you see is now gazing wistfully at her from the opposite side of the room, and who seems to be the only party present who is ignorant of his wife's character.

"The couple who are just entering the room only differ from the preceding in that they exactly resemble each other, (*arcades ambo*) and in that they are mutually aware of it. While acting with the utmost frankness in their mutual peccadilloes, they yet maintain a certain reserve toward society, and no one who now sees them would suppose them other than mature lovers. Amiable the gentleman certainly is, and 'tis said that once, having surprised a gallant in paying a doubtful compliment to his lady, his only response was to gaily warn the offender not to be indiscreet in the presence of the husband."

"You shall tell me no more, *mon ami*; save your worthless scandal, and let me believe there is still some honesty and honor in life. You have pointed out two or three who are perhaps old offenders, but you have offered no tribute to the hundreds who are pure and worthy."

"The good, like nations who enjoy prosperity, have no history."

Meanwhile, the dancing had commenced, and amorous youth was trundling languishing beauty up and down the room to music which permitted of no rest. We hastened below, and, in spite of my want of familiarity with the scene, I made bold to offer my services to Gabrielle. I was not badly rewarded for my attention, as she, as I had afterwards occasion to know, was in reality one of the best dancers in the room. She had the quick eye which frequenters of very crowded ball-rooms acquire for discovering good manœuvring-ground—spots upon the crowded floor, upon which you could turn, or zigzag hyphaths of escape.

It was a sight to see her, with her head turned slightly to one side, dancing for two or three moments in some isolated spot, like a leaf in a stream of water whirling momentarily in an eddy, and then gliding swiftly down the main current. Now she would whisper, "*Plus vite mon cher*, those stupid musicians are always too slow with their music," and then we would dance like so many *hacchantes*, with a vehemence and a rapidity which would leave her partner breathed and exhausted, but which would scarcely suffuse her face with color. When the musicians, from exhaustion would cease to blow, "Ah," she would sigh, "*Quel plaisir! C'est dommage que ce soit si court.*" A regret that your loss of health would prevent you from replying to or sharing.

"But Gabrielle did not come to the grandest ball of the season to dance the whole evening with me whom she saw every day, and from want of experience I did not possess the requisite address to secure elsewhere partners. Partly, too, it was a lack of the buoyant temperament, which is necessary to an occasion of this sort. At any rate, I soon became affected by the feeling of sadness which was naturally inspired by the strangeness to me of the scene, by the light of so much mirth around which I was prevented by my want of acquaintance from enjoying. The youth who throng the staircases, doors and entryways on such an

occasion, and who seem satisfied with having paid their entrance fee, with putting on and taking off their gloves, lounging about the corners and basking in a harmless way in the charms which lay just beyond, are, of all pleasure-seekers, the least to be envied; and the wall-flowers who are condemned to repine in their seats at the happiness which is so near and yet so far, are deserving of much more sympathy than is generally accorded.

Ernestine did not dance, and Hypolite had not been so fortunate as I, in his partner. He had encountered a stout lady with a waist he described as resembling a cistern, and his unhappy destiny had compelled him, while the music lasted, to wheel her in circles around the hall. More than once I had passed him, his face violently discolored with his fierce exercise, and his breathing heard above the blast of the trombones.

There were some dozen *bambocheurs* in every species of fantastic costume, who were in the wildest possible spirits, and who were in a constant whirl, with partners as lively and as rapid as themselves. A *vivandière*, with red cap and tasseled boots, was coquetting with a solemn-faced parson. Psyche hung upon the arm of a Turk, and the red man of the forest pressed to his bosom, in the waltz, the daughter of the pale face. A mad wag, in a pine-apple suit, was meanwhile having his own fun by romping around the room with a half a dozen children at his heels, or interrupting tender *tetes-a-tetes* by dodging behind and catching hold of absent-minded lovers. While the band was feasting in the eating room, he favored the assembly with solos on the trombone, or danced jigs to the music of the drum.

But the scene generally did not strike you in a ludicrous point of view. There was a glare, a glitter, an *elan* and atmosphere of coquetry which made you lose the perception of the absurd, and yield to the excitement which reigned paramount.

While thus looking on at this self-occupied crowd of amazons, peasants, princesses, and captivating figures in every variety of coquettish dress, I was surprised by a light touch upon my shoulder.

Upon turning, I saw standing behind me a zephyr-like figure, in half-mask, clad in a gossamer dress that rather shaded than concealed her form and rounded limbs. Upon her shoulders she bore golden butterfly wings. So irresistibly did her attitude and air impress me, as she stood softly leaning forward to whisper in my ear, that for a moment I thought her some supernatural exhalation.

#### The Black Domino.

The conversation followed that occurs at every masked ball—made up mostly of pantomime, of abrupt questions and direct answers, and which, in most cases, was tipped with overdrawn compliment or downright malice. One never talks to a masked figure as he does to any other companion. The most ordinary mask somewhat appeals to the imagination.

"Why are you alone?" she asked.

"I came to have adventures, and no one appears to see me."

"Are you naturally dull?"

"I moralize because there is no temptation—no chance to be indiscreet. Who are you?"

"I am Psyche—the Soul. My butterfly wings—I don't know why—mean immortality."

"And you have flown to the Heaven of the dress circle—"

"As a benevolent divinity—to cure you of your stupidity, to give you adventures."

"And that means that you wish to dance?"

"Goddesses do not dance with every presumptuous youth. Are your gloves clean?"



"I am a fresh pair—"

"Never mind—only be careful of my wings."

Her head was against my shoulder. I was as happy with the music of the waltz as if I had really held a goddess in my arms.

"You are holding me too close."

"I was afraid that I was dreaming. I dreaded that Psyche might interrupt my dream of happiness to fly away."

"Your compliments are not amusing. I will not dance with you any more."

"Do you say that because the band has ceased?"

"No, my friends are calling me. Do you not observe that they appear annoyed at seeing me in your company?"

"Tell me who the gentleman is with the Ionic order of moustaches, who is regarding you wistfully from the door. Your friend looks to me like a well dressed adventurer."

"A friend more amusing than you."

"She was moving away."

"Shall I see you again?"

"Perhaps, but in another costume—plain white domino."

She was gone.

"The rooms now had but little charm for me. I could only promenade from one part to the other, and curse the delay that separated us. At length, after having vainly sought for twenty times the form I missed in every quarter, I saw a mask issue from the dressing room, which answered to the given description.

I insisted upon accosting it—upon identifying it as some one I had known, and of spending recklessly a large amount with it in the supper room. An elderly chaperone at this stage joined us. The mask finally proved to be only Gabrielle. The elderly chaperone to be Mme. Baudoin.

"You are very pretty, Miss Gabrielle, and you never seemed prettier than to-night; but the fact is you see that I have mistaken you for somebody else. I thought I was about commencing an adventure."

"You insist so much on neglecting me, I am obliged to take care of myself. But finish your romance. Only it will cost you something to find your unknown unless you have better eyes with others than you have had with me."

She was soon lost in the throng.

I wandered in another direction and sighed to encounter Hypolite. Here, at least I thought, was a spirit who understood how to bend circumstances and to convert every acquaintance into an amusing companion—to *roder* from one fair flower to another—to dance with a *can-can-nesque* freedom of movement all night long. Judging from his appearance, when I now encountered him, he had given his disposition full swing. He had paused in his Terpsichorean labors for supper.

"You are doubtless meeting with a great deal of romance—a great deal of happiness, Hypolite?"

"Oh don't trouble yourself about me. Do you see that brunette with the almond-shaped eyes, who is all the time looking at us over her partner's shoulder while dancing?"

"Do you mean the one with the Spanish cast of features?"

"Yes, that is the one. She is really Spanish; that is to say, I hear that she has recently come over from Cuba. I flatter myself that I am regarded in the most amiable light in that quarter."

"How? Do you speak Spanish among your other accomplishments? or does she converse in English?"

"*Au contraire*. She does not understand a word of English, and I no more of Spanish. We have to talk altogether the language of love,

which is independent of words. We squeeze each other's hands, yes, which really is much pleasanter at a ball."

"Rather a limited flirtation. But how did you acquire so charming an acquaintance?"

"I met here a friend who had her in charge, and who asked me if I did not wish to get introduced to the wittiest and most spirituelle lady in the room."

"When I said yes, he introduced me to her. Imagine my astonishment when we mutually discovered that we could not understand each other—that is, by words. I was about to retire, when the band struck up. We danced, of course. There was so much poetry of motion in her every movement that I have since scarcely been able to tear myself away for a moment to find out who she is."

"And you have succeeded?"

"Yes. As I have told you, she comes from Cuba, or, at any rate, appears to be under the care of that bilious, pock-marked senor, who is seated just opposite. You must have heard of that little affair, in which a Cuban Don—"

"Perhaps—but imagine that I know all about it, and instead of telling the story, point out her cavalier."

"Do you see the man with the large, heavy figure, and who is dressed to represent Mephistophiles?"

"The one whose face is smeared with paint, and who really looks like a devil incarnate?"

"Why that is the one who must accompany Psyche."

"And who is Psyche?"

"I have discovered her at last—she has just taken his arm."

"And you tell me you know her? That must be charming."

"While pursuing our separate adventures you have accidentally met with the sister of the lady with whom I have been dancing."

"You say that Psyche is a sister to your innamorata?"

"Yes, and consequently must be the wife, as you would have understood if you had listened, of Mephistophiles."

"Nonsense. I will not believe it."

The couple, meanwhile, of whom we spoke had promenaded around the room. When they had reached the place where we were standing, Psyche released the arm of her cavalier and took mine. I felt flattered at the compliment, but sighed to think of what Hypolite had just told me.

"And you sigh?" she inquired.

"Tell me, is it possible that Mephistophiles is your husband?"

"No—not yet."

"That is bad; that is, if he is to be your husband at all."

"And you are not pleased. Why?"

"I am in love. There is now no hope. I would have given—"

"What would you have given?"

"If your Mephistophiles were really the devil, as he looks savage and ferocious enough to be, I should have been willing to struggle with him for such a prize."

"You would be willing, then, to fight him to obtain me. But you are very brave!"

"But such a prize—"

"Possibly you may win."

Before she could say more, Mephistophiles stalked to where we were, and with a scowl ended the conversation by carrying her off. His fierce look did not seem to me part of his costume.

#### Finale.

And now the night had waned, the roses had faded upon the dress and in the cheeks of beauty, and the dance was still progressing



with the most outrageous intensity. The damaged reputations, who had kept most in the background, were now brought prominently forward, and the restless spirits who had been contented hitherto to keep quiet, were becoming noisily turbulent and demonstrative. The music had gained in swell and passion, but in the mood in which I was only caused wonderment; that what with others urged on the dance, only awakened with me longing and sadness.

In this mood as I stood near the entrance door, I was for the last time touched upon the arm. It was the touch of Psyche, and she was having some altercation with her escort.

I inquired what was the matter.

"The matter is," she said, "that I have attempted to disembarrass myself of this gentleman's company. He insists on remaining."

Her cavalier, extravagantly dressed and painted, and who now seemed inflamed with liquor, confirmed her statement by a gesture of entreaty that she should go with him.

She glanced toward me a look of inquiry. She seemed at the moment in trouble, and it needed no more, in my then humor, to make me consider her the most beautiful woman in the world. Mephistophiles was looking excessively wicked and dangerous. If he had looked twice as much so, I was infatuated enough to have accepted the situation.

I strode in between him and Psyche, and peremptorily commanded him to keep back.

"But, sir," said Psyche, "consult your strength. It is true that I have renounced him for you, but you do not——"

"Say no more!" I exclaimed, maddened by the champagne, music and the situation. "I intend to prove that your preference is not undeserved."

At this threat, Psyche's cavalier had become impatient. He had actually the brutality to place his arm around her slender waist, and was in this manner forcing her from the room. They had nearly reached the head of the stairs. I was perhaps to be deprived of the sight of the beautiful vision forever. At this thought, undeterred by the straight shoot and almost perpendicular descent of the steps, I had conceived the idea of throwing my rival headlong down these, even at the risk of having to des-

cend with him to the bottom. I was in fact in the act of pushing Psyche rudely aside, and was meditating about catching Mephistophiles by the hair or throat. She possibly read in my eye some such wild idea as I made a movement forward. At any rate, I was not a little astonished to find myself suddenly clasped by her arms instead of those of Mephistophiles.

"Stay, madman! What is it you wish to do. Will you kill me, will you kill yourself, and Mr. Baudoin?"

"But who are you?" I inquired, relaxing my hold, and struck by the now natural tone of voice in which she spoke, and the familiar lineaments of the amateur gardener.

"I am Gabrielle. I am the pupil of M<sup>me</sup> Baudoin, and I am your cousin and *fiancée*, you stupid idiot."

She placed her arm around my neck, in such a coaxing way as to reduce me at once to the most amiable of moods. My worst apprehensions were shown to be well founded. There had been a conspiracy against me for depriving me of my freedom, and my *fiancée* and the old head teacher had been the principal actors.

"And this Cuban sylph, who Hypolite said was your sister?"

"That is one of Hypolite's stories."

"And Mephistophiles is not a Cuban Don?"

"No. Hypolite was either mistaken or imaginative."

"In that case, Belle Psyche, there is no cause of quarrel if you do not say no; it shall not be my fault if my first adventure with your sex is not my last."

She took my arm and moved homewards with a saucy look of acquiescence, but which also intimated that I had but little to say about the matter.

As for Hypolite, I was revenged by subsequently learning that he had walked home with his Cuban sylph, and that she proved to be M<sup>me</sup> Baudoin herself. And so far was he from making captives of any of the heiresses or extraordinary heroines with whom he had inflamed my imagination, that he soon united his to the humble fortunes of the M<sup>lle</sup> Sophie of whom he had spoken to me in the early part of the evening.

# A SOLDIERS' LAST BATTLE.

## A STORY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

### I.—THE FIRE-FLY DANCE.

The mere mention of a quiet evening spent with a few congenial friends will not fully bring to mind the picture of repose now to be presented, even with the addition of the details which ordinarily accompany such evenings. That is to say the fireside circle in the present case was one of cultivation and intelligence, and was about evenly divided between the accomplished of both sexes; composed on one side of officers held in the highest esteem in the army, and who were snatching a moment's repose; and composed on the other hand of a number of fair visitors and refugees from other States whose names would only have to be mentioned to be recognized. Added to this there was the ruddy gleam of a huge log-fire—there was the gathering around a supper table illuminated by the steady glow of wax tapers. Lastly, to complete the picture, there was that subdued and half-mysterious tone, as the evening advanced, which conversations of an amiable and tender character naturally acquire. In doors the picture of repose was hardly disturbed by even a glance or movement.

The scene without was of a less harmonious character. It was the last year of the war.

Two hostile armies had been lying face to face with each other, for months. During that time the firing had never been entirely interrupted. It was even at that moment actually going on. The hospitable mansion, through whose windows a ruddy light was now streaming, was not so far removed from the line but that many of the operations incident to a siege were visible.

For instance, glancing through one of the windows, far in front, could be seen a sort of circle of dancing lights, which might have suggested those of the fire-fly or will o' the wisp; and which certainly were the flashes produced by the pickets as they kept up their desultory fire through the livelong night. Occasionally, too, could be seen meteoric looking bodies slowly moving through the air, and accompanied by a not unmusical sound. These, too, when they fell would bury themselves at a great depth in the ground, with a dull, heavy, thudding sound, and an immense upraising of dust; but we get used to everything in life—and on a quiet evening, when we have seen the same thing for months, the sight excites scarcely any comment; no more indeed than would be occasioned among the passengers of a magnificent steamship, at seeing the rolling of the waves, or the plunging and sporting of the dolphin's above and beneath their surface.

The scene, therefore, as has been said, was, properly, one of repose. What was out of doors at first glance, marred upon the picture, but in passing through the windows of a room surrounded by every accompaniment of comfort and luxury, it was toned down into the ordinary sights and sounds of what was then every day life. The thought awakened might have been compared to the slight chill which one experiences in coming from a cold into a warm room. The fire-fly dance without gave a faint flavor to what was within.

A careful spectator having made the foregoing observation would further have remarked that the harmony and keeping of the occasion was preserved in the character of the guests. A general survey would have shown him that the guests were divided up into small groups. The last glance (supposing the observer to have been gifted with fine insight into character) would have rested upon a couple who were conversing upon a *causerie* in a quiet, almost stealthily manner, in a remote corner of the room, and who, altogether, were its least demonstrative occupants.

It is of these two figures (for I upon the occasion referred to had nothing else to do but play the role of the observer) that the rest of this story will be principally occupied. I had in the first place remarked that the lady had been one of the last inmates of the house to enter the drawing room. Her movements in entering were noiseless—almost stealthy. Something in her manner was suggestive of inferior position, loss of worldly wealth, or other social misfortune, from a certain repressed air, and want of interest in the scene. Her face, in spite of unusual beauty, and which would otherwise have attracted, indicated some familiarity with trouble—some meditation upon the vexed questions of life. It was the face of a charming woman, upon whom one could detect a few shadows.

Shortly after the entrance of the latter, and after the arrival of the last of the army visitors, an old friend of mine, and whom the reader may know by the name of Jacinthe, had been announced. He attracted (I may mention parenthetically that his rank was that of Captain) at his entrance very little attention. He was known to but few men in the army; at that time intimately by none.

In entering, I observed that he made a formal salute to the lady already described, but took but little part (without any affectation of singularity) in the conversation, either with her or any one else.

### II.—NEPENTHE.

One of the few accomplishments I possess is a moderate knowledge of music—sufficient practice, for instance, to fill up the dull gaps that sometimes, during an evening, occur in the conversation.

It was while thus engaged in contributing

my small share to the general amusement that I remarked that the two solitary figures of the evening were holding what to me appeared solemn converse. The tone of the speakers, however, was very low, their manners quiet and noiseless. One saw nothing but a mere drawing-room attitude. Perhaps from mere force of suppression the air of being one of those whose consequences last for a lifetime. Seated, at any rate, as I was near them, it was difficult to produce any but soft, sensuous notes—to avoid making the music correspond to the scene in the same way that in theatres the orchestra hints, by way of undertone, at the coming denouement of the melo-drama.

"Jocaste," I first heard the male speaker say, "your life, like that, perhaps, of every one, contains a riddle. When I see your face, with its delicate wax-like features, mobile and ideal in their character, it is difficult to suppose that you possess any relentless purpose. It is not easy to imagine that any deeper thought or passion has settled upon them than what concerns the mere elegancies of life. Your face is almost without a shadow; your lips seem cleft only for kisses. It is really very difficult to speak to you at all according to reason; and, lastly, it is very hard to believe that your rosy smiles, your affectionation of languor and indolence mean only death for me."

"You commenced, Capt. Jacinthe, with an affectation of reserve. Why not maintain it? These romantic speeches you must have remembered from *Romeo*, *Claude Melnotte*, *Ingomar*, or from some of the lovers of a generation ago. You must think of something new, if you wish to amuse us in the world of settlement."

"If I do not speak to you passionately—"

"You are sometimes pensive, but never passionate. You do not love me—or at least I have been loved so often that your words will never have the stimulating effect of love upon my vanity. Your temperament would never please a capricious woman."

"Dear Madam —."

"Omit the two first words—they are not necessary."

"Will you not let me speak, when we have been so long separated—when we must so soon part? Do you see through the window the rockets which have just sped high into the air? As likely as not they mean that there will be a military movement for the night or to-morrow."

"You make a sad spoken warrior. Take courage. Perhaps you will survive, if there is a battle. But that ruddy glow on the horizon that appears to be at a great distance—are those rockets, too?"

"No—it means, in addition, that an advance is being made, and that one side or the other is burning up the stores that would otherwise be captured by the opposite army."

"And you think that something is really about to happen?"

"Listen attentively and you can hear the dull, heavy tread of a brigade of men moving outside over the frozen ground."

"It must be terrible to have to march upon such a night. Are you still contented to be a soldier? Are you still patriotic or ambitious? Tell me how it is that a man who is naturally a misanthrope—"

"And you mean me?"

"Yes, tell me how a man who has made a selfish calculation as to the value of friendships, or who, rather, is indifferent to such ties, ever became enthusiast enough to enlist at starting in the ranks?"

"You ought to know. Confess by your answer that you do know."

"Is it possible, as they tell me, that when you were last wounded you were nursed by a young

lady for two or three weeks, and were jealously kept out of the sight of every female rival; and that finally, instead of being grateful, you went off without telling her goodbye? What makes you act so badly?"

"What makes you ask, when you already so well know? Listen! the drums are beating *generale*. Some of our party are already leaving. So would I be, too, were I not a poor soldier. Have you, madam, no kind word before I go."

"My answer you know already. You have made your decision in life, and it has affected mine. If you had decided right, perhaps I should have loved you—I do not say no. Unfortunately you decided wrong, and—"

"On the contrary, I was only guilty in having a friend who ultimately proved to be a successful rival. But it matters not about this—what happened *then*?—what did you subsequently do that must separate us now? Are you indissolubly bound—are you married?"

"Possibly. Suffice it to state, Jacinthe, that you have decided wrong, so far as we are both concerned."

"You wish to tell me then that though you love me still, there is no possibility of our ever hereafter meeting?"

"It is so obvious that there is no need of telling it."

Her companion gave the irresolute look of a man who scarcely knew what to say.

"There are not many curious situations in life," he finally observed in the tone of one who is endeavoring to content himself with a scrap of philosophy, "there are not many situations more provocative of thought and feeling—that have suggested more dramas and stories, calamitous and otherwise, than that of a loving couple condemned to indifference and separation."

"Your reflection is true enough," said the lady addressed as Jocaste. "It might also be added that in no other is a higher test for honor and character afforded than that of a loving couple thus definitely shut out from all hope."

"You then admit that you retain some of your former feeling?"

"Nothing of the sort. I was merely supposing a case."

"You will never be anything, Jocaste, but a coquette."

"Suppose then, if you choose, that the situation actually exists. It will give you an opportunity of showing the highest order of heroism."

"Can you pronounce so readily the ban of separation? Look once more through the window—the white tents have disappeared—the baggage wagons are driving rapidly to the rear—the booming of cannon is heard—the whole army is now in motion."

The lady thus addressed half unconsciously did as she was told, and appeared for a moment lost in reverie. When she again spoke, the main subject seemed momentarily forgotten, and her words showed the general tendency there was with every one to make every conversation run into a commentary upon the great event of the day.

"Poor Secessia," said she; "this will be her last battle. She should have had some Waterloo before her final exhaustion, where she might have staked her cause and definitely lost or won; where she might have sought victory or ruin upon a cast of the die. Crippled in her limbs, emaciated by famine; and no longer able to grasp in her hand the quivering spear, the tedious struggle has nearly ended for her."

"And yet, when you see all this, will you not say at my departure one tender word of adieu?"

The question appeared to be unheeded.

"How silently they march," said Jocaste;

"beyond their noise—those old broken regiments have seen similar scenes before. One might think at first, from the listless manner in which they carry their guns, that they thought only of the happiness of obtaining a canteen of water to drink or go home the way."

"Just as you say, somewhat different from the wild whoops and yells with which the men went through the first battles of the war—the throwing of coats and baggage and the wild bravado of manner. Old soldiers look now as if they knew what danger was, but that they know too how to endure it like men. But it will not do to speak of this now—tell me what goodbye you can."

"I can only give you a discreet answer, and one shall be patriotic at the same time. Every man that fights at all, should believe that he is for the noblest cause that ever the trumpet proclaimed or was pleaded by the sword."

Jacinthe gave the perplexed look of a man who wished to remain conventional and discreet, and yet who was affected by an ungovernable impulse to betray his feeling—to commit what at any other time he would have been the first to pronounce an absurdity. The struggle within himself ended by his yielding to what seemed to be the latter feeling.

"Dear Jocaste—Permit me to make a last appeal—to tell you my whole soul. I love you, Jocaste; I loved you from the first moment I saw you. I do not know what scruples will affect you, but I will share and voluntarily seek with you whatever dishonor attaches to you. I will abandon the army—I am willing to become a deserter to sacrifice my honor and fortune to win."

The only answer made to this speech was a look of quiet wonder.

"Listen, Jocaste. I have passed through the four years with a reputation for courage—what men most value. I have been with the Louisiana brigades during the time that they must have numbered, altogether, ten thousand men, and seen them reduced down and consolidated into a half brigade, which numbers only five hundred. When I go into battle now, it is as a common soldier, because I have escaped death and disease a little longer than the rest of my command. If I consent now to be pronounced a deserter and a coward for your sake it is almost equal to any sacrifice that it would be in the power of a woman to make. Can you say more—can a man do more for the woman he loves. Otherwise it is not asking much to endeavor to persuade you to abandon your present life, however much surrounded with cold respect. Besides it is only the nature of a savage to remain forever constant to what after all is only an abstract idea. You love me—you have already confessed that. Why should you sacrifice your happiness through life, where the sacrifice does no good—where it will only render two existences miserable. You are a child of luxury—you cannot be happy without you are surrounded by a thousand evidences of wealth which you cannot have now. We can embark together for some other shore. We will then have sufficient fortune to live happy in each other's smile. Think of this before you tell me that we never more can meet. If you say yes, it will not take long to place happiness at the command of both. If you say no, I will not survive the next battle—I will abandon with you life and hope."

"If I do not say no it is simply because I listen from a feeling of curiosity—of former interest in anything whatever you may say. One truth should be kept in mind. We cannot promise ourselves happiness, even that of the senses, with any certainty, as the result of the commission of a crime. On the other hand

heaven as often as not presents sudden and undreamed of avenues of escape as a reward or principle and a devotion to honesty and virtue. That is a worldly answer to give your proposal. My real reason is that I am a woman with some sense of virtue and shame."

The young officer whom she addressed gave one passionate, lingering, devouring gaze and fled, rather than left, the room.

We had been comrades. When he left I followed him.

### III.—THE MARCH.

The midnight march that followed, I shall never forget. The fire-fly lamps of the earlier part of the evening had, though still far in front, increased a thousand fold, had become consolidated into one murderous flash along both lines, and in place of the intermittent report of rifle muskets from the rifle pits, the air resounded with one long continuous roar.

As we continued toward the front, the fall of shells became so destructive that whole regiments were in danger of being swept away. They were either compelled to take momentary shelter into the holes that had been previously cut in the sides of the hills for refuge, or to march through the endless labyrinthine mazes of ditches with which the whole country was intersected. At some moments it seemed as if the thousand heavy guns with which the place was besieged, and the double number of bombs, had been all vomiting forth their wrath upon our moving column.

As volunteers to two regiments we had joined, we had been assigned the post of honor—that is, as guard to the colors—the point in the line at which most shots are aimed. How honorable the post was may be judged from the fact that in that one regiment alone more than a half-dozen gallant standard-bearers had already bit the dust, and the position of the men immediately around it was not more secure. Indeed, we had not long been under fire before the color-sergeant was stricken down, and the flag which he carried fell upon Jacinthe.

A trust of this sort was almost a legacy of death, and was one not always eagerly disputed for by the bravest soldiers. But being thus marked out, there was no avoiding the duty even if my comrade had felt disposed.

It is not necessary, at this time, to enter into any general description of the battle, or of the movements upon that memorable day. One time we were compelled to remain inactive under a heavy fire—the part of the day which even the bravest soldier most dreads. At another, we were charging across a long plain, bounded in front by hills that seemed almost perpendicular, and from which the guns were raining destruction. We succeeded in crossing this, but could not make good our position: were driven back to a river in our rear. Arrived at this we found the opposite end of the bridge already in the hands of the enemy, but this, by desperate fighting, we succeeded in regaining. After enduring so much it might now be supposed that our thin column was to have been allowed a little respite. But no. Our situation made it necessary that the column with which we were should remain behind after the rest of our now broken army had passed—without any support, and where our capture or death seemed inevitable. But the situation was accepted as our destiny, and though doubtful of the sacrifice, we remained at our post, or were slowly driven back through the remainder of that dreadful day.

Struggling on in this way, and wondering at each moment, as the opposing rank came nearer, ever nearer, that death did not overtake us, I at length remarked that Capt. Jacinthe was affected with apparent emotion, and

was gazing with earnestness in the opposite ranks.

"Did you ever see shells fly thicker? You have not been struck? No? What, then, is the matter?" I inquired.

"Do you see the officer who is advancing towards us from the opposite side, at the head of his men?"

"Not well—who is he?"

He is the man who betrayed me while pretending to act as my friend with the woman I loved, and who, by false representations, led her to accept his own hand. You do not see him—let me point him out with your musket—he will not advance far afterwards."

Upon second thought, however, he released his hold upon my gun, and awaited motionless the advance of the opposite ranks.

Our line was giving back; I motioned to my friend that we should move with the others.

"Do not remain with me. I shall stay here precisely where I am," he said, "and meet my enemy face to face. I am not interested in living—I shall therefore without scruple receive or give face to face the death blow which in such a case is permitted an honorable man."

He had obviously made up his mind to die. I endeavored once more to induce him to change his resolution. The cry of "rally to your colors" from our commander to the troops, and who were now called to form a line facing an attack from another direction, left me no option about remaining. It was the last command given. A continuous volley upon our men, who appeared now to be surrounded, and which seemed to come from every direction, virtually ended the struggle. Victor and vanquished passed. The dead and dying remained possessors of the field.

I myself had, at a later hour, been wounded and left behind; and, crawling into the thickest part of the shrubbery, I determined to lie concealed until I could gain some tidings as to the way the battle had gone, or could escape in the obscurity of night. When at length the time came, at which I thought it would be prudent to move, I concluded to pass the spot where I had last seen my wounded friend.

But the task of returning to the place wished for was one of no easy accomplishment; it was almost impossible to move without treading upon the body of some mangled corpse, or of poor wretches whose hour was only postponed, hoarsely begging for water.

The scene was sufficiently appalling; it was the death agony repeated in a thousand forms; upon each face was an expression of intense horror; the expression of those who died a violent death, suffering and despairing, with no one to witness the termination of life's tragedy but the camp followers, already rifling their bodies.

#### IV.—DESOLATION.

Glancing around as I thus struggled painfully forward, the ruin and desolation that had been wrought, and the spirit of which was still abroad, was brought forcibly to my mind. Lying near me were two men, whose life but a short time before had been occupied with numberless passions, and which were now upon the threshold of death. Scattered around were a thousand corpses and wounded soldiers in the last agonies of death. A battery had just been exploded—the horses were tangled up by their harness in one inextricable mass while piled together in one and the same heap were many of their drivers. Lastly as I glanced back at the hospitable mansion in which a happy group had been assembled the night previous, the whole building was discovered to be wrapped in flames—an angry flush upon the distant horizon alone marked its exact site. The in-

mates were now abroad and without shelter as likely as not, and perhaps their bodies were strewn on some portions of the widely extended field.

"The prediction of ruin of Capt. Jacinthe has come true," I could not help thinking. "It would have been better, as a merely wordly calculation of human happiness, for Jocaste to have heeded his advice was the reflection I could hardly help making. But at length I discovered the place where I had left Jacinthe, and rejoiced to see that he still survived, although faint from the loss of blood. His anticipation had come true. He had met his rival in a hand to hand struggle; and by one of those strange coincidences which make up the mystery of life, near him the wounded man lay, his head horribly shattered with a fragment of shell. He was already senseless, and though still conscious, was obviously dying, and gave no further signs of life than an involuntary tremor that convulsed his body, and the gasping and panting that surely foretells dissolution. It was not permitted to judge what the latter's thoughts were, but to have to pass from the world by a slow, torturing death, with no one near but the man you have injured, is of all forms the most terrible.

Once I thought we were about to be relieved. A surgeon passed who stopped with his ambulance as if for the purpose of removing us. However, after a momentary glance, he only ordered the ambulance driver to push on. As I protested against his leaving us, he offered to carry me with him, but stated that my friend was so badly wounded that there was no more use of removing him that of the actually dying body at his side.

"You will not refuse a man that carried the regimental colors a chance, however faint, of being restored to life?"

"Chance or not; there are hundreds of others whose wounds better merit attention. The question now is your own life, not that of your friends. Do you wish to be removed?"

"No, I shall remain with him."

"There is no time to discuss the matter; push on with your mules, driver."

It might have been, perhaps, better for him, I subsequently learned, to have complied with my prayer. A volley of musketry was heard shortly after he had left us, fired by a party of returning soldiers who wished to unload their guns, and a bullet from one of these had taken effect upon him.

My companion and I were now left with nothing to occupy us but the groans of the dead and dying. We lay there two days and nights almost entirely unattended. A good-natured soldier would sometimes come along who would offer a canteen of water, or tobacco; but there was no other way of helping us. There we were compelled to lie with the sun, which now seemed to us trebled as to the mad *Œdipus* shining full in our face. My comrade, like the light which flickers up from the expiring socket, appeared struggling to regain the final use of his speech and reason, and was commenting or rhapsodizing upon the dreadful sight which lay before us. Indeed, we had both become so affected with hunger and the loss of blood that the scene began to lose its reality—the stretched out corpses to disappear—the picture of repose I had witnessed in the hospitable mansion to recur more and more vividly, and to finally blend with the actual surrounding reality. There was the lady whom Jacinthe had so passionately addressed, moving about as noiselessly now as she did then—no more excited—not more agitated. Now she was in the drawing-room—now on the blood-stained battle-field—

but in the actual present, or the scene conjured up by my fancy, the look of half resigned sorrowful composure was ever the same. The vague idea that death could yet be escaped became momentarily more and more palpable.

At length she came so near that I could see the fluttering of her white dress—could see her look of pain and hear her cry of distress as she witnessed the death tragedy around her. It was Jocaste! There was no doubt of it, even to the half delirious mind of my friend.

"See," he cried, was the last thing I remembered, "it is Jocaste who comes. She will be our saving angel—she will yet rescue us. You saw more clearly into the future than I, Jocaste. The convictions of a pure woman have come true—there is no harm in loving now. He did not die by my hand. No harm now—I can love you now."

It was the last battle, and Capt. Jacinthe did not die.

#### EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL AFTER THE WAR.

Christ Church was yesterday the scene of one of the handsomest weddings ever witnessed in New Orleans. The bride was a near relative of the \* \* \* who himself \* \* \* As our lady readers may be interested in the dresses worn on the occasion, we will try to describe them. The bride wore a white satin, high neck and low sleeves, made *en panier*, with a long train. Her veil was of silk *tulle*, very long. The bridesmaids, eight in number, were attired in white tulle, low neck and short sleeves, also made *en panier*, looped up with sprays of pink roses, long trails. The bodies were made with a Grecian bertha, an old fashion lately revived, and very pretty and very becoming. They wore demi-veils. The ceremony was impressively performed by the bishop, assisted by Rev. Dr. Leacock and two other clergymen.—*Crescent*.



# A ROMANTIC NARRATIVE.

## THE LATE BLOODY DUEL.

### STATEMENT OF THE FACTS BY ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS.

#### I—VINDICATION.

It has not been a great while since the public of this city were startled by an account of a duel, spoken of at the time as of a desperate and bloody character, and as resulting in six wounds to one of the parties and eight to the other. No names were given, beyond the statement that one of the participants was a Creole and the other a native of France; or any description given, except an intimation that both parties were of high social standing.

Without giving the facts or names any additional publicity, I have now to state that the writer of this narrative was indicated under the name of "Creole" in the various accounts thus far published. These differed in their character—some going so far even as to intimate that the duel was a hoax—but whether contradictory or confirmatory of the main story, they were all the versions of the affair circulated in the interests hostile to me.

As a matter which concerns the happiness of a lifetime and the honor of innocent third parties, I deem it my duty to silence by a candid narrative the allegations and whispers which have been put in circulation.

#### II—NARRATIVE.

Previous to speaking of the difficulty, it is proper to state that I had at one time been involved in a heart-affair with a young lady from up the coast, in fact with the well known Mlle. Melusine L—, a lady of very high standing and connections. For two or three seasons no evening assembly was complete without her presence, and except in two particulars now to be named her position was still unrivaled.

The first of these defects grew out of an old family scandal, alleged to have been committed in a previous generation, and which it was now possible would come to light.

The second fact which threatened her position was the apprehended loss of the well-known Godwin estate, to which she had hitherto been considered the undisputed heir.

The Godwin plantation, as everybody knows, still extends for fifteen miles along the river, and under full cultivation would be one of the most valuable in the South. Previous to the war, it was, in autumn, an unbounded, an unbroken surface of waving emerald cane, uncut by fences or boundaries, and into the depths of which the agent himself, who controlled the estate, would not have rashly ventured for fear of losing his way.

The threatened attack to the honor and reputation of the family, both owed their origin to a suit which had been instituted by a collateral relation. This relative was well known to many by the name of Henry Richbourg, and he now sought, by a formal suit, to set aside the regular succession. Should this suit be successful, it would have the effect of deciding, first, that the marriage resulting in the birth of Mlle. L— was invalid, (therefore, that the lady herself was not of legitimate birth;) secondly, (and as a consequence of the same invalidity of marriage,) that the rightful owner to the Godwin succession would be Richbourg, and not Mlle. L—.

I had been a claimant to the hand of Mlle L., and had been well received before the suit had been instituted, or rather about the time it was first spoken of, and the possibilities of a compromise argued. The acquaintance once formed had ripened so rapidly into a warmer feeling that it was not until an attachment upon one side for life had been formed, that the difficulties of the situation were realized. For he it well understood from the commencement of the suit, a compromise was possible upon very simple terms.

This was nothing less than the marriage of Mlle L— to a cousin in the second degree, and who was the son of the Richbourg commencing the suit.

Nor was there apparently any strong reason why Christoval Richbourg, the son in question, should have been objected to us a suitor. He was, it was true, a little selfish perhaps, but then he was a man of the world, and though he never gave any indication of being possessed of any principle, every one admitted that he was good natured and really excellent company. His father was detested; but it had still never prevented M. Christoval from being received, and from being really liked by his fair cousin and the rest of her family.

In this state of affairs it needs but little explanation as to what followed. A marriage was determined upon between the heads of the two families. Lastly, the tender friendships existing between myself and Mlle Melusine was shaken by a series of *contretemps* and misunderstandings, which the most delicate tact could not always foresee or avoid, and which the most amiable desire for a reconciliation could not always explain away. Finally, during the last Jockey Club ball, an open rupture had resulted, which admitted of no explanation.

Christoval and I, although well aware of each other's claims, had thus far mutually agreed to be philosophical rivals, and had frequently occupied our time together in many of the fashionable follies of the day. On the occasion in question he had been present at the misunder-



standing alluded to, and had apparently made a friendly effort to avert the quarrel. Instead of so doing, however, his efforts only ended by aggravating and inflaming both parties.

Lastly, to complete the estrangement, I had been induced to draw a note in Richbourg's favor to assist him about a debt of honor. He had not only lost heavily, but had given a supper which had included a number of the artistes of the city theatres. I assisted him in paying this debt by the use of my name with a well known broker on St. Charles street. Judge, then, of my astonishment at discovering, some time after, that my name had been forged to several similar sums which Richbourg had calculated to take up immediately after his marriage, and before discovery.

Shortly after this piece of news was communicated to me, I met Richbourg upon Carondelet street in full mid-day. All of the rage and hatred that had been gradually gathering against himself and family, found utterance in the feelings of the moment.

"You make a cool thing of it in the matter of living, M. Richbourg," I said to him; "you first, through terror of losing name and wealth, frighten an honorable family into receiving you as a son-in-law. You next manage affairs so well, that a young lady, already betrothed to another, is induced to break her engagement; and not satisfied with this, the game you now propose playing is by a downright crime to force the man you have injured to pay for your vices."

To do Richbourg justice, I had never suspected his courage. On the contrary, his nerves seemed made of strong fibre, and his hand in a pistol gallery was considered as steady as that of any man about town. Travia, when he formerly kept a pistol gallery in the city, had frequently alluded in terms of admiration to his practice.

I therefore was not a little astonished to find that Richbourg, instead of attempting to exonerate himself from the stigma thrown upon his honor, had merely begged for an opportunity for an explanation, spoke of circumstances which would fully justify him, and made similar apologies. Several prominent brokers and commission merchants, with whom I had had business dealings, here, too, interfered, and by their remonstrances convinced me that whether Richbourg was or was not a forger, that the matter was not, in any event, worth the trouble of making a scene. Among others, who were particularly active in preventing a difficulty, was Dr. D—. This affair occurred at about two o'clock.

At a tolerably early hour in the evening of the same day, after a momentary attendance in the Jesuit Church at the wedding of a friend, after strolling through two or three of the club rooms and the theatres, I was annoyed to find myself unable to meet with any of my more intimate acquaintances.

Just as I was, however, coming out of the Varieties Theatre, I encountered Dr. D— the second time. He now appeared in a state of some hurry and excitement, though at the same time I thought I detected from his manner that he had been in search of me.

I had never greatly liked the Doctor; but in the mood in which I was then his apparent haste seemed to me an excellent reason for detaining him.

"You are really to-night," I said to him, "a gift sent from Heaven, Doctor. Do you know that I have looked all through the town, and have been unable to discover a soul?"

"No wonder. We are to have a grand affair in one of our up-town palatial residences. Every-

body's either dressing to go, or already there."

"I have heard nothing of it."

"No? But I see from the rose in your button hole that you have been somewhere?"

"That was the wedding of S— at the Jesuits, which took place —"

"But this is the same affair—only the venue has now been changed from the church to the residence."

"In that case, I believe I have tickets."

"Then you certainly intend going?"

"No, I never —"

"But you are already dressed." The doctor seemed extremely anxious that I should attend.

"But I tell you I never go to parties."

"This is the grandest affair of the season. It will be more like an European entertainment, or rather an Arabian Night's Entertainment, than any given during the year. The house, which is a large one, will be lighted up from top to bottom, including the gardens and conservatories."

"Nevertheless —"

"Besides," said Dr. D—. "you will have an opportunity of seeing M<sup>lle</sup> L— this evening. She will be there."

This, then, was his motive for wishing me to go—some reason connected with her.

"It will be about your last time, under her present name. Take my advice, and have a final interview."

"M<sup>lle</sup> Melusine is, as you say, soon to be married. Besides, her husband that is to be, is no friend of mine."

"It is not a conventional reason for staying away."

"Possibly," added the doctor, "M<sup>lle</sup> Melusine may wish to see you."

I looked at him for further information.

"Of course," he added, "it is not permitted for a physician to make any allusion to conversations he may have heard in his professional capacity. If I am to make a suggestion, however, in the matter, possibly M<sup>lle</sup> Melusine wishes to demand the return of some former presents now in your possession."

I was obliged to admit to myself that she had given me her miniature when our friendship was perfect, and that she had now a right to ask its restitution.

"If you recommend under the circumstances, Doctor, an accidental meeting" —

"If you go, I will take it upon myself to predict that there will be a meeting."

The persistence of the Doctor, in what to him was a matter of trifling importance, still appeared to me a little singular; but I immediately replied: "Say no more; let us order a carriage."

The moment after we were on our way.

### III—THE SOIREE.

The night, though in mid-winter, was almost sultry, and upon our arrival we found the gardens, which had been illuminated with transparencies and parti-colored lights, were filled with gallily dressed couples, taking a breathing spell after the last dance. The notes of the band were warning them to get ready for the next.

Our first duty upon arriving was, of course, to pay our formal compliments to the lady of the house, with whom I was well acquainted, and to whom I now discovered that Dr. D— had been paying marked attention. Leaving the Doctor still in her company, after my formal salutation, my next duty was to make the felicitations to the bride and groom, which, whether real or satirical are exacted in society. A visit to the supper rooms with these—a taste of the edibles, punch and still more undignified fluids soon had affected me with what might be called the atmosphere of polite assemblies.

On re-  
remarked that the Doctor and Mme. Z—, our hostess, still appeared in close consultation.

At the same time, too, I remarked that Mlle. Melusine was present at the entertainment, ravishingly beautiful and in the most *ehlous-sante* costume. In promenading, she once or twice passed very near where I was standing, but with no other result than the formal recognition of a drawingroom.

Her manner led me to infer that I had been imposed upon by Dr. D—, and that there was nothing to be said one way or the other.

Becoming wearied at length with the excitable young men who danced and talked too much, and the impracticable or rheumatic class who did neither, and half excited half annoyed by the snowy figures in tulle, *debraille* and *decote*, with skirts looped up with flowers, and with breasts studded with diamonds—I was about to accept a seat in the carriage of a male acquaintance and return to the city. A glance at this moment from Mme. Z— restrained me, and brought me to her side. Dr. D—, upon my approach, resigned his post.

She took my arm with that soft coquetry of manner and that resting of the weight upon the arm, which indicated a hostess thoroughly *ru-see*, and which banished in advance any disposition to struggle with her caprices. Complaining of heat, she led the way to the gardens.

"It is merely a breath of fresh air I want," she said; "I am in the humor to inhale the perfume of the orange and magnolia."

"You are right, Madame, to appreciate their value. Doctor D— has informed me on the way to your residence you have the finest conservatory of plants in the city."

"It is, in fact, arranged as a drawing-room. If you will escort me that far I will reward you with a bouquet of exotics not elsewhere to be found in the city."

We had reached the glass doors and entered the perfume-laden atmosphere before I had time to properly reply to the compliment. What still further prevented me was at suddenly encountering Mlle. Melusine half concealed at the upper end of the conservatory, behind some of the thousand evergreen plants with which the house abounded. She was at the time upon the arm of Dr. D—, and doubtless had no intimation in advance of my presence.

Mme. Z— and the Doctor, the only ones who knew what was coming, exchanged gestures and phrases of surprise at the unexpected meeting. I bowed to Mlle. L— with embarrassment, and spoke with an effort to appear untroubled at the situation of the commonplaces sacred to polite assemblies.

This was the first situation. The next was that the Doctor was honored with the conversation upon exotics, which had at first seemed in store for me. The last was that Mme. Z—, before her floral lecture was exhausted, had been summoned as mistress of the revels elsewhere, and had left me alone with Mlle. Melusine.

There remained nothing, it seemed to me, but to avoid any useless exhibition of feeling, and to listen to the announcement of the approaching marriage without any display of passion. In demanding from me the return of her miniature, I anticipated that some allusion would naturally be made to our former attachment, and was prepared—as there had been nothing she could complain of in my conduct—for the reiteration of many of her former protestations of friendship.

"Dr. D—," I remarked, by way of commencing the conversation, "has been so rude as to forget his duty to his escort. Will you accept my arm in his stead?"

She made a slight gesture of refusal.

"This interview has been unexpected, on my part," she said. "Since, however, we have met, will you let me hope that we meet as friends?"

I contented myself with making use of the polite and tender phrases, which, upon such occasions, are always the same.

"The moth has singed his wings," I observed good naturedly. "There is no particular use in discussing now what was the extent of his misfortune."

"You seem to be amusing yourself with employing these old love phrases."

"Since you expect me to ask questions, does your wedding take place soon?"

"It seems so written, if I am to let my friends have their way."

"In that case it would be a selfish feeling to seek to occupy too much of your time. It would be profiting by your generosity."

"I intend proving to you that I am generous. I believe, in spite of your affected indifference, that you once loved me. I am sure that I love you. Do you love me still?"

"No Mlle. Melusine—since you ask for an honest answer, and the truth must be spoken."

I had been prepared for the last speech she made me. I thought my answer the simplest way of ending a sentimental conversation that would have no meaning. But I was scarcely prepared for the shock that appeared to have been given to her wounded vanity or pride.

"Are you in earnest?" she gasped, with a bewildered air.

"Never more so."

"I will not believe what you tell me. Support me at any rate to the drawing room."

Looking at her closely I remarked that her face was overspread with a sickly pallor. Her arm was trembling violently. What I had at first thought, was manly, straightforward conduct, now seemed to me like brutality, and I now regretted, first, attending the soiree at all, and, secondly, at not having listened with some show of interest and sentiment to Mlle. Melusine's explanation.

"I am sorry Miss L— that my words appeared ill-natured. At the same time if you are to marry Richbonrg—"

"As I hope to live in Heaven what I have already told you was the thought of my heart."

"And Richbonrg?"

"I do not intend to marry him, and have never so promised—I can be poor, and never see the Godwin plantation waving with cane again. Only for the sake of my friends—"

"If that is your trouble, the stigma which Richbonrg has endeavored to fix upon your house really rests on his own. He was born in France of a quadroom mother, who was carried from this State by his father, and has no show of title."

"And you have never told me this before?"

"It was not then my affair."

Mme. Z—, still leaning upon the arm of the Doctor, re-entered. I felt grateful to them for what seemed a kind interference on their part. The conversation became general. Before we had reached the entrance of the house, Mme. Z— cried that she had left her handkerchief behind in gathering her bouquet. Would I have the goodness to return for it?

The mission was an annoying not to say a singular one, but I silently resigned the arm of Melusine.

"Its lace," she added, "makes it more valuable than you might at first imagine. Besides, some Iago may work with it an Othello-like tragedy."

The allusion and the fact that at such a moment any such request had been made at all, awakened in me a superstitious feeling, and led

me to doubt the motive that had prompted an interference from the Doctor and Mme Z—. That this suspicion was not unfounded, will be seen from the event I am now called upon to relate.

#### IV.—A MEETING.

In returning I found Richbourg standing where I had but a moment previous conversed with Melusine. In his hand he held the handkerchief and bonnet for which I had come in search. His air seemed to indicate that he had calculated upon my returning. The question again occurred to me why Mme. Z— had requested me to return in place of Dr. D—, for the trifles which Richbourg held in his hand.

I am not at all a believer in coincidences or accidents, and the fact that he stood there at that moment at all had but one meaning for me. He was obviously my deadly enemy after the rencontre which I have already narrated. He had not declined fighting me then from lack of courage, but because the charges I had made against him were well grounded. His plan obviously was to quarrel now in such a way that he should show his attachment for Mlle L—, and at the same time avenge a private insult.

The rivalry between us had now reached its extreme degree, and, if he had done me great wrong, I was at the same time compelled to admit that I had dealt sufficient stabs to his reputation to form something like an equivalent. It was not my belief that I owed every thief or adventurer an apology, when necessity compelled me to expose, or that I was obliged to stipulate with my life against theirs. Possibly in a cooler and more guarded moment, this consideration would have affected my conduct. Upon the present occasion I was not in the mood to go out of my way to avoid a quarrel. We each felt that we stood in each other's path to happiness, without a word being spoken. Obviously he had intended to get me out of the way at all hazards.

"Permit me to trouble you for the flowers you hold in your hand, M. Richbourg," I said to him, "I have been sent for them by their owner."

"These trifles—I resign them with all my heart."

His manner was polite, and he commenced in a roundabout manner, and by employing high-sounding phrases to betray the purpose he had at heart.

"Come to the point at once, Richbourg; what is it you wish to say?"

"Plainly, then, I have to complain that your conduct has not been that of an honorable man in forcing the lady who is to be my wife into a very long interview."

The charge made was precisely one that I had struggled the hardest to avoid. My first impulse was to tell him to the ground. Reflecting for a moment that such procedure would be rather the character of a ruffian than of a gentleman at a private party, I contented myself with pronouncing his statement false in every particular and inquiring what he further wished to suggest.

"Why, nothing; only it is now near day-break, and any man of honor you may bring along with you will be sufficient for a witness. I believe we are about equal in the pistol gallery, and that if anything you ring the bell—"

"You know nothing of the sort, Richbourg. You are my superior at pistol practice, and I am scarcely your equal with swords. However, I shall not object to your weapons any more than I shall object to the friends whom you shall bring along as witnesses—simply because I do not just now care to be troubled about the matter one way or the other. Have what weapons you will. Take along whom you may

choose. As for myself, I shall amuse myself in this house an hour or two longer, without troubling myself whether I am to kill you or you are to exercise the same privilege toward me."

"In that case we will have to return towards Canal street for weapons. I know the sexton of the St. Louis Cemetery. A couple of hours from now I will meet you there with the keys."

"It is understood."

I had been in hopes of speaking a moment with Melusine before leaving, but she evidently thought she had given me enough of her attention for one evening, and I was forced to resign myself to the simple pleasure of remaining a little longer in the same apartment. I looked around, too, for some one in whose judgment I had more confidence than in that of Dr. D—, but was ultimately obliged to accept him.

#### V.—THE STRUGGLE.

Upon reaching the Cemetery, I found that Richbourg had brought no one with him. Two or three excuses were urged for this, which, under the circumstances, seemed plausible enough. The consequence, however, was that Dr. D— was the only party present either as witness or physician. Richbourg I knew to be perfectly unscrupulous. When, therefore, he proposed that we should stand only three paces apart, I fully made up my mind that one or the other would at the least be dangerously wounded. Provided that the signal was given fairly, the chances of life would depend upon the obtaining the first shot.

Dr. D— decided by lot the position, and assigned to each our place. The pistols which Richbourg had brought were placed in our hands. Having made the customary announcement of what the words for firing would be, and having stated, as was the duty of a second, that he would discharge the pistol held in his hand at the party who fired before or after the command, we took our places.

"Are you ready?" said Dr. D—.

"Ready," said Richbourg and I, at the same moment.

"Fire—one, two, three—stop."

The pistol I held in my hand was discharged as he uttered the word fire. Richbourg staggered and fell. As he did so his pistol, as nearly always happens in such cases, was discharged in the air.

Dr. D— sprang to his assistance and bent over his body. A professional shake of his head and the tone of Richbourg's voice almost anticipated inquiry.

At the same moment a noise was heard at the gates as of some one attempting to force an entrance. Watchmen's rattles were sounded in two places, and from the direction of the Old Globe Ballroom could be heard the rushing of a crowd in the direction of the firing.

"The Captain of the Third Precinct and of the faubourg Tremé appear to be both heading at the gates from opposite directions," said Dr. D—, who appeared not a little agitated at the situation.

"I am afraid it is all over with me," said Richbourg, in his usually calm voice. He endeavored to make some requests of the Doctor, but his voice failed.

"If you take my advice," said the latter to me, "you will lose no time in making your escape through one of the side gates, of which we still have the key. See—they have already forced an entrance by the front. I will have to remain here and take care of Richbourg, in any event, as physician. And in a moment there will be enough assistance. Get out of the city and remain away until the affair blows over."

I thought Dr. D—'s advice too excellent to be disregarded. I succeeded in regaining the carriage, and having ordered the driver to pro-

ceed to my room, abandoned myself to a thousand reproaches for having been led into a situation which would separate me from the woman whom I now more than ever loved.

Having made my preparations for departure, and it being very nearly daybreak, I determined to leave the city by the Opelousas train.

In going to the ferry near Jackson Square the carriage passed in front of the old Orleans Ball-room, and the lights which shone from its windows told me that the orgies which are still occasionally there held had not yet terminated. It was a place of which I knew little, and which at any other time I would have avoided; but in the feverish anxiety I had to learn of Richbourg's condition, I now without hesitation entered.

If I had, as I did so, seen a ghost or a dead man risen from his grave, it would not have startled me more than the sight which now confronted my eyes.

It was nothing less than Richbourg and Dr. D., with their backs turned toward me, but easily recognizable by their voices. They were telling a very laughable story—of a mock-duel—of the pretended fatal wounding of one of the parties, and of the flight from the city of the duped survivor.

In a moment I had forgotten the pangs of remorse and the compunctions of conscience that I had but a little before suffered; I forgot that I was surrounded by the fastest and most profligate men and women of the city in every variety of fantastic costume, and that the scene was no place for avenging an insult.

Quickly, approaching Richbourg as he was about ending his clever story, and was expecting the laugh of his audience, I dealt him, by way of a point to his story, a blow full in the face. It sent him reeling to the floor.

Before he could recover himself I had seized and drawn from its sheath the sabre of one of the masqueraders who stood near me.

"You have had your choice, Richbourg, and it is now for me to decide what the weapons, time and place shall be. They are all here."

Every one knows, that is familiar with the

history of the city, that one of the halls connected with the Orleans Ball-room, is frequently used for duels.

It was used for such a purpose on the present occasion.

As for Richbourg, placed as he was, it was neither his policy or desire to escape a struggle to the death. When we, therefore, adjourned to the hall in question, it was fully understood on both sides that it would be a death grapple. We went into it stripped of our shoes and most of our clothing—with bare arms and exposed breasts. That it was characterized with more ferocity and a longer duration than any duel fought in the city for years, was but the result of the facts already related.

The various journals of the city have correctly described the affair, in most of its particulars, and, as is already known, I received eight wounds and Richbourg six—the last, which was a full sabre stroke across his jaw, inflicted the mortal wound which ended the struggle.

#### VI.—CONCLUSION.

That under the circumstances I should be affected at the death of Richbourg; that it should be a misfortune to me in every respect, and that any explanation upon this subject at all should be painful, I need hardly state. It will hardly be any news to those familiar with the facts, that my motives and conduct have been in every way misconstrued and maligned; and among other slanders the story that Richbourg was shortly to have married M<sup>lle</sup> L—, and that that lady was pining away from disappointed love, was the most industriously circulated.

The plain statement of facts just made, and which will be substantiated by all who were witnesses, will be a sufficient reply to a portion of these charges. The best answer, however, is, that the contract of marriage was formally made and solemnized between myself and M<sup>lle</sup>. Melusine L— upon the first day that I had sufficiently recovered from my wounds to admit of the performance of the ceremony.



# THE SILENT REVENGES OF TIME.

## FIRST PHASE OF THE CASE.

In the last volume of the Louisiana Supreme Court Reports, (vol. 21. Bloomfield & Co., publishers—advance sheets,) the decision is rendered in the well-known case of Nazaire vs. the succession of Dalzel Macay. The case will be readily recalled to mind by every one familiar with the history and traditions of the city, and by a good many readers, in consequence of the discussion elicited in reference to the suit before the Legislature. The case will be remembered, too, in consequence of the sudden and unexpected quarrel between Governor Warmoth and Auditor G. M. Wickliffe.

This (particularly since the incarceration of Wickliffe in the Parish Prison) has led to various surmises as to its cause; and statements, all of them more or less false, have been advanced to explain a breach where friendship appeared to the last degree necessary. Among other causes assigned is the disagreement which grew out of the disposition to be made of the Macay estate, (after it had reverted to the State,) valued at an immense amount. As this rumor has been dwelt upon by the well-informed with more persistence than any other, and as the nature of the suit is but little understood, we have taken some pains to collate the singular and extraordinary facts of the case. These facts have been taken from the decisions of the Supreme Court, the arguments of counsel, and the statements of some of the innumerable witnesses introduced upon the stand.

*By Judge How*—The present suit exhibits much more of the feelings and passions, the infirmity of human will, than one would expect to meet in the ordinarily dry and arid province of law. Apart from the details and technicalities of the suit, the main question involved is one of worldly success—one as to the shortest avenues to wealth and pre-eminence. At a time when the struggle in life is one of short cuts and abrupt turns, when honesty is doubted of being the best policy, and the goal to honor lies through some other path than that pointed out by conscience, the case under consideration well merits examination and study.

*Argument of Judge Campbell*—The facts now under consideration originated previous to the commencement of the century—at a time

when Louisiana was a province, and was ruled by that most debased of all governments, a Spanish Viceroyalty. It was in the days when the bribery of government officers and officials were looked upon as a matter of course. We have grown better since, and changed all of that now.

*Evidence of J. W. Zacharie*—My acquaintance with Dalzel Macay dated almost from the commencement of the century—fully fifty years ago. Macay had come down the river to this city upon a flat boat as an adventurer, and at that time did not know how to read or write. His first success was to obtain a situation as clerk with an old quadroon storekeeper. He had not been there long before he succeeded in acquiring the rudiments of education. He also succeeded in swindling his employer out of his interest in his store. Witness being asked where the store was situated, states that it was on Chartres street, in the building now occupied by Auguste, as a restaurant.

*Alfred Hennen, sworn*—Dalzel Macay was the most successful and unscrupulous of the speculators of a generation ago. He succeeded partly by his energy and capacity, by monopolies bought from the Governors and legislative bodies, partly by his extraordinary luck. He had in the outset of his business commenced with his brother Nicomede, a much abler but more generous man, and it was Nicomede's popularity and talent that established the firm. Nicomede, however, left the business in Dalzel Macay's hands, and was ultimately defrauded of his interest. About the time he was ruined, he died, and his wife was married by Dalzel, his brother. Macay's fortune became so large that he built the magnificent residence then spoken of as a palace, which was subsequently purchased at a cost of \$100,000 for the Governor's residence. A popular rumor had it that Macay had intended paving the flooring with doubloons, and that he was only prevented from doing so because the coins bore the head of the Spanish monarch. But this story was not in accordance with his tastes, which were generally sordid. A much more probable story was that he was buried in the same coat he wore when he first came to the State.

*E. J. Forsfall, sworn*—The late Dalzel Macay invested a large part of his wealth in real estate in the Second District, and this investment of his, owing to its amount and the policy pursued by Mr. Macay, was a great misfortune to that portion of the city. It was a misfortune, because he refused to expend money in repairs; because all of the buildings he owned soon assumed an old and tumble-down appearance, very much in accordance with Mr. Dalzel's own threadbare raiment. Upon all of the

squares owned by him his titles hung like a curse. His policy affected the property of all who had the misfortune to own real estate in the same part of the city. Houses declined, instead of increasing in value. The city grew and was built up in an opposite direction to what was then its tendency. The street upon which he lived ceased, in course of time, to be desirable for residences, and from being one of the most fashionable in the city, has ever since been the home for outcasts.

*Dr. Warren Sove, sworn*—Resides on Canal, near Claiborne. Witness was called upon to attend Mr. Dalzel Macay a short time before his retirement from this city to a residence he had purchased in Pointe Coupee parish. Upon his leaving the city Macay took with him his wife and a servant of hers, a young girl named Prosperine. The girl had been brought up to the business of a coiffeuse, as I had subsequently reason to ascertain, and this ostensible profession she had made to cover that of a procuress. Her reputation as an intrigante or go-between was notorious. Once at Macay's house, in Pointe Coupee, she had succeeded, without much effort, in supplanting her mistress. The poor woman, who had always suffered remorse for having married the brother of her former husband, unable to endure indifference, neglect and the separation from her friends, pined away and was ultimately removed from a life, which had become unendurable, by death.

*Frank Haynes, sworn*—The late Mr. Macay was regarded with a great deal of indignation by the people of Point Coupee parish, because of his openly allowing his mistress to succeed to the place of his wife. What added to this feeling was, that contrary to all precedent a legitimate child was allowed to remain under the girl Prosperine's control. The latter herself became the mother of children by Macay. His house was so little visited after the death of his wife, and he had so much lost in caste, that not many knew which of his children had been born in wedlock.

*W. W. Washburne*—Is a photographer at 113 Canal street, remembers to have seen the deceased a week before his death, who came to the gallery of witness in company with a much younger woman, by whom he seemed much influenced. The old man then seemed in his dotage, and his idea appeared to be that a full length portrait was to be executed from the daguerreotype to adorn some public building after his death. Witness remembers the circumstance perfectly because the picture was one of the first ever taken in the State, and because the bill was never paid.

*Judge Thos. J. Cooley, sworn*—Was living in the same parish with Mr. Macay as a boy, when it was one day announced that the old man had died suddenly in bed. Macay was well advanced in years, and his attendant physician saw nothing suspicious in his death. Before the matter could be put to examination a burial certificate was issued, and the body was disposed of by interment. However, the death became subsequently so much talked of that the corpse was exhumed, and some indications of poison were thought to have been discovered. The deceased was supposed to have been murdered by Prosperine, the quadroon who was living with him at the time of his death, but no conviction could be obtained.

#### HOW THE ESTATE WAS DISPOSED OF BY WILL.

Macay had, up to the time of his death, according to all of the witnesses, lived, what he considered, a prosperous, successful sort of life. He had accomplished what he set out to do in accumulating a fortune, and he had taken the precaution to reduce his wishes for the disposition of his property after death to writing in the

form of a will. The following were the three dispositions made, according to the submitted brief of F. Zacharie, of counsel for the prosecution:

I. A life interest in a large three-story brick mansion at the corner of St. Peter and Basin streets, valued at \$15,000, was bequeathed by Macay to the hair-dresser, his Morganatic widow. The house was to revert to his daughter after death. [According to ex-Sheriff Tom Parker, a feeling of regard for the memory of the father after his death, and which he had never shown for himself while living, prevented the daughter Eurydice from claiming this estate after it had lapsed. Rather than expose the past life of her father, the title to the house after the death of Macay was not questioned.]

II. An annuity upon his fortune of \$5000 he left to his legitimate daughter Eurydice. This sum was to be paid out of the residue of his estate by his general executor.

III. The remaining portion of his fortune, and which in the popular estimation had swollen to a gigantic hulk, was ostensibly set apart for the founding of a charitable institution. In his will, relating to this eleemosynary institution, Macay had entrusted (the first instance of confidence mentioned in his career) the management of his wealth into the hands which, as the result showed, were the least capable of dealing honestly with it.

A peculiarity of the will was that in case any legal difficulties were discovered in the execution of the last bequest, the property was to revert to his daughter. But the will was so drawn that it appeared certain that such difficulties would arise, from the face of it. One very natural supposition was that old Macay, with the cunning of an old man, in his dotage, had amused himself by wishing to appear benevolent upon his death bed. He had naturally calculated (so many reasoned) that his property (in accordance with express State statute and the defect already mentioned) would come into his daughter's hands just the same as if no such provision had been made.

Macay's calculation would have proved true, (if the supposition was well founded,) had his daughter, after his death, insisted upon being put in possession of her rights. Through respect for the charitable nature of the bequest, no such struggle was attempted.

So much for the disposal of the fortune by will.

According to the statements of Messrs. Thomas R. Sloo, Urquhart, Burnside and Thos. A. Adams, when the nephew of Macay (Corazon was his name) came to examine into the affairs of the estate, a much larger schedule of debts were filed than had been ever dreamed of. Secondly, some of the legal complications into which the estate had fallen had consumed a portion of it. Added to this, the most valuable portion of his lands appeared to have been transferred before his death, though no receipts or representative money could be found to account for the deficiency.

As his character was known to have been notoriously miserly the opinion soon went abroad that his treasure had been secreted before his death. Still Corazon, his nephew and trustee, had obtained possession of a considerable amount of money for the execution of the benevolent trust imposed. The question then very frequently asked in after years was what had become of it. It is true that a great deal was said about what should be the proper form for the new building—the journals of the day advertised for plans and specifications. In fact the foundations of a building were laid by Messrs. Murray & Pulie, with much solemn speech-making, pomp and ceremony, but subse-

quently abandoned for some obvious defect in the plans or unhealthiness in the situation selected. The bequest beyond this point was lost sight of. Nobody had a right to make inquiries as to the way in which the charitable fund might be managed. There being no necessity whatever for making any exposition to the public of the disposition of the estate, none was ever made.

In short, a donation which might have been converted into one of the noblest charities was either, under a dozen pretexts, stolen outright, or frittered away in such a manner as to answer in no respect the end of a benevolent bequest.

It has been thus shown that most of the wealth of Macay became as dry leaves, and was productive of nothing but disappointment, misery and, perhaps, his own death. Let us see how it affected the character of his own legitimate descendant.

#### A BRIGHT FIGURE IN A DARK GROUP.

The most interesting figure (said Judge R. N. Ogden, who made one of the most eloquent appeals to the court during the celebrated trial,) in this dark group of family portraits, was Eurydice, old Macay's daughter. Even in a complicated suit like this, (continued the speaker,) one must speak for a moment of her with tenderness and pity—with a sentiment of regret that so bright a spirit should have had no congenial sphere for the development of her nature—that its beauty should have been dulled and blurred by the heavily laden atmosphere of vice by which she was surrounded. Eurydice had graduated at the old Ursuline Convent, and appeared upon the scene as a lovely, amiable and impulsive girl, about the time the life of her father was drawing to a close.

Even in the dry evidence of a legal report she figures as a girl of remarkable beauty, distinguished for her quickness and vivacity, with no greater fault than her impulsive, imprudent temperament. Poor Eurydice!—a struggle or series of struggles is before you through life, and your best qualities will but badly fit you to contend with the enemies with whom you will have to deal. The manner in which her father had lived had affected, at her entrance into life, Eurydice's position in society. A great many avoided receiving her on account of the scandal after the death of her mother. Still her position as a brilliant heiress attracted admirers of a showy and unscrupulous sort, and abundant opportunity was not lacking for committing lifetime errors.

At thirteen years of age, Eurydice met with an adventurer to this country who united in his person the usual shining qualities of a traveler with some that were his own. Accident gave him an opportunity of performing one or two daring exploits. It was at a day when dueling was greatly in vogue, and the visitor (his name was Cordero) lived through a half a dozen encounters. Though they were of the most desperate character, and conducted with no little ferocity, Cordero had been generally the aggrieved party, and what with a certain vein of eccentricity he did not lack admirers. The most decided of these was Eurydice, with her thirteen summers and her prospect for a large fortune. With no wise counselors of her own sex, and indeed with none of any sort, Eurydice was easily persuaded. She was wedded before she had scarcely become a woman.

They had not been long married when Cordero's character began to appear more than ever eccentric. He conducted himself with such violence that people doubted whether to consider him a knave or a lunatic. He fought his seventh duel, and it was long after remembered and talked of. Upon no previous occa-

sion had he expressed himself as satisfied where the option had been left to him; he had conducted himself throughout such affairs with the most unrelenting animosity.

But on the occasion now referred to, the two adversaries, after having been placed in position, were allowed, after the word was given, to advance and fire at will, thus leaving the party who reserved his fire and who escaped the first shot with the life of his antagonist in his hands.

In the present instance, Cordero's opponent had discharged his gun without effect; the latter knowing his man, and covering his face with his hands, had calmly awaited his fate. The spectacle had, however, failed to touch the heart of Cordero; and he who had, hitherto, prided himself upon giving the first shot or thrust, now withheld fire until he had approached so near that there was scarcely any possibility of missing, and then with the most violent Spanish oaths, shot his antagonist deliberately through the heart.

The death of his opponent, who had been challenged in the first place, without being to blame, caused great indignation against Cordero, (his own second, Capt. John McClelland, refusing to approve his conduct,) and this irritation against him was increased by the arrival in the city of a lady at this time, who claimed to be Cordero's legal wife, in spite of his recent marriage.

Cordero was arrested upon this charge and tried before Judge Canonge for polygamy. His friends and counsel saved him from conviction by showing that he was under a commission of lunacy in the land of his birth, from which he had never been relieved. Cordero fled the country, and Eurydice, before she had fairly reached womanhood, found that her future had been shadowed by a perspective fortune, which it was doubtful she would ever realize.

Cordero had been previously engaged in a partnership business in the city. Several times when he had been absent, his wife had been placed under the partner's care. Subsequently, (or previously, according to our witness,) when he left the city, the acquaintance that had commenced between the wife and partner, ripened into love. Eurydice was persuaded to consent to a secret marriage, before it was ascertained what steps were necessary to dissolve her contract with Cordero. The defect was a fatal one for her happiness. The second husband, soon becoming wearied with his new wife, and the prospect of inheriting any fortune by her appearing dubious, he subsequently, while absent from the city, was openly married, without any regard to Eurydice's claims.

By this time the poor woman had begun to regard her second marriage as invalid, and with no longer much prospect either of wealth, hardly knew which way to turn. Her situation was in reality so awkward and embarrassed that she was finally compelled to resort to a third marriage, in order to avoid the consequences of the two preceding. These marriages, it need hardly be stated, led to various complications in the subsequent suit. The husband in the last marriage was a philosophical Frenchman, who sometimes amused himself by trying to study out the validity of his own claims to the hand of Eurydice, but who, for any other purpose, thought the matter of but little consequence one way or the other. The manner in which the marriage affected Eurydice was in giving her the name of Nazaire, and in causing her to become the mother of a daughter.

#### ANOTHER KALEIDOSCOPE CHANGE.

Quoting from the analysis of the Supreme Court, the estate of Macay had been disposed



of in the three ways referred to; that is to say, that the *coiffeuse* had acquired a valuable portion—the trustee for charitable uses had accounted for the lion's share without opposition, and a third part had gone to the rightful heir to the whole estate.

About the time of her last marriage, a new phase was given to the matter by a large bequest of land, which came from a debtor of Macay, and who upon his death-bed, as an act of conscience, made a restitution of property rightly due Macay in his lifetime. This bequest directed that the money should be disposed of in the manner provided for by Macay in his will.

The effect of this bequest, if carried out, would be to transfer the land donated (now become of great value) to Corazon, for the charitable object already spoken of. A natural supposition was that the charitable object would not be much more advanced under the last legacy than it had been under the first. Nevertheless, a claim for the whole bequest—daily becoming of increasing value—was promptly interposed by Corazon, the nephew and eleemosynary trustee.

Meanwhile the time had passed with Eurydice when considerations for either the reputation of her father or of her own were strong enough to prevent her from asserting her rights. What still further contributed to provoke on her part a desperate struggle was the fact that the income bequeathed her by her father's will had in the last years never been paid. In case she offered any resistance, or did not observe silence, a threat of declaring her marriages polygamous was boldly made.

Thus originated the suit which has suggested this paper, and after what has been said of the litigants it will not appear singular that disclosures of the most startling character were made upon both sides.

It was tolerably well shown on one hand, by the evidence of Dr. Delery, Brickell and Crawford, that old Macay had been poisoned at his death, and the weight of strong suspicion was made to rest upon his mistress and upon his nephew. The estate had been plundered under a dozen different pretenses, and the pretended disappearance of a large amount of the wealth, was shown to have been caused by the trustee, who had meanwhile had the property conveyed secretly to his own name and use.

On the other hand, it was contended that Eurydice was the illegitimate child of old Macay; that she had been treated by her father during his life upon the same footing with those children who were known to be illegitimate; and that, so far from being entitled to inherit the wealth in question, she deserved rather to serve as a felon for having so many times been united illegally in marriage. The suit was destined to occupy the rest of Eurydice's life, attack her reputation where most sensitive, and deprive her of the few friends that had thus far remained. The ill-gotten wealth of Macay had been her misfortune through life—it had united her in three marriages, all more or less badly assorted and difficult to be explained, and the fortune in expectancy had been productive of nothing but chimeras and hopes never to be realized.

Eurydice's last years were spent in combatting and struggling, with a woman's strength, against the foes by whom she was surrounded; sometimes gaining a victory, sometimes meeting a defeat. In her old age she was not unfrequently seen in company with a daughter who generally accompanied her in her flights and migrations, and who, it was said, was much oftener seen in public offices, and among rude and callous politicians, than in the proper sphere and society of a young girl.

Upon the arrival here or sooner, both mother and daughter left the city, at the time when a large portion of the population emigrated. Difficulties and complications occurred in leaving, and one of the gossiping rumors of the day was, that the honor of the daughter, Danae, had been compromised with a Federal officer, or with the notorious John Molere.

The suit, however, had been too thoroughly grounded and the sum involved too large to admit of any stay in the proceedings. It gained in intensity in spite of the waning strength and increasing old age of Eurydice, and not even death itself, it appeared, could stay it in its progress. The mother and daughter had been meanwhile sometimes seen in large towns about well known hotels, figuring in dubious twilight society, no one knowing in what way they subsisted, and every one hearing a great many dreadful rumors, which each day gained in number.

One of these was that the money realized from a Fair, and with which she had been entrusted to carry from one city to another, had been mysteriously lost, and another was that she had actually been caught with her hand in the pocket of a suitor at the moment when, upon his knees, he was offering his heart and hand. Finally, the daughter's name (Danae) ceased to be mentioned at all, and poor Eurydice, overwhelmed at what she saw was Danae's ruin, ceased to care for the suit, and, was slowly sinking in the grave. Nevertheless Eurydice remained the daughter of a man who had died prosperous and rich, and so the dreadful suit dragged on.

#### LAST SCENE.

But the end of all things comes at last. Their presiding honors have ordered in the Supreme Court that judgment shall be entered up, and this fiat of the Court of last appeal still stands as written. Eurydice and her daughter Danae have won.

But the first named plaintiff, who theoretically has been present in court for so many years, is at the time, in point of fact, absent from the halls of justice.

Eurydice is dead. It was several months before that she had expired in obscurity and want.

For the actual plaintiff (Danae) as such, has never had any actual existence. She hardly remembers that it was instituted many years before by her mother, and has never thought it worth while to communicate with lawyers. Still the suit has been won, and counsel, after triumphing over other difficulties, can overcome this also. Now that tardy fortune has conferred upon Danae wealth, it is well to know where she is to be found.

Upon setting about the work of discovery, the task does not appear so easy. The detectives must be called in, and even these are at fault. Visits must be paid to obscure neighborhoods, to the slums and backways of the city; to Basin, Conti, Gallatin and Franklin streets; to the Widows' Row, the dancehousess, the Triangle Buildings. Various witnesses are interrogated—Buffalo Bill—Hypolite, Kate Townsend, Shanghai Mary, Black-and-Tan Lizzie, witnesses of one class and witnesses of another; but for some time with not much success.

In the course of these inquiries it has been ascertained that the lucky heiress has been arrested for the fiftieth time for being drunk and unable to take care of herself; had been dragged through the streets by a couple of police officers by her arms, with her long hair streaming in the wind; had been sent from the station to the Recorder's presence, and from there in the Black Maria to the Workhouse.

Still the search is not up yet, Danae has once

again been liberated from the workhouse, and the oldest detective in the service (Malone) undertakes to guess where Danae is, and to conduct the friends, and counselors who have so eloquently defended her case, to the exact locality where Macay's heiress is to be found.

The hour happens to be midnight as he starts out as guide for his party, and the road that the visitors traverse leads past the "Green-tree," "Shoemakers," "Stockholm," and similar well-known public houses. Finally he pauses in front of a house whence the rude strains of an orchestra, intermixed with the stuffing of feet, coarse love dittys, curses and execrations proceed. The place sought is the paradise of thieves and desecrate characters of every nationality, who are turning day into night, or rather turning everything into pandemonium. The roughest class of river men, sailors and the floating population of the city, fast men and fast women, burglars and cutthroats—the scum of every nation—are here holding high carnival and revel, and it requires a charge of the police to effect an entrance. Is the party named Danae—and who is better known by half a dozen aliases—in? Yes, she is

in. Let the distinguished visitors step forward. They are just in time. Another moment would have, perhaps, been too late.

For there, stretched in the centre of the floor, with her mouth filled with bloody foam, and bleeding at the nostrils, lies the wretch they have been seeking. In spite of a fever with which she had been almost delirious, she had insisted upon leaving her bed, and in spite of disease and of the fact that she had not drawn a sober breath for months except when under arrest, she had insisted upon making her appearance. She has fallen, gasping and dying, upon what was the principal scene of her infamous labors, and cannot now tell or does not know what is the matter. She can only moan and press her hands upon her breast, while the life-blood saturates her dress.

The distinguished visitors know not how to act—they can only occupy the stall of the musicians, and the only one that the ill-gotten fortune of Macay to his last surviving heir, is purchasing a rosewood coffin for the use of one who, while living, had earned her bread by prostitution and crime.



# A QUESTION OF CHARACTER;

OR,

## DIFFERENT WAYS OF SEEING IT.

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### I.—A Commonplace View.

I attended at one of the Fairs of the last fortnight—though which one now, that at Blaffer's or the one at Odd Fellows' I hardly remember, from accidents subsequently to be related. The point I am now to dwell upon is that I there met Tom Vanderside, who, by the way, is a character himself. Tom is notoriously one of the best known men about town, half wag, half unscrupulous adventurer, and possesses an amount of assurance that defies all bounds. His speciality is to understand how to step forward and appear as the man for the situation—to represent any idea or character that may be in request.

His eccentricities in this line are sometimes so irregular and of such an exaggerated type as to place him and his friends in awkward situations. He, upon one occasion, at a shily attended theatrical performance, sneezed and coughed in such a manner (though deeply interested in the scene, as to absolutely dishearten all of the performers. The manager had to come before the curtain at the end of the first act and announce the unavoidable postponement of the play. Upon another occasion his assurance was not so fortunate. He had taken the liberty of presenting himself at a large house, which he happened to be accidentally passing in company with a credulous friend, and at which a large party was being given. His self-introduction this time had not at first succeeded, and he with his friend, before he turned the incident to an advantage, had to congratulate themselves upon not being turned over into the hands of the police.

These past freaks of Tom I fully remembered when I found myself in his company at the Fair, and it was with some suspicion and distrust that I timidly followed his steps from one stall and booth to another. However, Tom was the finest looking man there was in the room, with a face and figure that could assume any thought or character, and he did not lack friends and admirers among the fair.

At one of these stalls after calling for champagne punch, he was civil enough to give me an introduction to a lady striking alike for the symmetry of her face and form, and dressed in the most *ebouissante* of costumes. The name

of the lady I was unable to unders'tand, and the manner in which she regarded my introducer led me at first to suppose that he had never seen her before—that the introduction was one of his customary jokes. However, the fair *parti* did not seem offended. She met me in conversation half way, and in her tone a singular mixture of sentiment and of hilarity (perhaps a little forced) was to be detected. We were soon conversing with the ease of ordinary acquaintances. In fact while thus engaged I was not a little astonished to discover that I had actually chanced upon an old acquaintance—one entirely above the commonplace—an eccentric character so queerly made up of ideal fancies and drawing-room conventionalities as to put all description out of the question.

Of course in a moment Tom Vanderside was forgotten. We had become familiar—we had become confidential. We conversed and ate ice-creams in friendly unison behind the champagne fountain—behind the plates and dishes of the restaurant—we promenaded through the rooms and upon the moonlit balcony. The whole scene commenced to lose the ordinary commonplace outline of a fair. I had soon begun to assume the somewhat exaggerated tone of thinking of the lady upon my arm. Once upon the balcony, and affected by the numberless lights in-doors, the sounds of music and dancing from the hall, the gossamer costumes of the other fair visitors, and the animation and fervid sentiment of my companion, I found myself lifted into an imaginary world. My companion was speaking of herself, with me for a listener, and at that moment the Princess Scherezade, in her thousand and second story, would not have possessed more interest.

I had come to the Fair with Tom Vanderside, and had proposed to amuse myself in his company. But I was now too much interested in the animated conversation of my new acquaintance to give him any further thoughts. Her story, for she told me one of herself of the wildest and most fantastic character, became subsequently so blended with what I saw, that I shall attempt giving it below—though necessarily without any of that weirdness of tone or grotesquerie of style that formed so striking a feature of the original narrative :

## II.—An Ideal Estimate — The Princess Scherezade.

"I do not believe myself superstitious; but there must be days when the guardian angel, who ordinarily shields us from temptation, abandons his post, and leaves the threshold of our hearts open to whatever malignant spirits may choose to enter. The German superstition of the Walpurgis Night, when wicked demons are supposed to be abroad and hold full sway over the mind, is, I am convinced, founded on a true insight into our nature.

"I went one evening—oh, to me, ever memorable night—to a performance at the Opera. The day had been overcast and stormy, and my spirits had conformed to the weather. I had found myself in that humor when you regard with sullen discontent your most sacred principles of action; when you feel like yielding to every capricious impulse, when your pulse beats high and you are tired of your best friends; and, above all, tired of the commonplace. I was doubly unfortunate, in that I was called upon to take an important step, and the decision you make when thus situated is nearly always the wrong one. I was the betrothed of a worthy man, who had long loved me; the union promised everything that was not denied by my own wayward character. I had as much feeling for my intended as I had for any one. But the truth is, I had never known, with the exception just mentioned, what the *grande passion* was—I had never loved anybody.

"To dissipate my doubts, I decided my black humors, and at any rate put off my decision until the morrow, I determined, in spite of the weather, to go to the Opera.

"I found the house crowded—perhaps with people whom came there, like me, to escape from themselves. The performance was 'Robert le Diable.' I was soon painfully interested in the weird music—the supernatural machinery—the ghosts, goblins and infernal train which figure in this well-known play—perhaps from the power of the music, perhaps from the predisposition to which I have just alluded. At any rate, at the end of one of the acts, when the curtain fell, I almost felt that the performance I had witnessed was a reality.

"My *amour-propre* and the world around me soon awakened another train of reflection. I occupied a proscenium box. I was well-dressed, and—perhaps I had better say it at once—I was thought pretty. I certainly was accustomed to incense, and it did not surprise me to find a great many glasses directed toward me. As I am telling you precisely the state of the case, and do not pretend to be superior to the weaknesses of my sex, I ought to admit that the anticipation of this *allure* had probably also affected my decision in braving the weather. At any rate, I felt for a moment my triumph to be complete. Surrounded by beauty, I yet had no rivals, and to be admired for beauty alone is no mean homage. Indeed I doubt whether, after all, in the triumphs your sex can achieve, there can be any equal to that of a woman, shining in the full *ecat* of her loveliness, with worshippers intoxicated as much by her presence itself, as the music they applaud.

"To think of my appearance, suggested in my mind at the time a train of consequences—whether I was destined to meet any one who would exercise over my will a life-time spell. Putting the question in the most practical manner, I set my imagination to work, and began to conjure up some organization that might possess qualities and perfections the most alluring. I gave him a man's strength, and a woman's delicacy of feature and softness. I even busied myself with the color of his eyes, his complexion, his altitude and general expression.

By the time I had completed the traits of my Frankenstein, he had become palpable to my eyes, indeed, so openly and evidently visible was my creation to my sight, that I finally came to see him as clearly as I could see anything. Perhaps it was the infernal or supernatural character of the music which had affected me, or it may have been my nerves, or a diseased state of my mind; at any rate, I soon began to fancy that the figure had discovered me and was bending on me the full glance of his eyes. A moment more and his gaze had become to me audible—no need for us the dull medium of words—our minds were already *en rapport*. 'Let me come to you,' I seemed to hear him say; 'souls like ours have no need of the dull formality of introductions.' I whispered 'Come,' but the next moment, smiling at my folly, I rubbed my eyes. When I looked again the figure had disappeared. 'There are no such beings,' I sighed, 'as exist in a fond woman's fancy,' and, trying to dispel the illusion, I endeavored to find amusement in other parts of the house.

"Scarcely had I resolved upon doing so, when a figure passed in the rear of my box which caused to run through my frame an involuntary tremor—a feeling similar to that which one is said to experience when an enemy treads over what will be your grave. The gentleman who attended me arose, exchanged a word with the new comer, and gave him his seat. In the agitation I was in, I could not tell whether he had been formally presented or not; at any rate, the being whom I had taken for a creation of my fancy was now seated at my side.

"It took me a few minutes to recover from my emotion, during which time my strange visitor was speaking of the ordinary subjects of conversation without appearing to be aware of my embarrassment. He spoke easily and gracefully, as with a mind stored with information, of the opera in various countries, the comparative merits of the most celebrated of living *prime donne*, and was evidently familiar with the manners and customs of different races. His address was so agreeable that I soon had recovered sufficient assurance to inquire:

"Have we ever met before this evening?"

"It is not many months since I landed on this continent for the first time."

"His answer, I noticed, admitted the apparent impossibility of our ever having met before, and yet abstained from saying so.

"Still your face is familiar. I could almost suppose, were it not for its absurdity, that we had met in another state of being. My conversation I give you leave to find singular (here I laughed almost hysterically) for a first meeting."

"Your remark is by no means absurd—you only express an idea about which philosophers have always battled, and concerning which, in our present relations to science, and in our ignorance of the unknown shadowy world that surrounds us, it is impossible to know anything certain. Nevertheless what you mention so hesitatingly I believe to be a matter of fact. I might relate many incidents which would seem to you strange."

"I have said, I think, sufficient to show the influence and hold my strange companion had upon me, though perhaps without satisfactorily explaining its origin. I do not think he remained at my side more than half an hour, and yet it seemed to me a long duration of time. As when the brain is under the influence of certain narcotics, the passage of years seem compressed into the space of moments. But at the end of that time he arose, and telling me that we would meet again

soon, he disappeared from my view. I watched him as he left me, and heard his descending footsteps, and instead of listening to the performance, I set myself to work to analyze my feelings and endeavor if possible to regain my connection with the world around me.

"But let me first attempt to give you some idea of the way in which I had been affected by the being who had just left me.

"You are perhaps a profound observer of men—at any rate you imagine so—and have but little confidence in descriptions of character which abound in mystery. You regard them as so many Byronic impossibilities, which have disappeared along with ghosts and fairies and other exploded chimeras of the past.

"Nevertheless, I contend that there are in life such people—men who vanish and flit about without any one knowing the why and wherefore—who look as if they had lived a thousand years, and who yet seem endowed with perpetual youth—men who are shadowy and indistinct in all of their relations, walking enigmas, perambulating sphinxes. It is not difficult, seeing them, to imagine that you have before you the Wandering Jew, Mephistopheles, the discoverer of the hidden Elixir, or of the talismans of Solomon, who have sold themselves to the Evil One, or who have done any other conceivable act to separate themselves from human sympathy. There was about this man something of all this, which frightened and subdued me, and which, perhaps, I need hardly say, made a too strong impression upon my imagination.

"Altogether, what with the emotions of the day, the effect of the play, my meeting with this man, I was in a state of agitation and excitement such as I have never experienced before or since. I could only recur to his parting word and wonder how they were to be realized—when and where was I again to meet him. Suddenly, I remembered an assembly to which I had been invited; 'perhaps he will be there,' I said, and without understanding what I did, or why I did it, I signified my desire to leave to my escort, and, once out of the opera, ordered my carriage to drive to the place in question.

"The night was assuredly the blackest in the calendar. As I rode the thunder pealed and the lightning fell. One vivid flash suddenly illumined the street. It was only momentary, but by it I thought I saw the figure of the unknown, around whom the forks seemed to play as if in some way influenced by him. But on reaching the house I was induced to think that I had been mistaken, as I found that he had preceded me.

"What passed afterwards I hardly know. There was an intoxication of the senses, of some overmastering will; but it was far from love—which scarcely made me accountable for my actions; which hurried on from one phase of feeling to another; which made me, if not unconscious, at least uncontrollable by the looks and thoughts of my friends who surrounded me.

"It was toward morning when the wax-tapers burnt low in their sockets, and the flowers withered on the head, and the color faded from the cheeks of beauty, that there came the crisis of my fate. A dance was about to be performed, at that time a novelty in our fashionable world, and which much resembled the Tarantula or the Danza della Seduxion. As its name suggests, it was a dance which delineated, in a sort of pantomime, the advances of the suitor, the coquetry of the lady and her final consent to his suit, which is signified by the dropping of a bouquet from her hands into his.

"On any other occasion, I should never have listened to a proposal for a moment for taking a part in a performance which, according to our

notions of propriety, causes a young lady to appear in attitudes inconsistent with the dignity of her sex. As it was, it was the voice of only half of my soul, and I would gladly have refused if I had known how. Though I could not resist, I struggled; for, from the moment he whispered his request in my ear and touched my unwilling hand, I felt that my fate, through all time, was being irretrievably decided.

"Meanwhile the music had commenced, and we had taken our positions. The coyness, the unwillingness to be led on, which was part of my role in the first part of the dance, I perhaps performed all the better from my shrinking from the position altogether. But the ardor of the lover redoubles—it soon seemed to me impossible to resist. My head was turning, the spectators began to appear like mocking fiends who, seeing the devouring whirlpool into which I was drifting, yet abstained from assisting me. The music grows more giddy, his ardent gaze is already fixed on the bouquet which I tremblingly clutch in my hands. Is there no hand to stay me—pity me kind Heaven, and let not these emblems of innocence be the seal of my perdition! One more gasp—my partner is bending on one knee—has clasped my hand and seeks to fix my gaze. I could read in his eyes more eloquently than if described by word: 'Be mine; cease struggling!' My limbs were trembling under me.

"I gave one lingering glance around the room. The moment after the flowers had fallen from my hand as if by their own weight.

"I had given my consent. Henceforth I was powerless to struggle."

My companion paused for breath, or as if at a loss how further to proceed.

"And you were married?" I ventured to stammer, disgusted at the turn things had taken. The fact was my own heart had begun to be a little affected.

"No; but I am his betrothed—his affianced bride; and this very night—"

Her further speech was interrupted by the appearance of Vanderside.

### III.—A Dissolving View.

Tom's manner had about it an affected dignity, coldness and formality, which, in the absence of any other reason to account for it, I was uncharitable enough to attribute to punch.

"I am not indiscreet in interrupting you," said Tom in the tone of a Monte Christo. At the same moment he extended his elbow at that angle which plainly meant that the lady I was with was to take this arm.

"On the contrary; permit me to politely assure you you are interrupting a most romantic narrative."

"One polite assurance merits another; permit me to suggest that I feel inclined to go home."

"In that case, Tom, follow your own inclination—by all means, go."

"You interrupted me a moment too soon; I was about to tell you that the lady you have upon your arm is my betrothed—my intended. You must admit that your two hours conversation at the first meeting—"

"I was too stupidified to hear the conclusion of his sentence. Before I had recovered my surprise the lady in question had disappeared in the direction of the dressing-room."

"And you tell me you are engaged to marry her." I muttered to myself rather than inquired of him.

"The ceremony, in confidence, will be performed to-night. There are no legal impediments, so far as I know."

"Have you ever appeared in the role of the Wandering Jew?"

"It is possible."

"Are you a vampire?"

"I am particular about my dishes; but the food you refer to—"

"Are you possessed of the necromantic—the talismans of Solomon—art?—the power of influencing people against their will? How in the deuce, in short, did you come to be engaged?"

Vanderside laughed the laugh of one possessed of a superior intelligence. "I see what you are driving at," he said with an explanatory air. "My *fiancee* has evidently been giving you an account of our courtship, and, like every other woman, she naturally likes to have a slight coloring of romance attached to an event of so much importance. That shows the different ways that events affect different people. Every woman would perhaps tell you a story about her lover similar to what you have heard to-night, were she to tell you what she really thinks after drinking two or three glasses of punch such as they sell at fairs.

"The simple facts, however, are that I met her one night by blundering in her box at the opera, and for a time supposed her to be somebody else. We met accidentally two or three times the same night, and what you would set down to my impudence, the truer insight of a woman rightly construed into more superhuman attributes. I am a good looking fellow, and the struggle between her love at first sight for me and her regard for the proprieties explains all of the rest. But she is coming—not a word. So long as she is willing to surround our nup-

tials with a demoniacal glamour, it will be as good a way of keeping up discipline as any other."

"But people sometimes make discoveries she may not like. It perhaps when she comes to find out her mistake—that she was under momentary intimation. The sex are capable of revenge."

"I shall think up some new character before that misfortune arrives. At any rate, I shall not have the politeness to step from my pedestal until she discovers for herself that I am not hero."

Tom extended his hand and the smile of superior intelligence beamed over his face. As he bade me adieu the sound of a carriage was heard below, and looking from the gallery the figure of the Scherezade of the hour before was discovered entering the carriage, entering to with one whom I subsequently discovered was the former suitor whom Tom had so far eclipsed. In fact, why make a short story long? Scherezade's marriage did suddenly take place that night, and Tom Vanderside—who had affected a clever woman for one evening with a power as of fascination, who had made her almost believe he was Mephistopheles, or some supernatural character—found that he had been thrown into the shade by his more prosaic rival. The natural attachment of slow growth asserted its power, or perhaps a suspicion was awakened in her mind that Tom's powers were of a superficial character. At any rate, the bridegroom that led Scherezade to the altar was the former lover and not Tom Vanderside.

# M A D E L I N E.

## A STORY OF THE RIVER COAST.

### I. Departure.

Those who knew the late Capt. Destrehan will remember him as a cynic of a pleasant type. He amused himself with laughing at the follies of men, and in placing his friends in situations which would compel them to show the baser clay of which they were composed. His studies of character would have looked like harmless practical jokes, had not their uniform denouement argued a little malice against the whole human race.

It was in some such mood that he one day summoned his nephew, a sleek and well-fed young man, to his presence, and inquired if he had never thought about marrying.

"I am only twenty-one," answered Anthony Destrehan, the youth in question, "and had never given the subject the thought which it perhaps demands. However, I have already a half a dozen angelic creatures in view, with whom one might perhaps live happily. If you, therefore, think it necessary to look at others—"

"You are right; it is necessary that you look the second time."

"In that case I will hunt up a seventh party to see what can be accomplished."

"On the contrary, you need do nothing of the sort. I have saved you that trouble. The lady is already at hand."

"But in case there should be difficulties?"

"In case you decline, or in case you do not show yourself sufficiently interesting to captivate her fancy and with it her hand, it will be your misfortune. In that case, you had better think how you are henceforth to manage to live."

"And when am I to see the lady—when am I to make my election, or rather my matrimonial essay?"

"Not for a few weeks to come. At present I propose to use your talents in a different manner. I believe you pretend to have been going through a course of legal studies?"

"You forget. I have been recently called to the bar."

"What I wish you then to do is to act as my agent in making inquiries about a plantation a few hundred miles up the river. It is the old Bagniere estate."

"Have no fears—I shall purchase it for you."

"You will do nothing of the sort. You are to go to the place itself, and simply make a report. Write an accurate description of the outhouses, number of acres and similar details—see how many mortgages are recorded, and gather information of a useful character."

"The task, *mon oncle*, will be easy—never fear."

"In that case pack your trunk and leave by the next steamer."

"*C'est entendu.*"

"Once you have completed your survey, you are to return forthwith. If you have

shown yourself discreet, upon your arrival in the city we will then proceed to discuss the question of marriage."

Capt. Destrehan made his nephew a nod, as an indication that the interview was ended, and the latter having responded in a tone of airy gaiety, made a formal and respectful salute.

"I wonder what mischief that uncle of mine means me now," thought the nephew, as he made his preparations. "Whatever result happens, will be tolerably sure to encounter his malice." However, he went on board of the boat that afternoon, and at a little after 5 o'clock was on his way up the river.

### II—The Coast.

The boat upon which young Destrehan had embarked, like most of those in use upon the Mississippi, was fitted up with an extraordinary regard for elegance and comfort, and he found no want of occupation in regarding the endless succession of charming villas which adorned either shore.

Still the most picturesque or magnificent scenery will after awhile tire, and Destrehan soon began to look around for a companionship among the other guests. Chance favored him.

At one of the meals to which he sat down, a gentleman occupied a seat adjoining that of Destrehan, whom the latter had already remarked. The stranger had the manners of a man of society, though Destrehan did not quite like his face. There was an expression in it half hypocritical, half timid. In some side remark that he chanced to make, and which gave offence to a third traveler, Destrehan had observed that he had had but little response to make, and had allowed him almost to become involved in a quarrel without coming to his support.

Still he seemed disposed to talk, and the ordinary commonplaces of travelers were exchanged. He ordered a bottle of wine, and something like animation began to be imparted to the conversation.

The stranger, who appeared to have been a traveler, expressed himself most readily in finding fault with everything he saw around him. He first commenced by sneering at the dinner:

"Here, you see, is a country that has every variety of flesh and game; only they cook every dish in the same way. I have a growing presentiment," he said, as he ordered a second supply of fish, "that I shall die of starvation."

"Steamboat fare is generally rather popular," said Destrehan.

"One must eat something," said the stranger, as he entrenched himself with a circle of dishes. "The cooking we get will be the death of me; but one never knows how to die gracefully. And the liquors!" Here he emptied mechanically his glass.

"Bad, certainly," said Destrehan; "but it disappears. Another bottle, waiter."

The last remark made his companion con-



dential. The two travelers exchanged cards. The name of the stranger proved to be Caskie. "How much farther do your travels lead you?" inquired Destrehan. "I get off at the Bagniere place."

"What, the old plantation chateau which is just on ahead?"

"I imagine you describe the place rightly."

Caskie gave him a cool, scrutinizing look, as much as to inquire what was the object of his visit, but he merely added:

"I am bound for the same place. I see we are destined to be thrown together."

"About our landing—will the Captain—"

"There will be no trouble. I have already spoken about that, and the boat will soon round to. I believe the deckhands are already making ready with the gangway. We had better look after our baggage."

They were soon put on shore, and Caskie having left Destrehan the privilege of rewarding the porter for his trouble, and having placed the trunks in the care of a servant who came down, the two walked toward the house.

"I see the chimneys of the sugar house," said Destrehan, "but where is the residence?"

"That is hid behind the dense grove of orange trees. The house is an old affair, and was built as long ago as the Spanish occupation. I am glad you are along with me," said Caskie, who looked as if he was trying to turn his new acquaintance to advantage.

### III.—The Plantation Chateau.

It was near nightfall as the guests appeared in front of the door. Destrehan felt a presentiment of something, he hardly knew what, in entering. While waiting upon the verandah steps for some one to appear, he remarked a very pretty hand, covered with diamonds, which rested upon the sill of one of the upper windows.

Soon after, in answer to their summons, Mme. Gilbaux, by which name Destrehan understood their hostess to be called, welcomed them at the door. Caskie, who had apparently visited the house before upon business, formally presented him. The open and sincere welcome which one receives in the country followed.

"The letter which preceded you tells me you come on business," said the hostess. "In the country we are little troubled with guests. Your visit must, therefore, be one of pleasure."

The guests replied in the same spirit, and a servant led the way to the rooms which had been placed at their disposition.

By the way," said Caskie, as they mounted the stairs together, "it is not about the sale of the property—"

"Something very near it; a glance at its value, title deeds, etc., is the object of my visit."

"Oh, it is," said Caskie, a little embarrassed. "The fact is that I happen to have one or two mortgages—it ought to be your first care to examine into them."

Destrehan had begun to be amazed at the sharp way in which his new acquaintance looked after his own interests.

"Are these mortgages old?"

"They have been hanging on since Butler's time," said Caskie.

"And the object of your visit is to look after these?"

"You are right—at least partly that."

"You appear very much at home here," said Destrehan. "Where is M. Gilbaux?"

"Well, you won't see much of him—he sits about on the back portico—his influence is felt in the yearly settlement of accounts. I see they have given us a double room, and our trunks are already up here. Be alive there, Joe, (to the servant,) and get the locks open as

a guess as to

"There's no need of that question," said Destrehan. "We can see the kitchen, and preparations are already on foot."

"You are right, and we had better lose no time in dressing."

Before the operation had been completed the bell had sounded. Caskie led the way and placed himself at the head of the table. Mme. Gilbaux was already at the opposite end.

For some moments after being seated, Caskie defrayed the expenses of conversation, or was the principal talker. He carved and criticised the dishes and disparaged the servants.

"This Caskie seems most infernally at home here," thought Destrehan. "That mortgage of his evidently gives him privileges."

Whatever may have been his manner, it did not affect the spirits of their host.

Destrehan now regarded attentively her hand. It did not appear to be the one the sparkle of whose diamonds had first attracted his attention.

The moment after his glance of inquiry, an addition was made to their number. It was a lady who entered, and Mme. Gilbaux introduced the last comer as her daughter Madeline. She bowed to Destrehan, but did not again look in his direction.

Destrehan bestowed one glance to see if the diamonds were all there, and then remembered the advice of his uncle.

### IV.—Introduction.

The meal finished, Mme. Gilbaux accepted Destrehan's arm, and the two promenaded upon the verandah.

Caskie placed himself in a lazy attitude upon the railings, and disposed himself to smoke a cigar. Miss Madeline, the daughter, stood near him with a match, and appeared to derive pleasure in watching his movements and the wreaths of smoke. As she stood, her hand rested on his arm.

"This won't do," said Caskie, "wasting time here; where's Mr. Gilbaux? Time's money."

As if he knew already, without awaiting any answer, he started, without further ceremony, to leave the party. Mme. Gilbaux, however, begged Destrehan to excuse her absence, and took C.'s arm. The pendency of the mortgage Destrehan readily guessed to be the cause of her absence.

Miss Madeline, left alone with Destrehan, led the way to the parlor. Her guest followed discreetly behind.

"Her figure," he thought, "is extremely *a la mode*, though rather too erect and statuesque. She appears to be very reserved and cold." He attempted to converse. He was answered in French and found difficulty in persuading her to abandon the use of that language.

"I shall clearly not make a very dangerous impression upon the daughter," he thought. "I should like to know why she never looks at one; or if by chance you happen to catch her eye, why her glance is always shadowy and evanescent. I wish the mother would return."

Not quite sure of what would be his success, under the circumstances, of attempting to entertain with conversation, Destrehan at the first opportunity begged to hear her at the piano. "You will find me," he said, "the most patient and pleased of listeners."

Miss Madeline gave a glance full of vivacity.

"You have prepared your mind for the worst. It would perhaps be cruelty to put your patience and easily pleased sense of hearing to the test."

"I shall endeavor to be critical if I can in this way better hope to please."

"No, not that; a fair compromise would be

to listen without troubling your mind with thinking of compliments at the close of the performance. Have you any preference?"

"I promise in advance to be pleased at anything—that is if I am not too good-natured or patient."

She now played, without regard to the last speech, a brilliant morceau. In her attitudes and quick glances from the notes to the piano, all of her coldness had disappeared. Her manner was so instinct with life that Destrehan thought, in seeing her, of some wild animal suddenly brought under restraint. The expression of some such grotesque thought was written on his face.

"My playing has not pleased."

"On the contrary—"

"Do you play yourself, Mr. Destrehan?"

"Yes, Miss Madeline."

At that moment, Mme. Gilboux entered, and Miss Madeline, under cover of this entry, withdrew.

#### V.—An Impression.

When Destrehan awoke the next morning, the sight of a small glove lying upon his dressing table brought Miss Madeline to his mind.

"She must have occupied this room before my coming," he thought. "And this lace work and stays—as I live, it is a corset. It has enclosed a pretty figure."

Destrehan looking out of his window at that moment saw a carriage at the door, and encountered the glance of Miss Madeline preparing to go out. Determined henceforth to give no cause of complaint he hastened to offer his assistance in helping her to enter. But Caskie happened to be passing at the same moment and her hand was given to him, though he had made no attempt to take it.

"At the rate," he remarked, "at which we are going, we are likely to know less of each other than when first introduced."

Destrehan, through timidity, kept out of the way until evening. Not to appear ill-natured or offended, he exerted himself to give an air of animation to the conversation. There was other company in the parlor, too, at that hour, and it was impossible to avoid meeting Miss Madeline. Once, while promenading with her, she made the following statement:

"My education has been of the most absurd character. I am almost ashamed to speak of those accomplishments at which I most excel. My father has been disappointed in having a daughter instead of a son. In revenge he has caused me to bestow attention upon pursuits which are sometimes of doubtful value in your sex, and of none whatever in ours. I have for instance learned to fire a gun or pistol with some accuracy. I am vain of my skill on horseback, but as I grow older I become ashamed to have to admit that I have wasted so much time."

"And you have always remained here?"

"Subsequently mama came to the conclusion that my education was not greatly progressing. I was then sent to a convent. There they finished me off, and I have returned. I have learned to say prunes and prisms."

Destrehan was beginning almost to like his new acquaintance. He asked her hand for the waltz. She refused his request coldly. A moment after she explained that she was engaged.

"Would you like to have me find your partner?"

"Yes; it is Mr. Caskie."

"Your partner is a gentleman of good taste. He compliments himself, I observe, so far as to dance only with you."

"Yes, he wishes to pretend that I am the only lady present who waltzes well."

"I would have made the same statement if it

would have entitled me to the same privilege."

"Privilege! You are right. He is my cousin, and I give my cousin privileges."

Destrehan, secretly exasperated to the last degree, found it no easy task to look amiable for the rest of the evening.

#### VI.—Dénouement.

Not wishing, after the last conversation, to be annoyed or betray any feeling one way or the other, he contrived to miss seeing Madeline at breakfast, and subsequently occupied himself in the library, in examining the title deeds to the estate.

The parlor door was open. The faint sounds of music, which emanated from Miss Madeline's hands, distracted Destrehan's attention. The notes trickled from her fingers like drops of falling water. These, in turn, would be followed by little bursts of melody that excited his blood like a fever.

In this mood, a servant delivered a message at the door. Miss Madeline complained of *ennui*, her compliments, and begged that Mr. Destrehan would desist for once from his labors.

Destrehan sent a discreet message, but remained away.

The servant soon returned. He must come. Madeline wished to practice a duet and required his assistance. A second excuse was pleaded, but this time more faintly.

By this time he was indisposed for labor. He lit a cigar, and, in a half reclining attitude, amused himself with reading a novel.

While surrounded with a dense volume of smoke, he was suddenly awakened from his reverie by seeing Miss Madeline standing with folded arms over his chair. She was regarding him coolly. "Your business is of a very exacting nature."

Destrehan arose to his feet and attempted an explanation.

"What is it that you wish to accomplish?" she inquired.

"I thought myself simply too uninteresting to inflict my company upon others."

"What else?"

"That we are not destined to be very good friends—that we had better let each other alone."

Madeline gazed at him angrily.

"Do you wish to avoid me?"

"Yes."

"It shall not be so, Mr. Destrehan."

He gave a look of inquiry, and saw that her cheek was burning with emotion of some sort.

"You are to make yourself agreeable. You are to ride with me on horseback—to accompany me in a boat, and to listen to my guitar when I wish to sail. You shall be near me under the long shadows of the cypress. Do you suppose that, having you here in this house all alone, I do not intend to have my way?"

"I should like to fathom the motive for her conduct," he thought. "That cynic uncle must have known this girl, and known that one in her company I would have committed a folly, one way or the other. But who that saw her coldness and reserve a few days ago, could have suspected such subtlety and finesse?"

#### VII.—Ambrosia.

The succeeding week was the happiest of Destrehan's life. Caskie had gone up the river for a few days. Destrehan and Madeline were alone. He shut his eyes to what was beyond, and sighed only that time could not remain stationary.

Madeline, at his first interview, had only seemed to him a handsome woman of fine physique, with a little more than ordinary intelligence. He now regarded her as one of those gorgeous types of beauty which enervates—

which intoxicates. Each day she acquired an additional charm; her face burned with a deeper glow. In her eyes was a dreamy expression, and about the iris was a transparent light. His happiness was of repose, and not of hysteric mirth—akin rather to melancholy. He was wondering how long his elysium, his delirium would last—whether it would ripen into love, and whether any expression would not dispel it forever.

But as the hours slipped away each had a growing foreboding that they were but at child's play. It affected the two in different ways. It made Destrehan indisposed for occupation of any sort. The more Madeline saw the end of the folly the more she abandoned herself to it, for the time being. She was no longer contented to remain seated at her music, or sewing, with her head pensively inclined to one side. Ever in motion, she would move quickly about the house, the little heels to her slippers making a music to which Destrehan never grew tired of listening.

But one day she had sat down upon a foot-stool near, while the latter read her the poems of Abbe Ronquette, of our city, then much admired. Destrehan remarked at the time that Madeline was very prettily dressed. Her black hair, rippled to the back part of her head, was momentarily confined by an ivory comb, but soon broke through this impediment into a cascade of glossy curls. She wore a simple white dress, and from this her still whiter shoulders were escaping like a delicate bud from its imprisoning calyx. Seated upon her stool, her hands clasped around her knee, a delicate slipper unconsciously appeared beneath the folds of her dress. Madeline wistfully regarded him.

"You appear in an elevated mood, Madeline. You are above me in the clouds. Tell me, who remain behind upon the dull earth, what you have been idealizing about?"

"I have been making my future to order—creating the most rosy of all existences, and banishing dull care altogether." She continued on in this vein until her expression became radiant, her gestures vehement, and until she had infused some of her own feeling into his more apathetic nature. Madeline had a charming way of carrying her diminutive little hands half behind her that was sufficient of itself to banish all philosophical compromise.

"But where do you get so much animation, Madeline? Have you a superior organization that derives health and glow from an atmosphere that effects me with languor? Be a little composed. I cannot become lively, but you may become less vivacious. Near you I am the heavy pack horse beside Pegasus. You are anxious to tell me something; or is it that you wish to fold me in your arms and have not the courage? I shall never feel composed in your presence. If you passed near me when asleep my dreams would be disturbed. There is no telling what you would do to me if you found me asleep. Would you kiss me?"

"If you continue to make me such speeches, you will never have to dread such a misfortune."

"My business is finished in your mother's bouse, Madeline. I have remained here too long, and the next steamer that passes must take me to the city."

"But that passes to-night. But stay at least until Mr. Caskie returns. When that happens, I am to visit the city under his charge. My trunks are already packed, and everything in readiness."

"The next boat must carry me away, Madeline. And this leads me to say that it is a mistake about our never knowing when we are happy. I have been happy almost every moment of the past week. Conscious of my happiness

at the time. *SCENE IN THE MORNING.* Mad. I did not believe it would last. I must awake from the atmosphere in which you have transported me, to the duller realities."

"Dream a little longer—I will strew your couch with fresh flowers. *N'oubliez-vous pas b. l. endormi.*"

"But, Madeline, now that I think of it, tell me something of Caskie."

Her face became pale. The name was obviously connected with her thoughts—with what had already been shadowed forth in the troubled expression of her face.

"Tell you something of him—he is my cousin," she said slowly.

"But I know that, already."

"Is that all you know?"

"You have never told me there was anything more to know."

"He is my *fiance*—my intended."

"You are jesting—I do not understand."

"He is the gentleman whom mama has picked out to marry me."

Destrehan had the moment before felt near Madeline as a fire-worshiper would have in the presence of the sun. At the last words a shadow as of an imperceptible cloud had fallen over his life. Upon the glassy waters was the slight imperceptible tremor which hinted at coming shipwreck and storm.

In a moment the brain of Destrehan was in a whirl—the recent conversations and incidents of his life was the gamut over which his memory was endlessly running. For his week's happiness the fates were making bitter amends. However, by an extraordinary effort he restrained any expression of feeling and continued the conversation in the same tone of light jest as before.

There was one thing that now appeared obvious. Madeline, though she knew she was plighted to another man, had deliberately set to work to make upon him the deepest possible impression.

Another circumstance also noted was that Destrehan's gaiety produced upon her the opposite effect. Her face became of a deadly palor.

"I have not, after all, done more than amuse his fancy," she thought. "He simply despises me for my treachery, and is only affected enough to be astonished."

"I am not sorry to have met you, Madeline," he now said. "You have awakened a great many dreamy fancies I shall delight to remember. Still I shall have trouble to find some repentance for my regrets in having to leave you at all."

At the moment he spoke but one idea was occupying the mind of Destrehan. He was thinking of the many young men of brilliancy and talent whom he had seen wear out and die from dissipation and other causes in his own short career. He was wondering whether some such blow as he had just experienced had not been the premonition of their doom, had not sounded the death-knell to happiness and hope. A wild and unnatural species of ecstasy took possession of his heart—melodies of pathos and tenderness were ringing in his ears. Madeline, meanwhile, was gazing at him curiously.

"You are different from most men if you do not suffer. It is incredible that he does not love me," she mentally reasoned.

"It is about the last time I shall have an opportunity of being happy," he thought. "There is no need of talking of tragedies in the few moments that are left."

The steamer upon which he was to return had previously signaled its approach, and it now gave a more positive proof of its proximity by a train of smoke, and of sparks which floated behind it like a plume. By degrees an immense

black mass became imprinted upon the horizon, assuming every moment clearer and deeper outlines. It was one of those mountain loads of cotton, consisting of a mass of about six thousand bales or more, which was bound for the Crescent City, and which now confronted his vision.

A fire had been kindled upon the bank of the river, and in answer to this signal the boat was rounding to.

Destrehan extended his hand. It was taken by Madeline, who released it slowly. She was studying minutely every line of his face, and without avail.

#### VIII—The Great River.

The boat was run up close to the levee bank. It was attached by hawsers, and the gangway shoved ashore. A bright light from a brazier, filled with inflammable fagots, lighted the way on board.

As Destrehan was about to follow his baggage which had already preceded him, he was not a little astonished to find that Caskie was in the boat and was just coming ashore.

"What, Destrehan, my dear fellow, is it you?"

"You are right, it is me, Caskie. My time has come—business. I return to the city by the boat you have quitted. I shall be just in time to take possession of your berth."

"By no means, though you can have the one adjoining. I shall continue down the river with you. We are to have a rather grand affair of it going down—there is a very large number of young ladies and gentlemen on board on an excursion, not to speak of four or five newly united couples, and a brass band."

"You do not then stop with our hospitable friends?"

"Only for a moment. In fact, I am in hopes that they are ready to keep me company. For the moment, *au revoir*."

With the rapidity of movement which bespoke an object to be accomplished, Caskie was already half way to the house, and was met upon the verandah by the inmates.

Destrehan's impression on going on board the boat was a feeling of surprise that C. should entertain any hopes of persuading Mme. Gilbaux and daughter to accompany him to the city. Upon making inquiry, however, upon the boat, and giving a glance at the shore, he saw in a moment that the boat would necessarily be detained for a considerable interval. Upon the river bank several hundred bales of cotton had been placed, and were now being shipped: while the mates were none the less busy in taking on board cords of wood to be used on the downward trip.

"It will take an hour, at least, to get away from here," Destrehan could not at the time help ejaculating. "During that time, his readiness and power of influencing will induce them to get ready, if the thing be possible."

In fact, Destrehan saw Madeline and her mother approaching the boat in three-quarters of an hour after, preceded by negroes with flambeaux, and bearing upon their shoulders the trunks and boxes which had been previously prepared for the expedition.

"I am sorry for it," thought Destrehan. "If the choice had been left to me we would never have met again by my seeking. Is it our good or our evil genius that always tries us with just such coincidences?"

Once the party, however, entered the boat, he exerted himself to show Mme. Gilbaux and her daughter that deference and attention always due by the stronger to the weaker sex, and he was now not sorry to see that Caskie was in the mood for talking, and that an opportunity was afforded him (Destrehan) of making himself really useful.

That is to say, that, while Caskie was narrating his adventures, an opportunity was afforded Destrehan to look after and secure the baggage, making arrangements for the berth, securing sleeping quarters for the servants brought along, and providing for the comfort of the ladies in numberless ways. These cares occupied him sufficiently for some time after the boat had again started on her course; and when excuses for these labors were exhausted, he continued to acquit himself with some success in conversing about the scenery of the river and the life and movement which was meanwhile going on on the boat.

He was not sorry when a pretext was afforded him for retiring for the night.

During the following day Destrehan's time was much consumed in renewing his acquaintance with the Captain and some other friends he chanced to meet on board. Mme. Gilbaux and her daughter were meanwhile surrounded with the society of the ladies and gentlemen who were passengers, and who together contributed to make a large party. Destrehan still showed himself watchful and attentive upon the preceding day. He, however, contrived to be near his fellow travelers when others were in their company; and it also happened that much more of his attention was bestowed upon the mother than the daughter.

In spite, however, of his skill and *finesse*, he had to admit to himself that his actions were suspected by Madeline.

"It will be out of the question to shirk altogether all animated conversation," he reasoned, "without showing how profoundly affected I am, and that I have been indulging in dreams. I must endeavor to appear a little interested and susceptible—just a little."

In the afternoon, therefore, as the day approached its close, Destrehan threw himself in her way. She was dressed in white, in full evening costume, in anticipation of a hop to be given that evening, and Destrehan thought he had never seen her look more radiant.

"Would it be happiness for you, Miss Madeline," he said, as they promenaded upon the upper deck and looked at the scenery upon the river, "to dream away your life in one of those old fashioned plantation chateaux which are surrounded with dark, sombre foliage?"

"If one was a little in love the life might have some charms. But the gable window, slate roofs, and orange orchards would otherwise soon weary you to death, even if the companion of whom you are disposed to dream did not do you that kindness."

"But look for a moment at that house whose windows are illuminated by the setting sun. It stands out in contrast with the shadows from the clouds, which have fallen on everything else around, and gleams out bright as if conveying a glimpse of dreamland. What truer type of life could you find, with this great river to represent the maddening stream of existence. The surrounding scenery and habitations will serve for our daily humdrum life, with its overhanging clouds. It is in contrast with those that you order house, whose windows are crimsoned by the rays of the sun stands far off like the existence for which we sigh, and which we never obtain."

"It looks as if one might be very happy there. Let us persuade the Captain to put us ashore and seek there shelter and happiness. Come, Caskie," said Destrehan to the latter, who was now approaching, "and lend your entreaties mine. It is absolutely necessary that we should all become Arcadians."

"You will neither of you persuade me," said Madeline, "the banks look lonely. The white walls which captivate your fancy are taking the form of whitened sepulchres. The

Spanish moss gives the scenery a funereal gloom."

"I must confess that your Arcadian elysium has no charms for me," said Caskie, "though I do not quite feel safe upon this boat. The guards are loaded almost to the water's edge."

#### IX.—Premonition.

One of the momentary lulls ensued in the conversation, which frequently take place in traveling and among those who remain long in each other's company. For a half hour each of the party sat silent and absorbed, watching the sinking of the sun, the silent gathering of clouds, and the darkness made visible by the frequent flashes of lightning.

"Are you not afraid to remain here?" said Caskie, who was the first to speak, and whose mind seemed running upon the perils of the river.

"No. I am in the mood to enjoy a thunder-storm for once."

"But why are we so silent? The ideas of all of us appear to be wandering away in those clouds. Sentiment is not much in my line, but I am dull and depressed enough this time. What are you studying about, Madeline?"

"I was for once studying about you—I was wondering," she said, half angrily, "whether you were capable of a sentiment—of an attachment for anything or anybody."

"I am not strong that way. I get along better by calculation and rule."

"And the rule prompts you to look rather after your own than others' interests," said Madeline, half laughingly, as if she now found the selfish philosophy of the other speaker rather amusing than otherwise.

"Precisely. I wish no one any harm. If they succeed or fail it is not my affair. I should help them or not as they might prove to be useful to me."

"I am afraid we should have a bad time of it, Mr. Destrehan, if we were in danger. But tell me, Caskie, supposing I was alone upon these waters, and compelled to rely upon you to reach the shore, do you think that you would save me?"

Caskie's face assumed an uneasy expression at the idea suggested, and a faint shrug of the shoulders told his thought better than words.

"The ordeal in that case I conclude would be a little awkward," said he. "This lake—for we have taken a short cut and got out of the river—a few years ago was dry land, or at least swamp, covered with cypress trees. It has not been a great while since a channel was cut through the cypress stumps when the water was low, in order to admit of a passage for boats. It is in the middle of this that we now are. The boat, as it is in the centre of the lake must be five miles from land, and it would be impossible to run it from here to the shore."

"Consequently you think we would all drown should the boat meet with an accident."

"It would be certain death for three out of every four upon the boat—certain death perhaps for every one who could not swim."

"But I am a woman—you, of course, would not consent to escape with your life so long as I remained helpless."

Caskie's face grew dark and thoughtful. He hesitated a moment, but immediately after answered with a compliment.

"No," said he, "in such company it would not be difficult to plunge headlong into perdition."

Madeline laughed and repeated her question to Destrehan.

"My ideas are as philosophic," said he, "as those of Caskie. Only he is not logical in the devotion which would actuate him in case any danger should arise."

"And in the moment of danger you wish to tell me that you would be logical?"

"I should witness with pleasure his devotion and sacrifice, if he attempted to save you, and pray Heaven, meanwhile, for the successful termination of his labors."

"And you really tell me that you would not assist me?"

"On the contrary, that you would not require my assistance—that it would be unjust to deprive Caskie of the pleasure of being useful."

Madeline sighed, and turned toward Caskie.

"You see absolutely I must depend upon you."

"In that case," said he, "should an opportunity occur—"

"The opportunity will not be lacking," said Destrehan. "the last flash of lightning has set the hay, piled upon the front of the boat, upon fire."

The observation that Destrehan had uttered quietly, not to say meditatively, as if a piece of news that affected no one present, was indeed true. The boat was on fire.

Madeline turned upon him and bestowed a look which showed that the mystery, which had hitherto baffled her, was revealed.

"He loved me," she thought, "and having no hope, was too proud to betray his secret. It is a matter of indifference to him whether the boat ever reaches land or not."

Destrehan disappeared, and Caskie made two or three movements as if to go to the assistance of the deck-hands, who were attempting to check the flames.

"Is there great danger," asked Madeline, who had been watching his face by the light reflected from the burning vessel.

"We are lost" said he, as if speaking to himself. Our only chance of ever reaching land is in the small boats, that is if they have any."

The face of Madeline had become pale with terror. Destrehan was seen returning from the lower cabins of the boat, and Caskie hurried to see the danger himself.

"You will not abandon me," she said to Destrehan.

"Your best chance for safety will be in one of the boats," he replied evasively. "But see there is but one of them, and they are lowering this." "The weaker sex will have a preference."

"But there are so many ladies on board—four bridal parties alone. The boat cannot be made to contain half of the number."

"If you would save your life, Madeline, there is not a moment to lose. Hasten to this side of the boat and enter quickly. The passengers are already entering. See, the men are abandoning the doomed vessel, as well as women and children."

Madeline, for some reason, stood motionless and looking piteously.

"And must I enter alone?"

"For a man who has strength it will be possible to keep afloat many hours to come. But you are wasting time, Madeline, the boat is already too full. If you would save your life, do not lose a moment."

Mme. Gilbrand was already in the boat, and was beckoning to her daughter to hasten.

The boat was casting off her lines and the men who had entered were keeping more passengers from entering.

At this sight the faculties of Madeline, which had been locked up and paralyzed, recovered their action, and half delirious with fear she rushed toward the side of the boat.

Her impulse came too late. An attempt on her part to enter was prevented.

Paralyzed with terror she could only stretch her hands impotently toward the boat and crave assistance by her glance.

At the same moment Caskie came rushing wildly from the direction of the cabin. In one hand he held his papers and parchments, and in another a box which appeared to contain treasures of the greatest value.

Madeline caught him by the sleeve.

He shook off her grasp like one whose mind was occupied with an idea—like one who was scarcely aware of whom he was surrounded.

"It is me, Caskie," she cried; "do not abandon me."

Caskie did not seem to hear. He had thrown his boxes and papers into the boat, and was about to spring after them.

Madeline threw herself upon him with her whole force. "Caskie," she cried, "as you ever loved your mother or sister or any woman, do not abandon me. See, I am here almost alone. It was you who made me come upon this boat. I did not want to come."

Caskie, as Destrehan had already done, remonstrated hurriedly with the man on the boat, and tried to assist Madeline to enter.

The answer that was received was a fierce shout to cast off the lines. The reply of the rough deck-hands seemed to inspire Caskie with the same insanity that had already possessed Madeline. He made a motion to spring over the sides of the doomed steamer. Madeline, for the last time, threw herself into his arms.

"For the love of Heaven do not leave me here to consume."

"Let me go," he fiercely muttered—"there is no use that we both perish. I tell you not to cling to me—that I can be of no service." In a moment more he had sprung over the rail into the water—in a moment more he had clutched hold of the boat and effected an entrance in spite of the curses and execrations of the rest of the crew.

It occupied several moments for the men to get to handling of the oars, and meanwhile, Caskie, now beyond, as he considered, the reach of danger, gazed, with the air of a man who is damned, at the woman to whom he had been betrothed—at the *fiancee*, whom he was leaving behind.

"Wretch," said Madeline, and she threw upon him a glance of contempt. Caskie shuddered, and covered his face with his hands.

"I could not help it, Madeline," he said. "I am no hero. Forgive me for not dying at your side. I would give you my place now, if that were possible."

The boat had commenced moving away before she could answer. Madeline gazed after it a moment in silence. The next, she gave a wild glance at the ever-nearing flames.

"It is terrible," she said, "to have to die."

At this moment she caught sight of Destrehan. He had been standing at the remote end of the boat. Apparently he had been a passive spectator of everything that had been transpiring around him.

"I believe we are the last that are left of the crew and passengers," said Destrehan. "But see the boat upon which Caskie embarked. It is too heavily laden, and the men are throwing him overboard."

"And the others," said Madeline becoming a shade paler.

"They have preferred the chances of escaping death by floating upon the shutters, chairs and furniture."

"But there is no need of jumping overboard until the flames reach this portion of the steamer."

"Listen, there is a large amount of powder stowed in the hold of the boat. As soon as the flames reach that portion an explosion will take place."

Madeline's face assumed one degree more of pallor, but she did not move.

"How many moments have we to live?"

"The explosion will probably take place within the next ten minutes."

"Ten minutes to live!" she cried, looking around wildly; "that is very little."

"However," said Destrehan, "if you wish to save your life upon a shutter—"

"You have no pity for yourself—no mercy for me. No, not the dark water. I prefer death here."

## XI—Revelation.

Madeline had now abandoned all hope. Her eye began to brighten with a wild sort of gaiety.

"Why do you wish to die?" she asked. Her face was beginning to look radiant with an ecstasy of terror.

"I am luckier than most disappointed lovers. I cannot win you, but I can, the next greatest happiness, have you to die with me—I can witness the tragedy of your death. With my life an eclipse—a charred and blurred ruin—what happiness equal to that of reducing everything to the same chaos—of making a holocaust and a funeral pyre of what is most precious? For I shall see you die, Madeline, in your white bridal costume, like another Iphigenia, at the altar. I shall have the cruel happiness of watching each shadow of the death agony upon your face. You shall light for me the path to Stygian terrors, and we shall keep each other company in the pale realm of shadows."

Madeline broke forth into a demoniacal laughter: "I never thought before that an opportunity for coquetry would occur when death is but ten minutes distant. But that is what it seems we are having now."

"She is going mad with terror," thought Destrehan.

"We have had a struggle, Destrehan, to see which would make the other submit—which had the strongest will. It is you who have succeeded. You make me confess, though you are merciless, for the poor privilege of dying in your arms, that I love you."

Destrehan clasped her in his arms, and gave a sigh of despair.

A new idea penetrated his soul. "It is very hard," he reasoned, "to die with such happiness behind." "But the fire has reached the hold where the powder is stored—we have but a moment to live."

"Let us remain, then, thus. I should have liked it better if you had showed me before that you loved me a little. But I shall put my fingers now through your hair—I shall give you a little pat on the cheek—I—"

Destrehan tore himself away.

He dipped his handkerchief in water, wrapped it about his nostrils, and quickly descended into the lower cabin. The place was filled with smoke. But the central lantern still hung from the ceiling, and, save a few doors that had been torn away, or a few articles of clothing that had been scattered about, it was difficult to tell that the place was deserted by its former occupants, and was threatened with impending ruin.

But he did not stop here. Destrehan rapidly pushed on to the portion of the boat where the powder was stored.

His arrival at the scene of danger was not a moment too soon. There were, it is true, but a small quantity of powder stored there, but in a few moments more it would have been reached by the flames. His first care was to push these kegs beyond the immediate reach of danger. His next to burst open a window and take in his parched lungs a fresh breath of air. His last act was to carry the kegs to the deck above and throw them into the water.

As he emerged upon the deck for the last time,

a light was discovered upon the river behind. Destrehan rubbed his eyes for a moment and thought that he had been dreaming.

"Do you see that light, Madeline?"

"Yes," said Madeline, "is it another steam-boat conflagration?"

"No; that is the head-light of the boat with which we have been racing. In less than half an hour the boat will be here. Madeline, in less than that time we will be beyond the reach of danger."

Destrehan's prediction was justified by the result. The boat which came after rescued its two sole remaining occupants, and many of those who had sought safety in the water.

But among the corpses which floated ghastly and pallid around the waters, now illuminated

by the burning boats, was that of Caskie; and in addition to the other bridal parties that did reach the city was that made by Destrehan and Madeline.

Destrehan hastened upon his arrival to pay his compliments to his uncle; but death had already removed from him the power of perpetrating any further practical jokes. It did not prevent him, however, from bequeathing a fortune to his nephew, coupled with the cynical, and what seemed at first impossible proviso, to marry a woman who, when the will was made, was the *fiancee* of another. However, the happiness of no party was marred by the stipulation, as the lady referred to in the will proved to be none other than Madeline, Destrehan's actual bride.

# THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

## A Romance of the Last Days of the War.

### I.—Travels.

During the month which was destined to prove the last of the Confederate war, a couple of old soldiers, at Petersburg, obtained an invalid furlough to go South. They will figure in this narrative by the names of Wheelhanney and Corsely.

Corsely had been the cook of his mess, and was a man of genius. He however knew but little of the art of conversation or of society, and could not understand a joke.

Wheelhanney was of an overgrown build, with a figure too corpulent for a soldier, but with a certain springiness of step and restlessness of disposition which counteracted the effects of his extraordinary growth.

Upon the night that the furloughs were brought into camp, three days' rations had been issued, and in honor of the event most of these were consumed at supper. What they did not eat that night, Corsely the next morning fried.

While the latter was absorbed and made gloomy by this last occupation, Wheelhanney had climbed the breastworks, and was waving his handkerchief at the opposite picket lines. The day was beginning to dawn, but both sides were still keeping up their nightly picket fire.

"Come down from there," cried Corsely, "what are you doing up there?"

"We are to be absent for at least a month," said Wheelhanney. "It would, therefore, be lacking in politeness at leaving not to wave our friends some sort of an adieu."

"Don't do that," cried Corsely, the bravest, but most superstitious man in camp. "You have been under fire every day for six months, and have not yet lost your life. But it did not belong to you, then, and it did not much matter whether you lost it or not. But you are free now for a little while—I would not expose mine to a second chance shot or bullet, no matter what you might give me."

Still Wheelhanney, with his tremendous figure, waved his salute with the utmost formality, and having placed his breakfast in his haversack, to eat on the way, stalked out, with Corsely following behind, and with no regrets at leaving camp.

Having reached the depot for the train to Richmond—the only way at that day of traveling to the Gulf States—Corsely remembered that no transportation or pass over the road had been furnished, and that furloughed soldiers, from some military exigency, were expected to walk the twenty miles intervening between the capital and camp.

"The absence of the ticket does not greatly matter," said Wheelhanney, whose tremendous figure made him averse to over fatigue. "We will travel without it."

Approaching then a car window, at which sat a soldier, who was already inside, and who had been detailed to go to Richmond, Wheelhanney begged the momentary loan of his passport. The request, after some hesitation, was granted. With this Wheelhanney passed the sentinel, and the moment after handed through the window the paper to Corsely. The latter having entered, the document was restored to its owner, and the two adventurers now began to look around and observe the inmates of the car.

Shortly after a lady, young looking and unattended, entered. The seats were nearly all taken, and she was compelled to occupy one upon the opposite side to our two travelers. This seat, in common with the one viz-a-vizing it, had been already partially covered with shawls and bundles. The owners of these latter articles were two ladies who were (doubtless compelled by the exigencies of war) traveling alone.

"I should say that the eldest of those two already seated is the mother and the other the daughter," said Wheelhanney, who was now closely studying the situation; "but who do you take the new comer to be?"

"She looks piquant and intelligent, and not at all at a loss, in spite of her youth, in taking care of herself."

"The one you call the mother appears to be an invalid," said Wheelhanney. "Judging from her sickly appearance, it will not be a great while before she travels the long journey. She will never again see Petersburg."

The train started, and when the conductor came round to examine tickets, Wheelhanney remarked that all three of the travelers were bound South.

"We must get acquainted with them at once," said Wheelhanney.

Corsely shrugged his shoulders. Still his eye lingered as he glanced to the opposite side at the young girl spoken of as the daughter.

### II.—An Acquaintance.

At this moment, as if divining their thoughts, the last comer turned towards Wheelhanney, and, with the license then common enough among travelers of both sexes, addressed him a remark.

"Are you familiar at all with Richmond?" she said.

"I have had occasion to go there a good many times," said Wheelhanney. "I may say that I am well acquainted."

The remark was true. He had been placed under arrest twenty times for leaving camp without permission, to visit the capital.

"I wish to secure a place at which to remain," she said, "until the next train leaves the city."



I need hardly tell you that the city is so occupied that the work will be one of difficulty."

The face of the speaker had about it an air of piquancy—an air of shrewdness and of experience, and one which admitted that any remark made would be construed in the most amiable light.

"Madame, if that is the right title—"

"You may call me madame."

"I was proceeding to tell you that I had an excellent boardinghouse the last time I remained in the city. But this, upon second thought, I remember, was lost in consequence of the aspersions of interested slanderers."

"And what were these?" inquired the lady with vivacity.

"I speak of them with regret," replied Wheelhanney, with an air of diffidence. "I was accused, in the first place, of eating more than any two men at the table. Such a charge at such a time was"—

"A very grave accusation," said the lady. "And the others?"

"I was popular with some of the ladies at the same house, and among others, with our landlord's daughters. Again the victims of malice, I was now accused of having married a new wife at every place at which our regiment had been stationed. Furthermore, I was accused of attempting to inveigle one of the daughters in the same sort of wedlock."

"You were badly treated. But the consequence?"

"The consequence was that the feelings of the father were aroused against me."

"Did he do anything desperate?"

"Decidedly. The very next week he doubled upon me the price of board. But you, Madame; your face looks familiar—have we not met before?"

"Possibly. If you are from the Crescent City you must have seen me upon the boards of the Varieties and St. Charles before the war. I used to act soubrette parts."

"But you seem familiar with the army?"

"During the excitement of the first year I enlisted into a regiment as vivandiere. However, I soon discovered my mistake—I did not remain long."

"Doubtless, the dull routine of camp life must have depressed the mercury of your spirits."

"Yes, I am too volatile. But I was left behind in the enemy's country, accidentally."

"An interesting situation, undoubtedly," said Wheelhanney.

"Still the fact did not prevent me from making friends. You should have seen the milliner's bills that were paid for me, although I gave no suitor any good reason for flattering his vanity. Unfortunately my riches did me no good. There was a sudden advance of the Confederate army. I obtained some intelligence which it was of the last importance our generals should know. I now borrowed a horse from one of my admirers, and, during his absence, placed myself under still further obligations by dressing in his uniform, and leaving behind my skirts as a token. I succeeded in communicating the news. Still I could not help regretting the costume I had left behind. I obtained the rank of a lieutenant and permission to appear in male attire; and having nothing else to wear, this I was compelled to do."

"You appear to be as useful to your friends as you are dangerous to your enemies. Your experience is worth listening to."

"Do you know that after that I was complimented by obtaining a commission as surgeon in the army? A friend with a large horse gave me charge of it, and I turned it into an hospital. Hence my commission."

"And what was your success in the profession of *Æsculapius*?"

"It requires but little skill to potter away with drugs, and a good deal of careful nursing. A calumniator accused me of prescribing remedies that were not countenanced by the text-books, and of sending my patients much oftener to the grave-yard than back to camp. I lost my situation, but it did not prevent me from taking personal satisfaction out of the slanderer."

"Doubtless you felt like settling down by this time."

"Yes, I wished to do so. But soon after, I felt compelled to empty my revolver at some one else who had gone still further and assailed my honor. I tried next getting married, but I have my faults," said the ex-vivandiere, pensively, "and I fear I am not suited for domestic life. In fact, my husband's conduct became so disgusting and unendurable, that I was surprised into the indiscretion of cowhiding him a week after he had led me to the altar. Poor fellow—he died shortly after. It is upon his account you see me dressed in the robe of mitigated grief."

"And what is to be the next of your adventures?"

"I am ordered to report at Mobile. You see I carry my orders in my belt. But what sort of a house is this at which you propose to stop?"

"It is but a little distance from the depot," said Wheelhanney, as he led the way from the cars. "The porter is here and will look after our baggage. The distance is so short that we can easily walk there."

"That will be an advantage, as it is now very near the hour for supper, and the train south leaves at nine. But the house itself?"

"The house itself is conducted on a war footing. It is crowded with every class of boarders—soldiers, bureau clerks, milliners, artists, adventurers of one sex and another. The house is shared in a friendly cat-and-dog style, and every one does what is right in their own eyes."

### III—A Halt.

Wheelhanney, accompanied by his new acquaintance and Corsely, had by this time arrived at the boarding-house in question. The vivandiere was introduced to the landlady, and the fact of the arrival was otherwise proclaimed by an impatient guest, who threw open a window in the direction of the kitchen and shouted "Supper!"

A supper followed, at which a large number of guests of both sexes sat down and to most of these Wheelhanney's new acquaintance seemed well known. A lively conversation about army matters ensued with three or four of the gentlemen, whose characters cropped out with their whiskers or were betrayed in their diamond pins, and an animated dialogue was kept up with some of the fairer portion of the guests, who, it appeared, were artistes, as to the gossip of the stage. During the course of this, the Vivandiere told of her last appearance on the stage—how she had had a quarrel with a rival, who was disposed to give herself superior airs—how the latter had insisted upon appropriating the whole of a mirror to dress by, although there was an urgent necessity for others to go on the stage, and how the dispute between the Vivandiere and her rival had ended in a struggle for the looking-glass, and in the mirror itself being broken over the head of the ungenerous rival.

"I can't say that I take much interest in the stories of your new friend," said Corsely; "and, look, do you remember the lady and her daughter who traveled with us to-day? Yonder they are, at the foot of the table."

"I believe you are right," said Wheelhanney.

"This must seem a strange scene to that

young girl, who looks as if she had been carefully raised. It must be a shock to her pure soul to have to be thrown in contact with such a mixed crowd, and to have to listen to such tiresome stories."

"For my part, I am perfectly willing that the ex-vivandiere shall continue talking, as it gives us an opportunity to keep eating all the longer."

As if a suspicion that such was Wheelhanney's purpose had entered the mind of the host, he here proposed drinks—perhaps finding it cheaper to afford the liquors than the provisions.

"It is very near time that we were at the depot," said Corsely; "and our passports, transportation and baggage must be looked after."

"Mr. Wheelhanney is to look after me," said the widowed vivandiere, and Corsely, judging from her manner that all further remonstrance would be useless, started off alone to make his preparations without further loss of time.

A half hour later the three travelers all entered the train for the South. The last that was seen of the Confederate Capital, a soldier starting off for camp was amusing himself by throwing stones at the fourth story window of a hotel.

Corsely hardly knew why, but this trivial incident affected him superstitiously, as an omen of coming disaster.

The travelers entered the train. Wheelhanney having upon his arm the acquaintance of the day before, was allowed to enter the traveling car set apart for ladies, after some persuasion and entreaties from the latter. It fared, however, worse with Corsely, who was condemned to a car dimly lighted, badly ventilated, and where he was surrounded by what appeared to him the rudest and roughest men in the army.

While he was sitting in the dark, reflecting over his unenviable traveling accommodations, a respectable looking citizen approached the door with a lantern, and inquired if any one was going as far as Georgia. A rough voice answered "Yes," and demanded the reason for the inquiry.

"Because," said the citizen, "there is a lady here who is going South."

"And you want somebody to pilot her through?" inquired the voice. "Is she good-looking, or ugly?"

"She is a very respectable middle-aged lady," answered the citizen, in a tone of rebuke.

"Well, there's no need a talking, stranger, if she's not good-looking. Old women are not worth wintering or transportation in these times, and have got no business paddling about from one end of the country to the other."

Corsely here, moved with pity, interposed, and his offer of assistance was thankfully accepted.

He followed his guide into the ladies' car, and was by him introduced to those for whom he was to act as an escort. He was now not a little astonished to find that they were the mother and daughter with whom he had traveled upon the preceding day from Petersburg. Upon a seat adjoining theirs, was Wheelhanney, and there, too, at his side, was the vivandiere.

Corsely repeated his offers of service already made to his guide. The elder lady, who had looked like an invalid when we had first seen her, looked like one now more so than ever. It, however, did not prevent him from experiencing a feeling of pity, and form the generous determination to be of what service he could.

Being an invalid, she stated, and with but a short time before her to live, she had become alarmed at the threatened dangers which environed Richmond. Her object in leaving the

capital was to place her daughter in a place of safety.

Corsely now glanced at the latter and could not help remarking that young girl was of naive appearance and had a captivating air of innocence and candor. He had, however, but little talent for conversation and consequently contented himself with making himself useful in a dozen ways which his good nature suggested, and in listening to the conversation of the others of the party.

Nothing further occurred during the first fifty miles of their route. But this distance gone over the train came to a river—a bridge was found to be down. The passengers had to cross in ferryboats, the baggage to be unloaded and superintended, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he succeeded in getting the trunks and their owners on board before the departure of the train. As it was, the cars suddenly started without warning, and Corsely was almost left behind with the daughter.

At Charlottesville, the good natured Corsely had to remain up half the night in trying to keep together the baggage of his helpless charge: and in subsequently finding out to what hotel their owners had gone. To crown his good acts he had spent a considerable portion of his slender funds in having the baggage removed by porters, and was afterwards too modest to make any allusion to the fact. He succeeded with somewhat the same trouble in getting his party upon the train at the proper time the next day.

With Wheelhanney, meanwhile, it had been different. The ex-vivandiere was in excellent condition, and had an endless theme to talk of in her own adventures. Wheelhanney, too, had about him an unfailing fund of animal spirits, and a voice and lungs which could be heard above the puffing of the engine—a valuable quality with a talker on the cars. He had, too, a remarkable faculty of making an impression on crowds quickly: tho' through passengers wanted to sit near him during the day, and when the train stopped, they generally followed his lead to the hotel.

Thus far the travelers had escaped any delays from the unsettled condition of the country, and from the dilapidated state of the cars and tracks. The danger from either source had however been postponed—not avoided.

#### IV—A Night to be Remembered.

It was about midnight on the third night after leaving Richmond that an accident to the cars occurred. The sky was illumined at the time with a lurid light, which suggested conflagrations and the dangers into which every mile of their journey was hurrying them. The night was bitter cold, and when the first sudden jarring sensation was felt, which threw every one off their feet, the general impression was that an attack had been made by the enemy.

The danger was soon discovered to have affected only the machinery of the engine, but this was of so serious a character as to show at once that there would be a delay.

The passengers were compelled to alight, and each to exert himself against the effects of the bitter cold. They found themselves, too, forced to remain in a village fast hurrying to ruin, and the old house which served as a hotel was of the most desolate and dilapidated character. A small drawing-room, into which at least fifty people were crowded, was the only resource in doors against the extreme severity of the weather. Furniture, the house could boast almost none. There were but few chairs, and the guests were mostly compelled to sit upon sticks of wood, boxes, and even upon the floor itself. A large fire was a necessity, from the

extreme severity of the weather. At the same time, many of the travelers were compelled to suffer, from the smallness of the room, either the tortures of the flame or the severest draughts of the wind, from being placed too near to the door or too close to the fire. Misery from one source or the other, there was no escape from.

It was into this room that the mixed and variously assorted crowd of travelers now found themselves thrust, and compelled to dispose of their time as they best might. A red glare at the windows showed most of the passengers were out of doors, and were assembled around a huge fire, taken from the piles of wood used as fuel for the engines. Under the deot shed might be seen one soldier guarding his baggage with his drawn sword; at another place was a crowd organized into a Lynch mob, and administering justice to thieves detected in stealing, with the lash; while over every face was spread that wearied expression which indicated that life was a struggle.

Wheelhanny had naturally a cheerful temperament, and having a valise with him when the travelers entered the depot, was good-natured enough to place it at the service of the ex-vivandiere. She, however, generously declined accepting of more than half of it, and absolutely insisted upon her stout cavalier placing himself at her side. Under the circumstances, the favor accorded was hardly a privilege. Poor Wheelhanny had now succumbed to the general weariness and exhaustion, and was obliged to plead headache in answer to the inquiries of his more talkative companion. His plea, however, did him no effectual good. A bottle of cologne was produced from a basket, and Wheelhanny had to submit to having his hair shampooed before an admiring audience. His gratitude prompted him to show some animation. But this sacrifice he was spared. The ex-vivandiere, upon resuming her seat, was soon affected by the general dullness, and Wheelhanny was rash enough to suppose it the correct thing to do to place his arm around her waist to keep her from falling. Unfortunately the fair sleeper awoke at length with a start and was so far from feeling grateful for the use she had made of Wheelhanny's shoulder and arm as to administer to him several severe buffets about the face and ear. Wheelhanny, in fact, upon thoroughly awakening to a sense of the situation, felt disposed to congratulate himself upon having fared no worse, and upon having escaped the punishment which had befallen the last husband.

If the scene in this case thus momentarily had about it a touch of humor, it was the exception and not the rule. With the unfortunate matron whom Corsely had undertaken to protect, the situation had already begun to assume a tragic character. The intense severity of the weather and the fatigues of traveling had exceeded her strength. It was with difficulty that Corsely, assisted by her daughter, could remove the invalid from the cars, and the lack of accommodations in the crowded room had soon exhausted her remaining strength. Her situation now became so alarming that Corsely with great trouble succeeded in obtaining for the invalid a bed. His philanthropy prompted him to endeavor to obtain a doctor, and to dispatch the ex-Vivandiere to the assistance of the daughter. But the dying mother could not be made to endure the animated and somewhat noisy movements of Wheelhanny's friend, and begged to be allowed to die without the latter's presence.

"That daughter, whose name appears to be Danie, is an interesting girl," thought Corsely: "but the sands of life for the invalid are evidently running out. When the train starts

it will be a pity to have to leave her to die here alone."

In this situation, he was not surprised toward daylight at being begged to appear at the poor woman's bedside. He rightly claimed that it was to listen to some dying request.

As he entered the rude chamber, faintly illuminated by tallow candles, and which gusts of wind through the broken panes of glass were momentarily threatening to extinguish, Corsely could not help entertaining a sentiment of sincere compassion. It was some moments after he entered before she could speak sufficiently loud for him to hear; and the imminence of death lent her words additional force and solemnity.

"Kind friend," she said slowly and falteringly, "I am approaching the end of my journey."

Corsely endeavored to murmur some words of consolation and hope.

"For myself," she resumed, "I have no regrets. I had at most but a few weeks to live. My poor daughter, Daniel! I had hoped to secure for her a safe home before my death."

Corsely was sufficiently affected to endeavor the second time to infuse some hope into the mind of the dying mother; he, however, saw himself that death could not be deferred.

"What I wish now to tell you," she continued, when she had gained sufficient strength, "is that you have acted very generously toward me. I wish too that you would continue to extend your pity to Danie after my death. I wish that she should proceed with you to-morrow and be placed at the end of her journey under the care of her friends. I have confidence in her. I do not believe that you would wrong her if you could. Assist me then, in persuading her to leave with you to-morrow morning."

"And leave you here, to die alone! That would be shocking."

"I shall die more happily at knowing that she is on her way to her friends."

Observing that opposition only wasted her strength, and not knowing what further answer to make, Corsely summoned the daughter.

"I shall not be sufficiently well to-morrow, Danie," the mother said to her, "to proceed upon my journey. But it will be absolutely necessary that one of us should go. I have, therefore, arranged that you travel without me. This gentleman will continue to assist you until you are under the care of your friends."

"But, mother, I cannot think of leaving you, when your health is so feeble. You cannot mean it."

"It is for your good, as well as mine, that I beg this. I am too weak to say more."

"Ask me anything but that," said the poor girl, her voice drowned in sobs. "I should never cease having regrets, were I to leave you to die among strangers."

It soon became obvious to the mother that all further words would be needless; or, perhaps, from exhaustion, the invalid ceased her efforts. From that moment, however, her strength commenced rapidly to fail. Corsely thought the mother now wished to die as soon as possible, deeming a further prolongation of her life as worse than useless.

The daughter and Corsely remained by the bedside as the only watchers. By the first streak of daylight the vital spark had fled.

He had at first reluctantly made up his mind to leave the poor girl behind, upon the departure of the train; but his generosity prevailed, and, as he soon discovered, cost him nothing—that is to say, the accident was not repaired the next day in time to enable the train to continue on.

During the delay the body had been committed to the dust, and an army chaplain, who

was on the train, had given it the last rites of burial.

#### V.—A New Role.

Corsely had lived but little in female society, and found his present situation not a little embarrassing. The cars having, however, started, he exerted himself timidly to console the young girl for the loss of her mother, and used to the best of his power the expressions of sympathy which mitigate, if they do not banish grief.

The careless conversation of Wheelhanney and the ex-vivandiere, and the absurd situations both parties were constantly placing themselves in, contributed not a little to distract the attention of the young girl from her great bereavement. At the station, for instance, at which the accident had occurred to the cars, a trunk broken open and a large number of photographs, loveletters, rings, handkerchiefs and other interesting souvenirs of his prowess among the fair had, as he asserted, been stolen from him. It is true the thief had been caught and summarily dealt with by an angry crowd of soldiers, but not sufficiently so as to cause him to betray what had become of the valuable relics.

Subsequently, when the cars were in motion, Wheelhanney had had his hands full with a matron, who kept him busy at one time opening and shutting windows, or compelling him to change seats with her when the sun was inconvenient or the stove too hot or cold. Once, with a view to warming the mother's heart through her child, he had taken her baby and dandled it in his arms until the little cherub had kicked off his linen by way of showing his delight. Unfortunately, Wheelhanney had ventured a step beyond. There was a circular aperture in the roofing of the car, and Wheelhanney, bent on still further pleasing, put the child's head into the opening. The child laughed more than ever, but so did not the mother. The experiment had resulted different from what had been expected. If he had put it into the jaws of a lion, she would not, apparently, have been any more pleased. For it now appeared that the circular aperture had been once used to allow of the passage of smoke, and in consequence of that fact charcoal would scarcely have made a white mark upon the infant. How Wheelhanney kept from fainting at the look which the mother gave him has never been known.

By the time that Corsely and his charge had traveled another day together, a sentiment of a friendly nature had sprung up in Danie's heart, and to some extent occupied the mother's place. During the previous night that had been spent at the station, Danie had observed, with dislike, the conduct of the *ex-vivandiere* in going to sleep upon Wheelhanney's shoulder, and she had evidently regarded the whole affair as an indiscretion of which no lady would be guilty. But now, worn down with traveling and watching, and overcome with that sleep which, when long deferred is irresistible, she had found upon waking up that she had been guilty of the same fault. She had been sleeping upon Corsely's shoulder, and his arm too had supported her figure.

As Corsely therefore, about daylight, sleepily opened his eyes they rested upon her face, which was now blushing scarlet, and which was turned toward him with an expression he did not at first understand.

"What is the matter, Miss Danie?" he inquired.

"Do you remember that my poor mother placed me under your care?"

"I remember it," said Corsely, proudly, unsuspectingly drawing his companion still closer to him.

Miss Danie's face became still redder, but she

only gazed at him fixedly, and did not move.

"Suppose," said she, "you were, Mr. Corsely, on your death bed, and had a near lady relative to dispose of. Suppose further you were to intrust her to one whom you imagined a friend—or who at least promised to act toward her in that capacity. What now ought to be thought of him if a day after you were in your grave, he treated his charge in such a way as to lessen her own respect, and to forfeit that of all who might see her?"

"I should think the gentleman would show himself a great rascal," said Corsely, with simplicity, not yet understanding clearly her meaning, or removing his arm.

His companion still did not shift her position, but sat gazing at him with humid eyes.

"Don't you think you should move your arm," said she at last, becoming a little impatient at his dulness.

"I don't think I ought. Let us discuss the matter a little, and then I shall perhaps do as you say. If I understand, you now no longer have any home, and are going among new friends."

"Yes, they will be strangers to me. This consideration ought to induce you at once to make my position less embarrassing."

"I am coming to that. Let my arm, at any rate, remain until you accept or reject my love. You will have in me a certain friend. Can you say as much for those among whom you are going? It is no time for ceremony now. Accept me, and we will be married to-night."

"You take away my breath. (She was in reality looking very pale.) But your offer is generous, and only adds to my other obligations."

"And you accept it?"

"No, not that; but I should like to show you that I am affected by your generosity."

"Considering how we are both situated, we can at least for once speak frankly—discuss the matter upon business principles."

"I shall tell you the truth, if that is what you wish. But if we are to talk upon the basis of matter of fact, and not romance, you should remove your arm."

So far, Corsely had progressed smoothly enough. But he became so absorbed for a moment in thinking what would be the next best leading question to ask, that he forgot the last suggestion.

"Don't you think you might like me?" he at last propounded as an inquiry that might lead to satisfactory results; but Danie answered so quickly, "Oh yes, I am quite sure I like you," that he doubted whether his interrogatory had been the right one.

"It's not your gratitude and good nature, mind you, I wish you now to show."

"I would have liked you without your good acts—that is, I think you would have amused and interested me. I should, however, have resisted any impression you might have made. My best compliment to you is that I tell you my impressions candidly, honestly, what we do not often do among our sex, what we never do except to those for whose dispositions we have decided fancy."

"Ah, that is at any rate a compliment. I have enough vanity to have felt wronged if you had thought otherwise. With so many jostling events at every moment, crowding upon us that certainly is enough to ground a still warmer attachment. But let us talk of the difficulties. In the first place—"

"In the first place we know so little of each other. We might be both deceived in the other."

"I may be a swindler, for aught you know; but you have not mentioned what is a more serious obstacle, perhaps, than a risk which,

after all, is only problematical. I am a soldier. I do not now see how I should assist or maintain you—which is almost as bad as being a swindler. But in the happiness of winning you, this consideration would not trouble me. My heart would be too light to be cast down, if your face did not repine. Still, it is not a brilliant offer, the hand of a wounded soldier, just from the trenches, with no worldly goods but what are contained in his knapsack."

"And you offer me all this tempting wealth?"

"And with it my heart, Miss Danie."

"Your readiness to meet the ills of life charms me more than any fortune. I have no intimate friends or near relatives I expect to see. I am embarrassingly at a loss to know what will become of me. Still, it is a serious question, that of getting married. I do not know anything of you, except that you are too poor—"

Danie appeared to hesitate.

"You had perhaps better finish," said Corsely.

"There is but one word more to say," said Danie, "I do not love you."

"Your decision is, perhaps, the most sensible one, Miss Danie. I am sorry you did not elect me to travel with you through life; still for the day, or rather night, that we will be in each other's company—"

"Are we then so soon to separate?"

"Yes," said Corsely. "We have passed half through Georgia—from Augusta to Mayfield. In a few minutes we will be at the last named station, and then the railroad ends. Sherman has just marched through this State, and the only way of getting over the next thirty-six miles is either by riding in a carriage, or walking upon foot."

"In that case we must ride," said Danie.

"It will cost a great deal of money. The enemy have swept the country of horses; and a friend, who has already traversed the South, says that it will cost at least five hundred dollars a piece in paper money."

Danie remained silent, and, as the train had now reached the station, Corsely went forward to secure some conveyance.

"It will take all of the money I have to get this poor girl to her friends," he reasoned; "and after to-morrow I shall never see her again. Still she must not be left here."

#### VI.—A Forced March.

Corsely, upon inquiry, found that the only conveyance to be obtained was an old cart, capable of holding twelve or fifteen persons. To this was attached three yoke of oxen. There was scarcely room for the ladies who were traveling, and none whatever for gentlemen. By a display of the small amount of gold which he carried upon his person, Corsely succeeded in obtaining a seat for Danie.

The ex-vivandiere, who appeared not to be lacking in resources, was equally fortunate.

By the time these arrangements were made it had become dark, and a slight drizzling rain added to the obscurity overhead. Still the country was in too unsettled a condition and the propinquity of Sherman's army too near for any one to dream of pause or rest upon this account.

A halt took place at an old plantation house for a half an hour, where a large fire was kindled in the parlor. On sitting down, a supper-table regaled the travelers with such delicacies as sparrows and backbones. The oxcart was then brought to the front door and entered by the ladies of the party, and the soldiers lit their pipes and braced themselves for the long march through the heavy, clinging mud. A colored Phaethon appeared with a flambeau of resinous lightwood held in one hand, and a whip with an immense lash held in the other, and throwing

himself upon the back of one of his oxen, was soon urging his cattle forward through the thick shades. His chariot he guided by his cries and by the lash.

No lines of any sort were used by him, and pushing on this way, verging from one side of the road to the other, the vehicle seemed in constant danger of upsetting, or of going over some steep bank. The party finally came to a deep stream, which all had intended to cross by getting in the cart; but partly from the impatience of the oxen, partly through the interference of the ex-vivandiere, partly from the carelessness of the driver, the latter had reached the opposite bank before mention was made of the river to Wheelhanney and others behind. It was, therefore, not without some laughter from the party upon one side—and, of curses, upon the other—that the situation was realized. Wheelhanney arrived at the water's edge, mounted a stump, and instead of marching through, stood, with torch in hand, looking wistfully across, and cursing the driver as a d—d old leather-headed fool for not giving him warning. Corsely finally reconciled him to his situation by taking him upon his shoulders; but an unfortunate stumble in midstream, which sent both parties, torch and all, completely under water, only made the matter worse, and the curses more loud and furious.

It did not increase his good humor at subsequently learning that the vivandiere had caused the driver to go through the river without stopping.

The travelers marched along gaily enough until midnight; but over the last twenty miles the mud was the deepest that ever weighed down the feet of a soldier; the crowd subsided into an almost unbroken silence, and even the stories and adventures of Wheelhanney were for once discontinued from pure weariness and exhaustion.

One or two of the party still carried torches, while the rest trudged on in silence at their side. It looked picturesque enough to any one lingering on behind to see these figures toiling along by the flaming lights, but a headlong tumble from some steep and unexpected bank would soon warn the laggard of the danger of such contemplations and incline him to keep to the head.

At last the daylight dawned—at last the sun rose midway in the heavens, the last river had been crossed the travelers had put their feet upon the train.

#### VII.—Arcades Ambo.

A couple of hours later, the cars had entered the Macon depot. The ladies had been placed in an omnibus moving towards a hotel, and Wheelhanney, upon whom the whole charge of the ex-vivandiere now depended, was exasperated to the last degree by being compelled to search for some of her boxes and bundles. "I am getting rather sick of this," he said to Corsely. "We shall part company to-morrow."

At the hotel where the travelers stopped for the night, the vivandiere dressed herself in what had been once one of her most effective stage costumes—that is to say in a yellow robe, with a border of blue a foot wide, a crown or chaplet set with glass cubes, and with ear-rings, breast pin, etc., upon a similarly gorgeous scale. Thus arrayed, she had compelled Wheelhanney to register her name and take her in to supper. He submitted to the infliction with the best grace, for fear of another scene, but vowed that he would yet obtain his revenge.

Wheelhanney soon had additional fuel added to his discontent. After supper he had been drinking about in the different bar-rooms of the city, and it was not until a late hour that he thought of retiring. Obtaining a key from the

clerk he then proceeded to the room indicated as the one he was to occupy with Corsely. About the time he had half finished dressing, the house was startled by frightful screams and outcries, and by frequent discharges from a revolver. The wretched Wheelhanney was compelled to lose no time in making his escape. Somebody (and that somebody a lady) had chosen to appropriate his room instead of the one that had been assigned her, and which was not quite so good, and Wheelhanney thought he could guess who the somebody was.

The next morning, Wheelhanney, with a determined expression of countenance, escorted the ex-vivandiere to the depot. He saw her upon the train. He also saw that her trunks had been placed on board and the rest of her baggage cared for.

Just as the train was in motion, with an air of distress, he entered the ladies' car, holding in his hand the brass checks for her baggage.

"But why do you give them to me—are you not going?" inquired the lady, in a tone of surprise.

"No; I am the victim of an accident—my trunk is left behind. You never saw a man more put out in your life than I am," replied the traitor.

"You have left your trunk behind on purpose, then—on purpose to avoid me; but I shall stay behind too."

"I had hoped that you would perhaps be willing," Wheelhanney answered, "but unfortunately the train is in motion already. Goodbye, madam—a prosperous journey."

A volley of reproaches and abuse was the only answer to this civil speech; and partly to escape being overwhelmed by these, partly to prevent being carried away, Wheelhanney was about jumping off.

But it was not his design to remain over a day, and looking out of the car window the ex-Vivandiere discovered that another train was starting at the same time from the depot. She now readily guessed that he had previously checked his baggage upon this, and upon this it was evidently his intention to enter. It was the direct train to the West (Columbus), whereas the one upon which he had placed his unsuspecting escort would go by Atlanta, and would be detained behind a day. The two trains were actually passing out together.

"And you are really going to leave me alone in this way?" said the artiste.

"We shall meet in the Heaven," said Wheelhanney with an air of great sorrow.

"Ah, traitor, it shall not be so."

The conductor, attracted by her manner, at this moment entered.

"He has robbed me, conductor," she shrieked in his ears. "Arrest him—he is a spy and has no furlough."

Wheelhanney at this moment glanced through the car window and saw the train containing Corsely and Danie in actual motion. The last that was seen of him, he was struggling with the conductor and guard.

#### VIII.—Fall of the Curtain.

Corsely, as the train passed out, shouted to Wheelhanney where to rejoin him if he should be left.

However, added the latter to Danie, as their car moved away, and left Wheelhanney behind, "there is no need of telling him."

"But why not?" said Danie. "Shall we see him no more?"

"You are right; we shall see him no more, when we do, the vivandiere will be his wife." (Corsely's prediction came true.)

The train, meanwhile, in which the latter was seated with Danie, was in motion.

"It is our last day together, Miss Danie. I must consequently be very happy. Smile upon me your sweetest smile."

"He has spent all of his money," thought Danie, "and yet he gives me up without thinking of that."

"We have but one more day to remain together," said Corsely to Danie. "Fortune will then give to each of us a kaleidoscopic shake, and we must go our different ways."

Danie cast upon him one of those imperceptible quivering glances with which women regard and judge of the character of men.

"It has been a singular journey to me thus far," she said as the cars halted at a station; "are we to meet with any more incidents?"

"Possibly," said Corsely; "we have but to travel to a distance of a few miles, before we again change cars. In fact," said Corsely, "we are nearly there already."

"You are very generous, Mr. Corsely—the most generous man I have ever seen. You are not going to leave me now!"

Corsely, not being at all quick of invention, did not know what to say. He had transportation only in a certain direction, and hesitated to tell her that he no longer had any money.

"Did you not hear, Mr. Corsely? Are you then so glad to get rid of me?"

"No, Miss Danie, I was endeavoring to remember what you have already told me."

"And that was—"

"That you do not love me."

"I know nothing of you, except that you are a soldier too poor to take care of me."

"You are some distance from home, and you are surrounded with a thousand dangers. Meet my blind confidence half way."

"It is easy to say; but in what way?"

"One sometimes draws blanks, sometimes prizes—happiness or misery."

"And the inference?"

If you had known from childhood the man you are to love, you would not be certain of your future."

"Still you have not told me what you wish me to do."

"If your cold judgment inclines you against giving me your love, you ought still, situated as we all are, to take a little risk."

"I agree to be generous—to meet you half way."

She took a little heart, that she had been wearing as an ornament, from around her neck: "I shall hold this charm," she said, "in one hand or the other. If you guess now rightly in which it is concealed, the heart and hand will both be yours. Is that meeting you half way?"

Danie for a moment held her hand behind her, and called upon Corsely to decide. As the latter now glanced at her, he saw that her face, though pale, was resolute.

"Are you then superstitious?"

"To some extent. Yes."

"And you are resolved to abide the test?"

"If you will I am at your disposal. If you lose you need not again ask. Choose."

"In that case," said Corsely, watching her hands and every change in her face with the most observant attention, "in that case as the left hand is nearest to the heart, (there was a slight quiver of the eyelid and a faint gesture with the hand in question,) I would take that if it did not argue too much hope on my part, and if your sex did not go by contraries."

Corsely had thought he detected something like a faint smile upon the face of Danie as he proceeded.

He therefore elected, in a firm voice, to take the right hand.

The smile increased. A deep color suffused her face. Lowering her eyes she slowly opened the hand in question and displayed the heart.

"I am the slave of the talisman," she said.

"Yes, and I intend to obtain title to my property. We shall be married when the train stops for the night."

Danie demurred, but was reminded that she had no rights in the matter.

Rightly to understand the causes that contributed to this situation, it should be remembered that it was the last month of the war. No one was certain of retaining possession of any species of property. Food was scarce; the railroads were liable to be cut at any moment, with no hope of repair. In case the last accident happened, a lady who could not walk could not continue her journey. Situations in which every one found themselves thrown could not be disposed of by the two ordinary conventional rules.

Thus surrounded, and meditating upon the happiness that appeared in store for them, the lovers were at length suddenly startled by a report that the road on before them had actually been cut. The report was distrusted, and ultimately proved untrue. But it suggested an idea to Corsely, which he hastened to try to put in execution.

"Humor one of my whims now," he said, "and if you had ever any cause to be grateful to me, I shall consider the debt repaid."

"I am no longer free, I promise you in advance, if it is only a whim."

Corsely now approached one of the passengers, and a whispered conversation of a few moments followed. A similar whispering took place between himself and several other travelers. Finally, the train stopped at a watering station, and there was a gathering around Corsely's seat.

"But what is the meaning of all this?" Danie now eagerly inquired, in a low tone.

"The gentleman with gray hair, you must remember as the chaplain who assisted at your mother's interment. He has kindly consented to unite us instead of awaiting our arrival at the end of our journey, and the other passengers are to be witnesses."

"Are you really asking me to get married, and that right away—to you whom I never saw until five days ago? Impossible!"

Another whispered conversation followed between the two, in which it could be seen that a great many arguments and pleas were made use of to induce a postponement of the ceremony. Then, with much fear and trembling, and a blanched expression of countenance, Danie took the arm of Corsely, and the other ladies and gentlemen took their places as attendants and bridesmaids. A quartermaster contributed a blank, such as was used in making out requisitions for commissary stores, upon which to sign the contract, and this document was witnessed, partly while the train was in motion, by the autographs of most of the passengers.

The marriage was *un fait accompli*. Corsely, who had been so long in the army that he felt doubtful as to what else was to be done, sealed the contract with a kiss, and a generous soldier, who had a canteen of whisky, made the occasion still more happy by devoting it to drinking (most of it himself) the health of the new couple.

"You are badly frightened," said Corsely, whose own nerves were far from being steady.

"I have passed through so many troubles and dangers," said Danie, "that I shall end by not being surprised at any situation. If you should prove to be a man whose name is stained with dishonor, I believe I should yet recover and survive the blow."

"And you are not, troubled as to our future means of living?"

"No."

"But I had always supposed your sex was more disquieted by such considerations than ours."

In answer to this, she quietly took from her pocket a key, and applied it to a little case that she had thus far carried in her lap. Opening this, Corsely was astonished to discover in it a considerable quantity of diamonds, ear-rings, and a large amount of other jewelry.

"You do not seem to be in any great danger of dying immediately from want," said Corsely, a little surprised.

"Oh no, my greatest valuables are sewn up in my dress. I have a bill of exchange and enough coin to serve us for the present—my presence will not greatly embarrass you."

"But you left me under the impression that you would be dependent upon relations whom you had never seen."

"I should have been under their care to some extent and control. But my mother, at her death, was on her way to reside upon an estate she owned in this portion of the South; I suppose this will still remain to me as her only heir. If you are not ambitious we can live upon it and be happy."

Corsely had been astonished before. At this, discovering that he need entertain no fears for the future, his face fairly beamed.

"Faith," said he, "it's not so awkward a position, after all, to be the husband of a pretty woman, when you have no fears for rations. Had I known how well prepared you are to take care of me, you would have perhaps found me a much bolder suitor."

"You would not have been on that account the more dangerous. Your prospect of winning would not have been brilliant had you not been ignorant, and truly shown yourself generous. You gave away what little you had to help me when you thought there would be no repayment, and it shall not be my fault if you do not find me a loving friend in the rest of our journey through life."



# A WATERING PLACE STORY.

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A trip across the Lake to this city is not an unmitigated evil in itself. The last time I made it I had the company of Mr. Rockfellow to enhance the voyage. Rockfellow is an old friend of mine; and though long separated, our friendship suffered no diminution through the injuries of time.

Not much caring about politics, and indifferent as to the state of the country, we spent our time in pouring out such libations as the bar-room afforded, in smoking cigars in sweet unison on the deck, or in citing up a thousand happy days when war was not and a good Havana was, and when Bourbon and peach had not as yet given place to rifle-cannon and tangle-leg.

It is true our boat was not one of the best, and if you got out of the heat of the sun, you got into the heat of one of the steam-pipes, and you couldn't get into either place without being defensed by the noise of its machinery. At night, too, you had to lay down on the deck, with the stars for your canopy, a fresh breeze blowing in at one ear and the steam-pipe dripping leprous distillments into the other. If you made your way into the cabin, it was over a pavement of prostrate forms, and you were pursued by swarms of mosquitoes, who hovered around you like guardian angels, but who none the less carried on a guerrilla warfare. Sleep, in short, was not in accordance with the times, and so we fell to talking of the past.

"You are not married yet, Rockfellow?" With an old friend, I am much more curious about his domestic than his political statns.

"Not yet; but I have just escaped from one endeavor, I've made up my mind that it's a necessary evil—it will come somehow. 'You are bound to repent,' says Socrates, whether you go in or stay out of it. I wish to submit at once, so as to have done with the question. But about my escape. You see I had gone to get out of the heat of the weather to a small place upon this side of the lake!"

"Stop; you are evidently going to be tedious. Give me, at least, the consolation of a fresh cigar and a light. Now for it, Rockfellow?"

"Well, it was about dusk, and for want of something better, I strolled listlessly down a magnificent avenue, bordered on either side with neat residences. At the prettiest and trimmest of them all, I saw a servant issue from the front gate, and then stop to listen to a message from what appeared to be the owner of the mansion:

"Stop, Phœbus. When you return get the bracelet of Miss Montessor at the jeweler's."

"It was not that I thought there was a chance of stealing the bracelet, but the message made an impression upon me. I turned to look, and I saw that with the gentleman who had just spoken there were two well-dressed ladies, whose features I could not see. Still I had no hesitation in deciding in my own mind which

was Miss Montessor. The name sounded at once familiar and romantic. Where had I met with it—in history, fiction, or in real life? At that moment I should have given something to have had the *entree* of the house, and I cursed the malignity of my star in not having given me some introduction.

"After walking a little distance, I turned and retraced my steps. The two unknowns were now walking with their arms twined lovingly around each other's waists, and as if to aggravate my unhappiness, were laughing and chattering in the best possible spirits. I soon afterward met the same servant returning.

"Well, Phœbus," said I, putting my hand in my pocket in a way that I knew the rascal would understand, "there are two ladies at your house—"

"Yes, sir. Mighty nice ladies, but they don't live with us—on a visit like. The widow lives just opposite—"

"Never mind the widow. But Miss Montessor—"

"Yes, sir; she's a visitor too; Miss Edith they call her."

"What! Not from New Orleans?"

"That's just the place she comes from."

"Well, that is all I wish to know Phœbus. She is an old acquaintance of mine." I gave him his promised reward and immediately resolved on calling after supper.

"I dressed with care, and soon afterward sounded the bell with the hand of a man who felt sure of himself. My summons was answered by the gentleman of the house.

"Now, before I go any further, let me tell you what reminiscences the name of Miss Edith had awoke.

"During the war, the company to which I belonged had been compelled to remain a day in the town of L—, owing to an accident to the train. The citizens gave us a huge reception and the run of the place. At that time, there was a female college there, and its commencement exercises were just then taking place. The young ladies of this institution were not behind hand in their welcome, and rivaled the citizens in the warmth of their reception. When the stage was covered with pretty girls in white dresses and blue ribbons, you may be sure some of us were among the audience; and when they unfolded and read from the learned scrolls which they held in their hands, and into which the garnered wisdom of three or four years had been compressed, they looked into our eyes for approval. I was myself so much affected by the arguments of one of these compositions, entitled 'Love at First Sight,' that I ventured to take a seat behind the authoress when she had quitted the stage and sat among the audience, and telling her that at New Orleans I had seen her somewhere—at the house of a mutual



friend—that I should esteem myself miserable if I quitted the town without knowing her, and ended by begging her to accept my acquaintance without further ceremony. The lady met me half way—listened politely to my compliments, and at parting, intimated that if I would call upon her that evening, she would carry me in her carriage to a very pleasant party, and that I might then discourse further upon that of which she had something heard. I jumped at her offer. I called at the appointed hour, and found her resplendent in satin and kid slippers. My brass buttons were none the less her joy and pride. Our acquaintance was an *entente cordiale* from the first, but as the evening advanced, our feelings became altogether gushing—it was difficult to say which gushed the most. Her manners seemed to say, 'Do not hesitate—make love hard,' and the hint was not lost upon me. The language was squeezed dry of love-making superlatives in the expectation of hearing her every moment cry for mercy; but not she—not so much as a whimper fell from her lips. The supper hour found us further advanced than ever; the room was deserted before we noticed the sordid appetite of the meaner throng, and consented to abandon the banquet of love for coarser fare. Reaching the supper room door, another short respite was given us; the room was so crowded we could not enter. We consoled ourselves by promenading up and down a long dimly lighted corridor—lounging behind the large pillars, and eventually—for really it was quite warm—by moonlight strolling in the garden. There was but little supper left for us. But what did souls like ours care for supper? Drinking what little champagne there remained, we bade adieu to the garish crowd. In short, we spent the whole evening in running through the gamut of love, and when we parted the subject was well nigh exhausted.

"It was lucky, as we marched the next day, and I had never seen her since. The whole thing was a mystery to me, which was none the less increased when I heard a few weeks afterwards that she had married an eminent soap manufacturer. After that last piece of news, I need not tell you of the difficulty I had in remembering the name of Miss Edith Montessor. And as I stood there at the door, I was just as ready to encounter another sentiment as I was four years before.

"But to return to my muttons. I entered the parlor, and was in the act of executing my best bow, when I discovered I had never met either of the inmates before.

"I stammered out that I had expected to see Miss Montessor.

"That is my name," said one of them.

"But Miss Edith was the first name of my friend."

"Edith also is mine," was the perplexing reply.

"At any rate you are not from New Orleans."

"Indeed I am—you must really excuse me for laughing."

"I began to lose my temper. I was about to tell her that I would not attempt any further explanation, when our host came to my relief. He told me, which was true, that if mistaken in one friend, I had forgotten another—although his acquaintance was but slight; and that I must allow him to present me to the ladies. 'We were playing cards, you must join us,' he said.

"I thought it best to accept his invitation and sat down near the same lady. A Mr. Christado Vantrump, a slim young man, with baggy side-whiskers, made up the party.

"I am completely at a loss to understand this

mistake of mine," said I, recurring to our first conversation.

"It is very simple. I have a cousin of the same name."

"I felt infinitely relieved, as my blunder was natural enough; but I did not quite recover from the effects of my *gaucherie*. It was with difficulty I followed the rules of the game. In spite of the romantic introduction, I found the company of Miss Montessor only moderately interesting, and so far as she was concerned, would have been gladly away. But her friend, of whom I have hitherto said nothing—she sat motionless, except when turning over the leaves of a book. She was dressed in deep mourning, and with her eyes downcast, fair complexion and regular features, it was difficult to avoid being struck. If she did not notice me, I on the other hand could scarcely keep my eyes off of her. I would have given something to have been the book upon which she gazed or affected to gaze so earnestly. There was a slight expression of coldness about her face, which disappeared when you had looked longer, and if it remained it was with the angelic *froider* which tempered the coquetry of the mortal. It was doubly irritating to see a face which looked so soft and easily won, and yet which would not waste on you the half of a glance. In short, the game of cards was finished, music at the piano furnished, the usual commonplaces said, and not a word to or from the unknown. Her friend called her Zephine once during the conversation, and seeing there was nothing more to be made by remaining, I bowed to the company and retired.

"Just as I had reached the front door my good fortune, which I had been accusing of neglecting me, came to my rescue, and gave me a signal proof of friendship. At the moment that I was closing the front door, I heard my name called. Turning, I saw the lady addressed as Zephine standing near me.

"I did not well understand your name at the time of your introduction. Am I correctly informed that you are the brother of Louise C—?"

"Your information is correct, Madam."

"Ah, we were old school friends. You must really tell me something of Louise before you go."

"The task was pleasant; a slight branching off upon other topics was not forbidden nor difficult. I soon found myself uttering fine talk with, as I imagined, immense success. However, it shall be no excuse for repeating it to you. Suffice it to say, Bishop Berkely's *Tar Water Treatise* never wandered farther from the point whence we started than did we—or rather than did I, for I was the principal speaker.

"I can see now that I might have enjoyed myself better than with my dull book," she said as we parted; 'but Miss Edith will be accusing me of making love to you in the dark, if I keep you longer. Good night. Shall we see you again?'

"It will be a pleasure—that is if it does not interfere with your literary tastes. Good night."

"Walking home, I had doubts whether, on the whole I had not rather been let in by my visit; but it did not keep me from repeating it a few evenings after—in the hopes, this time, of getting even.

"My second evening resulted in a conversation with the interesting party of some fifteen minutes duration. We spoke of Longfellow and Tennyson, of whom I knew little, and of whom and of others of the tuneful throng I endeavored to express myself sentimentally. My companion listened politely—toyed with a hook upon the table, held it in her hand, and without appearing to be aware of it, found a

turned down ~~his~~ <sup>her</sup> anger. At this stage it needed but little argument to induce me to become again a partner at whist.

"At my next interview I actually succeeded in getting a seat by her side, and holding military possession of my ground for more than an hour. A soft *languissant* look was the immediate fruits of my success; and the whiskers of Vantrump, who was a miserable looker-on, became limper than ever. However, perhaps not to render him too wretched, she took his arm at the expiration of that period, and promenaded with him the balance of the evening in the portico.

"One more call and my success was still more doubtful. I had the moderate satisfaction of meeting her just as she was leaving the city, to be gone several days. It is true I had the pleasure of squeezing a prettily gloved hand. But then Vantrump was seated in the drag beside her, and would see her off. For a little mors, he might have driven with her to the dence and I would not have actively interfered.

"An absence, however, of a week induced me to congratulate myself upon my perseverance, and the first day of her return, to show that I was deserving of it, found me again in attendance. The weather was raw and chilly; the fire would not burn, and I soon found both truthful but inauspicious omens of defeat. The conversation was a drag. I endeavored to impart to it a certain elevation; it descended by a swift gradation into bathos. I really would have given a thousand dollars to have stayed away. As it was, I was tempted to jump out of the window and leave my hat in the hands of the enemy. I determined to go and stay away. Another call, I was afraid, would not have met with any attention at the door.

"But that night, about the hour of retiring, I was summoned to meet Phœbus, with a message from his master. A vague alarm had seized upon the community. Every household felt unsafe that had no male protector. He therefore asked me to go over and spend the night at Zephine's. I need not say I forgot my complaints and went.

"In answer to the door bell, a trembling voice asked, 'Who's there?'

"I explained my coming.

"There was no mistake about my reception now. It was the most joyful greeting that had yet fallen on my ears.

"I send you a kiss of welcome through the glass," said she, applying at the same time her lips to the surface in question.

"I can wait and receive it in person, unless you intend that I shall keep watch out here with Carlo on the door mat.

"The key is misplaced, you will not have to wait long."

"Looking through the pane, I saw that the dress of my *chère amie* was white, though black was her usual costume. I did not understand it at the time, but the appearance of a servant soon after without a candle threw some light upon the matter. I had been as impatient to get in as Sterne's starling was to get out; but on entering, my shadow rapidly retreated before me, uttering as she disappeared a Parthian 'good night.'

"To console me, I was placed in a room which was redolent with the presence of Zephine; a pair of gloves, a corset and hoops were scattered around, and afforded food for reflection. By way of more fully entering into sympathy with their fair owner, I tried them on, and when I sank to rest in my bed it was only to dream of the usual fair tenant of this pretty nest.

"I met her the next morning at breakfast; her conversation put me in the most amicable mood. I was requested to still continue on guard. I spent my days in the same house

with her—now a short conversation—now listening to her music at the piano, or contentedly reading her favorite works until she herself should find time to amuse me; I was happy, and I realized my halcyon days while enjoying them.

"I flattered myself that the roughest part of my road was over. Our conversation more and more approached to the *tendre*, and I was already dreaming of traveling the rest of the way over life's road in the matrimonial coach, with her as my partner. The whiskers of Vantrump no longer darkened my prospect. More than once I had thought the little hand which rested on my arm trembled, and her voice grew short in some of our delightful promenades and conversations.

"But I must hurry on, for yonder is the landing, and I see everybody getting their things together.

"A little while after there was a picnic given on an island, and a sort of boating excursion. On that day I resolved that I should make the decisive advance. For a while everything looked propitious. I pride myself on my rowing—I succeeded in getting a light boat and a jolly pair of oars for myself and fair cargo—of course it was Zephine. While others were toiling heavily, we were skimming along like the birds that barely touched the water with their wings. Still I met with one dreadful *contretemps*. On landing, whom should I see but Miss Edith—the Miss Edith whom I had attended to the party. To meet up with your old love before you are on with the new, you will admit is a little embarrassing. Added to this, as I now saw her, she was not all pretty and had grown very stout.

"I thought, by way of commencing the conversation and giving her a hint of the change in my feelings, it would be best to congratulate her on her marriage, of which I had heard a vague report.

"Why, what do you mean by speaking of my marriage. I married! You are the last that ought to accuse me."

"But—"

"It is unkind of you, to say the least of it. I did not expect it of you."

"But I assure you—"

"And to think that I should have been looking forward to meeting you so long a time!"

"I contrived to get away as quickly as I could, sincerely hoping that no one had paid attention to our conversation, and wisely determined to keep as much out of the way as possible.

"Again I was favored. The rest of the day we ate and fished and danced, and I had fully recovered my spirits.

"Finally, I had found myself alone with Miss Zephine, and in a short, sharp and decided manner I had 'popped.' Her answer was not quite so decisive, but it left everything for me to hope.

"How many times have you told the same story?" she blushing asked me, as we walked toward the boats.

"Never—that is, very much in earnest," I stammered out.

"But, then, Edith's manner this morning. She has been looking at you, too, all day."

"I never met her but once before."

"I believe you, of course, but one might have thought you had addressed her from the way she spoke."

"I had not time to say more, as meanwhile we had reached the landing, and found that most of the party had already embarked. Vantrump had had the impertinence to seize upon our light conveyance of the morning, and there was nothing left us but a flat-bottomed concern into which Phœbus, with his baskets

and boxes, was already installed. Still, in the happiness of the moment, I did not much care, and leaving one of the paddles to Phœbus, I had caught up the other with a will, and taken my seat at the stern. But we were not destined to get off so easily. Just as we were about starting, Miss Edith discovering that there was more room in our boat than the one she was in, determined to give us the benefit of her company. I tried to get off before she could move, but I was too late.

"Knowing what I had to expect, I talked loudly, desperately, madly, on general, uninteresting subjects, in the hopes that she would never find an opportunity of being indiscreet. I paddled frantically in order not to lose a moment in getting to the shore. But my struggle was useless.

"I have scarcely seen you a moment to-day, Mr. Rockfellow," she at length said.

"I muttered something about being flattered by her show of interest.

"I feel that I have been neglected. Do you not think, Zephine, that he has been very ungallant?"

"That depends somewhat—"

"But we are intimate friends." I could then hear her companion give her a sort of sketch of our first meeting. My heart died within me.

"Meanwhile the sun had gone down and it was beginning to grow dark. Phœbus took advantage of the *tete-a-tete* to whisper his fears to me about the safety of our flat-boat.

"Why, what's the matter with it, Phœbus; no danger of sinking?"

"There's a big knot-hole stopped up with a plug near you, and if it should happen to come out! 'Pears to me there's heap of water in it already."

"In my desperate mood a bright idea occurred to me. I felt the plug with my foot.

"Well, it don't make much difference, Phœbus, if she does sink. You can swim, can't you?"

"Ob, yes, sir—like a fish."

"Well, in case our craft *should* happen to sink, you know, you must take care of Miss Edith."

"I can keep her afloat and me too—mighty easy."

"What is that you are saying about floating and sinking. Oh, my feet! What is the matter," said Miss Zephine.

"There is no danger—dearest Mr. Rockfellow—tell me there is no danger," said Edith,

"We were within about a hundred yards of the shore. The rest of the party were waiting for us. I saw the hated Vantrump stroking his whiskers contemptively as we approached the shore, and the thought that he might succeed maddened me.

"You won't do anything of the kind, Vantrump. I will yet win her," I muttered to myself.

"Lord, massa, dis here boat's gwine to de bottom, sure."

"Nonsense. There has been water in the bottom all the time. Pull away at your oar. We'll soon be there."

"Here there was a shriek and a scream. The boat was actually going down. 'We are drowning'—'we are sinking.' 'Save me'—'no, you must save me,' and other similar cries rent the air. Savage as my breast was, their prayers and cries made me wish the plug back in its place.

"However, it was too late now for regrets. With extraordinary presence of mind I seized Zephine in my arms, and telling Phœbus to imitate my example, I leaped overboard. What the rascal really did, I had no means of knowing, as I saw nothing more of him until I was safe at land. But he certainly was of no assistance to Miss Edith—perhaps because she did not give him time. She, when she saw me leaving, frantically sprang after me. With a grip from which there was no extricating myself, she clasped me around the throat. I hardly know how I escaped from my rash experiment partly, perhaps, to help being close at hand, partly to the shallowness of the water. When I was at length brought to the shore I was senseless. Nearly everybody had disappeared before I recovered. My attempt to distinguish myself had proved a complete failure. Vantrump had saved Zephine from drowning, and had ridden home with her wrapped up in shawls. Every one had abused me and attributed the accident to me. Two of the ladies declared that I was a little monster, and that it would have been a Providence, and would have taught me a lesson if I had been drowned, etc.

"I saw at a glance that I had been most woefully let in. There was nothing to be done but curse my folly and set out for a new field of operations. In short, I am on my way home now, or rather we are already there, as here's the landing. A stirrup cup before we separate. I can't say after all that my mishap troubles me much. The city does dot lack in pretty women, and it will go hard with me if I do not find some one to console me."

# TWO TRAGIC HISTORIES.

## PART I.

### An Almost Forgotten Biography—Singular Adventures of a Notorious Character

A sort of hidden link binds and brings together, for good or evil, certain characters whom destiny wills should not be apart. They find themselves jostling against each other without previously dreaming of it, and influencing each other's fate by ties of friendship or hate, and in a way which neither can understand when too they imagine themselves thousands of miles separate. An illustration of this principle is suggested in a history which is still frequently talked of in this city, and which, owing to the military occupation at the time the most tragic event occurred, has never been fully published.

A short time before Gen. Walker made his first expedition to Central America, there was seen on our most fashionable promenades a young man whose appearance attracted no little comment. According to some accounts, he was one of those handsome, well-dressed figures, more frequently seen in this city than elsewhere—one of those men with flashing eye, dark complexion, curly hair, and well-shaped moustache, who form one of the principal characters of almost every novel, and occasionally of some of the scenes of real life. Others spoke of him as a bravo in appearance with the sombre and sinister look of a man predestined to crime. Be this as it may, and whether his eagle gaze indicated a man born to command, or one who was in search of prey to carry off, the stranger made himself popular with the young men of the town by his social qualities and by his excellence in the use of arms and other manly accomplishments. This name he was destined to become well known by was that of Capt. ——. At the date at which he is now introduced, he had commenced the practice of law under promising auspices, and what, perhaps, added to his prospects, the lawyer in whose office he had made his novitiate, had just lost his life by a steamboat explosion, and M—— was left in sole charge.

In this state of affairs, M——, with two friends, Capt. D—— and a young man named C——, had been together during an evening, and instead of returning to their homes at night, concluded to take rooms together at the Orleans Hotel. In the morning, M—— left the room very early. Some time after, D—— getting up found that his pocket-book containing \$500 had disappeared. The supposition among the friends was that M—— had taken the money, and in a subsequent meeting Capt. D—— slapped his face.

A duel was thereupon agreed upon, but D—— having been remonstrated with by the friends of M—— as having formed his suspicions without proof, and as therefore, having dealt a blow unjustly, he subsequently apologised. The apology only postponed trouble. M—— made so much noise about the apology that at a subsequent meeting his face was twice slapped by the same party.

They at the time were at lunch at the Metro-

politan coffeehouse, at the corner of St. Anne and Conde, near Chartres street, at the time the blows were dealt, and that M—— then held in his hand a carving knife. The injury was not, however, resented in any other way than by a challenge.

The meeting then took place at the old dueling ground on the Metairie Road, in what is now the Park. At the hour appointed, a crowd of two or three hundred were found to have been collected. Messrs. John McC—— and Valery D—— acted as the seconds of M——; Messrs. C—— and T—— as seconds to D——. In going to the ground, M—— appeared resolute and not lacking in purpose. Once, however, he had reached there, he became pale and *distracted*: he was, evidently, not himself. He complained that too many people were present; that he preferred that the duel should be postponed to another day. No concessions could induce the principal to take his appointed place.

As the matter now stood, according to the code there remained nothing for the first second of M—— to do, but volunteer in place of his principal. This unlucky duty fell upon Capt. McC——, and upon doing so he was not a little astonished to find that his offer was accepted by the seconds upon the opposite side. The weapons were those generally used among our Creole population, small swords or coliche-mards. D—— and McC—— were armed with these, and now set to work in good earnest—M—— meanwhile looking on. The combatants had actually made several passes, when the further continuance of the fight was interrupted by the protests of one of the attendant physicians.

The fight ended and the matter amicably arranged, all of the parties, except M——, shook hands and returned to the city in the carriages. The latter stood upon the ground motionless and silent, like one stunned and paralyzed by the extent of the disgrace that had overtaken him, and who yet had no power to avert the degradation that would henceforth stare him in the face. His appearance betokened a man who was blasted and ruined. The last that was seen of him he was in this attitude, overwhelmed by the curses heaped upon him by both sides now retreating, and by the jibes and jeers of the spectators, exasperated at his want of courage, or at having been deprived of the pleasure of seeing a duel.

A few years afterward one of the beforenamed parties, in company with Mr. Eugene P——, met M—— at Biloxi. The latter had now abandoned all dreams of success at the bar—was then behind a bar-room counter selling liquor, and pretended not to recognize either party. Although the establishment was his, two or three days after he had sold out and left for parts unknown.

The next heard of him was after the return of Gen. Walker to the city from the Nicaraguan war. It now appeared that M—— had there served with him as colonel of a regiment, and, according to all accounts that were given of him, he had acted with great courage and gallantry.

At the visit of Gen. Scott to this city in 1856 or thereabouts, M——, in compliment to his brilliant services in the Nicaraguan war, was appointed to act as a marshal of a grand procession that was to take place. He proved to be a magnificent rider, and upon the day in question he was placed upon the right of Scott's carriage in the procession. Unfortunately for the Grand Marshal his old second, McC——, had been assigned to the same duty upon the other side of the carriage, and his happiness at being confronted with the man who was best acquainted with his past history was that of Damocles, with the sword suspended over his head.

After the procession, the marshals, some twenty-five or thirty in number, and some of the guests, were invited by Charles Waterman, subsequently Mayor, to partake of champagne punch. M—— was then formally introduced to the assembled guests, and among others, to his old second. The latter denied, during the presence of Waterman, that he had ever met M——, and a formal introduction took place. As soon as Waterman had disappeared, M—— was asked what a man of his character meant by being there. He replied, by saying that he had been away, and had redeemed himself, and begged not to be exposed. McC—— told him it was not his affair, if he could swim and no one else knew it, to go ahead.

The advice was given as taken, and avoiding the men who had formerly known him his history again disappeared in shadow until the war. When next seen his role was not of the most brilliant character. He was, in fact, a recruiting officer of his own appointment. His plan was to find out what young men were anxious to volunteer for the war, and to then sell them to parties wishing to fill up their companies. Sometimes he would make arrangements with the parties at the Workhouse for procuring a certain number of men. However these might have been obtained, M—— was nowise particular in disposing of them, and is said to have received \$500 for thus disposing of a dozen men.

He continued thus occupied until the arrival of the fleet, and then left for Secessionia. Nothing was there heard of him except that for an alleged embezzlement of money he was pursued by Major John P—— and Capt. B——, with strict orders to arrest him.

The latter having reached Mandeville, were pointed out a schooner about a mile distant from the shore, and which was said to contain the man they sought. Throwing cloaks over their uniforms, and armed with a six shooting musketoon and a navy revolver, they proceeded in a boat to where the schooner was lying. Upon mounting the sides of the schooner M—— was found on board. As to what there happened no one but those present ever positively knew. Fifteen days after they were seen leaving Mandeville in a boat, the bodies of P—— and B—— were seen floating upon the water. B——'s body was found near Mandeville. P——'s body was found near LaFreniere. The families of the deceased were written to in this city. The body of B—— was sent here by friends from over the lake. The body of P—— was subsequently sent for—Gen. Banks giving a permit, and Capt. McC—— was entrusted with the mission. He succeeded in bringing back the body and regaining the city after having had the coffin searched, and himself and others who were in his company stripped of their clothing to prevent the surreptitious transmission of letters.

The whole affair awakened an immense deal of excitement and great feeling among all classes of residents, and the funeral rites were celebrated by one of the largest corteges that took place during the war. Some opposition at

first had been made by Gen. Banks to allowing anything like a public demonstration to be made over the corpse. It was, however, shown that Major P—— had once been thanked in a printed card for the kindness he had shown to certain Federal prisoners who were placed under him, and in requital of this act Gen. Banks, when appealed to, allowed the funeral to go on.

To return now to M——, he had succeeded in rearing New Orleans and entering the Federal lines. After taking the oath of allegiance, he was arrested by the authorities upon the charge of having murdered P—— and B——. The counsel he then employed was Thomas J. Durant. A Coroner's jury was summoned to sit upon the bodies, of which Capt. John H. McC—— was a juror. The body of P—— was examined by Dr. Shupert and Dr. Stone. No wound was found. The death was obviously from drowning, and so the jury decided, after the examination of the capt. in and two sailors. According to their account it appeared that P—— and B——, upon boarding the vessel, had called upon M—— to surrender, which he did. They then ordered the captain of the schooner to go to shore. This order was being executed when the boom, owing to the shifting of the wind, swung around and struck them so violently as to throw them both overboard. The Captain of the schooner made for the rawl immediately, but was prevented from lowering it by M——. The latter now told him not to stop, to put up all sail, and get to New Orleans; that he would be certainly hung in case he was carried to the shore.

From the testimony of the Captain, they were still in the water endeavoring to keep themselves afloat, the last that was seen of them. A fresh breeze springing up, the schooner sailed direct to New Orleans. After a struggle of five days over the evidence, the drowning was pronounced accidental, and all of the parties released. M—— was taken into the Federal service as a detective, and Coroner Beach, who had held the inquest without military permission, was discharged from his office.

We have protracted our account too far to dwell more upon the adventures of M——. Soon after the events last described, he left the city and never returned, except furtively. The last time he was ever seen here, some three years ago, was in the dusk of the evening, and at the sudden turning of a street. Singular as it may seem in a narrative which pretends to give only the literal truth, the party whom he now met with was his old-time acquaintance, who had acted as his second in the duel. The two men stared at each other, mutually astonished at the meeting, and remained for a moment or so without speaking.

"Is it safe for me to remain in the city?" inquired Mancosas.

"You are too well known. On the contrary, I counsel nothing of the sort."

"What, then, is your advice?"

"It is that you take the first boat from the city, and never return."

M—— seemed to attach a mysterious importance to the advice of a man whose fate appeared to be so frequently thrown in contact with his, and from that day to this has never been seen in the city.

## PART II.

### An Episode to the Preceding.

In New Orleans, during the darkest night of one of our gayest seasons, a few years ago, some of the down-town visitors to the Opera, who were hurrying home at a late hour, were startled to observe the form of a young girl, who sat half crouched upon what appeared to be a step of the old cathedral. The sight of

the homeless and destitute is common enough to those whose occupation keeps them on duty through the silent watches; but the singularity in this case was that the iron railing, which was locked, had been scaled; and furthermore, that in spite of the inclemency of the weather, the attitude of the young girl was one of prayer, rather than that of rest.

When her situation had attracted the attention of compassionate passers by, it appeared that she had been there through half the night listening to the chimes of the old building striking the quarters and half-hours, and endeavoring to nerve her mind to a desperate plunge in the great and but little-distant stream.

The account given below is the poor girl's own statement of her history, as related to Capt. C—, by whom she was rescued. The story is given in almost the precise manner in which it was then told:

"Until recently I lived with my mother in comfort in the country, at no great distance from the city. The recent general financial disasters which affected others affected us. We became very poor. It was not a great while ago that we disposed of even those ornaments which had been the gift of friends.

"I now determined to endeavor to obtain some situation in the city. In this attempt I succeeded. Accompanied by my mother, I was fortunate enough in finding a home as English teacher for the younger children of a small school. The inmates of the latter appeared kind and well-disposed. In fact, I was so well pleased that my mother, no longer entertaining any anxiety upon my own account, soon afterward returned home.

"During the lifetime of a brother I had heard him speak frequently of an old law classmate and intimate friend under the name of M—. In a city where everything to me was new, you may imagine my happiness at meeting with him by a charming accident, and at finding that the prepossessions I had already formed were not disappointed. His manners were pleasing—in disposition he was good-natured, and he was well-informed and never wearied with explaining the thousand objects that excited a young girl's curiosity. At places of amusement and at religious services he was my constant companion.

"We were playing some domestic game with a party of friends one evening, which, but for a single incident, I might remember as the happiest of my life. It was the well-known game of cards in which your condition in life, whether married or single, is told. Several of the circle had already had their lots decided on in this manner. M—'s name was at length proposed.

"Yes, tell us whom he is to marry," said one voice, with a meaning glance at myself.

"Our fortune-teller, who was a lady that had been introduced to me that evening, appeared to demur.

"M— now, as did several of the party, demanded to know his fortune.

"Do you wish me to tell you when you are to be married?"

"Certainly," he answered, though with rather a hesitating manner, "why should you doubt it?"

"There is one reason that occurs to me—"

"And that is—"

"Because you are married already."

"The declaration produced a profound sensation. For several minutes there was not a word spoken. Every eye was turned on me.

"After an attempt, with indifferent success, to change the subject of conversation, M— made a cold and formal statement to the effect that he had never deceived me in the matter—

the only party to whom he thought any explanation was due.

"To this speech I knew not what answer to make. To contradict this statement—to say that it was untrue in every particular—I thought would have been showing that I was interested in the matter, and though, too, his statement was to me as a blow, I could not help feeling, in spite of his duplicity, a certain sympathy. I was unwilling to see that we must forever part; and helpless and far from my home I wished to discover some palliation for the conduct of one who was almost my only male acquaintance.

"The consequences of my silence were momentous for me. I discovered that it had done him no good, and had irretrievably ruined me in the good opinion of my new acquaintances. The only explanation they could see to my conduct was, that I had been receiving the marked attentions of a married gentleman, and wore as a gift from him a magnificent diamond ring, whose status I had concealed in order not to attract attention.

"The rest needs hardly to be told. I received a small pittance that was due me. I was to be sent home in disgrace. I could not see the man who had betrayed me, and, beside, he had left the city.

"Do you wonder now at my situation, and the desperate thought which placed me where I was?"

"No, I do not wonder," said the Captain; "partly from what you have told me, partly from an obvious circumstance you have forgotten to mention."

The girl held down her head. "What you allude to," she said, "is too true. If I live I shall become a mother before becoming a wife."

"Listen," said the Captain. "You have no relations here, and scarcely any one else knows you. Return to your hotel to-night, which I will assist you in finding. It will be easy to arrange on our way there, without your committing suicide, that your disgrace shall not be known. Will you promise to go by my advice?"

The promise was given; the girl was attended to the place at which she had last stopped, and animated by the advice that had been given, she proceeded the next morning to put it into execution.

Dressed respectably, and with the air of one accustomed to society and refinement, she disposed first of her ring at a pawnbroker's, and next appeared at the office of one of our noblest charitable institutions. The officer in charge having been summoned, the lady, without raising her veil, begged to become an inmate of the Asylum, in a strictly private apartment, and where she could be seen by no one but the surgeon in charge. The request, after some stipulation as to terms, was complied with. She was now entered on the books by certain initials, and was assigned to a ward where no visitors were admitted.

Six weeks afterward, the inmate had given birth to a child—had recovered from the effects of sickness. She had disappeared without attracting inquiry, in an establishment where a dozen such patients are annually received; and with feelings hardened by suffering and resolve, was once more returning to her mother's residence.

One night during the last year of the war, a soiree was given in spite of the ominous situation of affairs, in one of the small cities of the interior, around which an army was encamped, and which was then much frequented by officers. The Captain, who had met up with the young girl in the manner already recorded, was now in command of a company, and upon the evening in question, together with other of-

ficers of his regiment, had been invited to attend the house where the party was to be given.

Nothing occurred for some time after his arrival. The Captain, who, as a soldier, felt certain of his appetite, but doubtful, under the circumstances, of making much of an impression in the drawing room, remained much nearer the former than the latter, and was little seen or heard of.

It did not, however, prevent him from glancing occasionally into the main reception room, and from making some inquiries. His attention having been in this way pointed to a married lady, remarkable for her style, self possessed air, and the homage which she received, the Captain soon found himself endeavoring to remember where he had met the face before. Shortly after she passed near him and hearing her voice at the same moment that he caught her eye, the Captain made an involuntary start. The moment after he was in the hall that led to the supper room, and was gazing at the preparations for the feast as it hurried in thought.

In this reverie he was interrupted by a tap with a fan on the shoulder.

"Do you remember me?" said in a low tone a woman's voice at his side.

The Captain, after hesitating a second, replied civilly that he did not.

"You are very generous or discreet to deny a knowledge that you think might give me pain. But it is easy to see from your face that you do know me."

"Since you insist, Madame, upon recognizing one whom I would naturally suppose you would be anxious to forget, permit me to inquire how you succeeded in obtaining position and fortune where most persons are losing them?"

"I am married. My husband is wealthy."

Some further conversation followed, and the Captain, who had heard of the history of the husband and wife without ever previously identifying them by name, was soon made master of the whole story.

"I think," said he, "that I saw you a moment ago leaning upon the arm of the gentleman with dark complexion and prominent mustache. I ask not from curiosity, but merely to advise."

"That you must know, as you are both from the same city, is Mr. M—. You have probably already guessed that I have known him for several years."

"If you have, after knowing him so well, again become inseparable friends there is hardly any need to make a remark as to his character."

"He has persuaded my husband to embark his wealth in the purchase of cotton and in getting it out of the country. I have several times obtained permits on both sides allowing its transmission through the lines. He has the faults of men, still he would not endeavor to defraud a woman."

The Captain shrugged his shoulders, and the interview ended by inquiries on her part and answers on his as to the bands into which her child had been placed, and where it might be subsequently found.

Among the most noticeable inquests held

during the past year was that of the Coroner upon a body found on Customhouse street, in one of those houses in that neighborhood kept by quadroon landladies, and occupied mostly by single gentlemen. Entering under a covered alley-way, the visitor, after proceeding some distance, found himself in a dark courtyard, adorned by a few poisonous looking flowers, and to which the presence of one or two clumps of banana trees gave a rather melancholy appearance. Climbing up a badly lighted stair, the Coroner was shown into a suit of rooms filled with furniture of the costliest pattern. A heavy, canopied bedstead of dark wood, whose curtains were agitated by the wind, first arrested the attention of the visitor in entering, and the sight of a body immediately beneath, prevented the gaze from wandering further. The features were wasted, and bore about them the unmistakable pallor of death, but were still fine and expressive, and the hair, which was disheveled, was remarkable for its glossy length. A vial, containing laudanum, tightly held in one of the hands, almost obviated the need of any inquiries.

The explanation given of the matter by the turbaned landlady was that, some years previous a child had been entrusted to her care to raise, and supposing it to be the offspring of a wealthy party, or parties, who had a temporary reason for concealing its birth, she had raised it—the more, too, as she had, until recently, been liberally paid for its maintenance.

Upon the previous night, about the hour of retiring, the deceased had knocked at her door, and having explained that she was the mother demanded to see it. Her appearance was in last degree haggard and worn at entering the house. She looked stunned and bewildered when informed that a short time previous the child had died. She recovered herself subsequently enough to speak. She had demanded a room, and had said that she would not need one long—that she was shunned by her relatives, and betrayed and ruined by those she had considered her friends, and that she did not care to live.

M—, whose name had been mentioned in connection with that of the deceased, was summoned as a witness, and looked on thoughtfully as the body was being dissected. He commented the use of the scalpel by the surgeon with a philosophical remark:

"One must dissect their best known acquaintances in order to understand them thoroughly."

"By knowing them thoroughly you perhaps mean, knowing how most thoroughly to profit by their misfortunes," said Capt. Med., who, at this moment entered; "but you, M—, ought in any case, to have spoken of her as a friend rather than an acquaintance, since, after robbing and ruining her through life, you will now get paid as a witness after her death.\*"

\* The characters and incidents in the second portion of this story are not given as having had any connection with the party who was arrested and discharged by a coroner's jury upon the charge of having twice committed murder, in the inquest held upon the bodies of Major P. and B.



# CELEBRATED DUELS.

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## I. The Combat on Horseback.

There never was but one duel on horseback in this country, and that occurred near New Orleans in the year 1836. The parties to this novel combat were both Creoles.

One of them was Lieut. Shamburg, who a few years before the events we are about to relate, had been appointed to that elite regiment, the Second Dragoons.

Shamburg was a man of bercelean strength and splendid appearance. He united French vivacity and German power. The officers of the Second Dragoons were a choice set of high-spirited, gallant, dashing fellows. Thoroughly instructed and practiced in riding and in the sword exercise, they were naturally proud of their skill, and were regarded by civilians as a little swaggering and overhearing in their bearing and manners. Now it happened that a quarrel and a personal conflict arose between Lieut. Shamburg and Adolph Cuvillier, a popular and gallant young Creole, of a family noted for the fighting qualities of its members. Cuvillier was a slightly built, lithe and graceful young man, of very popular manners, uniformly polite, urbane, generous and manly. Compared with Shamburg, Cuvillier, recalled to the mind of the readers of Scott's novels the contrast between Saladin and Richard Cœur de Lion, so beautifully sketched in the Crusaders. In the street combat, which had taken place between them, Cuvillier proved altogether unequal to his adversary, whom, however, he charged with taking an unfair and cowardly advantage, by the use of a knife or dagger. Cuvillier therefore challenged Shamburg to a mode of conflict which, by the equality of its conditions, would afford him a better test of the courage, which he, the challenger, held in serious doubt. Now, as Gen. Jackson had declared that he would not allow the officers of the army and navy to fight duels with citizens, Shamburg was very reluctant to accept the challenge, and made great efforts to escape it. But Cuvillier was immovable in his purpose and insatiable in his ire against his foe, and followed him with such pertinacity that, by the advice of his brother officers of the dragoons, Shamburg determined to accept the challenge and fight on his own terms. It was, no doubt, expected that those terms would be regarded so unusual and unprecedented, that they would be declined, and the duel thereby prevented, and Shamburg escape the penal consequences threatened by the President. These terms were, to fight in a ten acre lot on horseback, with cavalry swords; the parties to be stationed one hundred yards apart, and to charge each other at the word and fight it out *a cheval*. Shamburg selected as his seconds Dr. Smith and Captain Thurston, both of the regular army, who communicated to the seconds of Cuvillier the terms upon which alone the challenge of the latter could be accepted. Such terms were universally condemned by the whole fraternity of the men of honor, or subjects of the Code, as violative of all the sentiments and principles of that Code, as inequitable and unmanly, as such, in fact, as only

braves and those who rely upon brute force would prescribe and demand. On the other hand, in justification of Shamburg and his seconds, it was urged that he desired to avoid the combat and escape the penalty of fighting a duel, and had claimed his technical right to select his weapons in expectation that the other party would decline, and the affair thus be quashed.

But this calculation proved an erroneous and delusive one. This might have been known beforehand, when the names of Cuvillier's seconds were banded in. These were the names of the most gallant, determined and experienced combatants in New Orleans. No two Creoles had higher reputations for prowess, skill, heroic courage and inflexible honor and chivalry than Mandeville Marigny and Emile LaSere. The former, a son of the famous Bernard Mandeville de Marigny, the descendant of a long line of distinguished seigneurs of the old Normandy aristocracy, had been educated in Paris, under the eye of Louis Philippe, his father's old friend and guest in that monarch's day of adversity. Mandeville had been sent to France at the solicitation of the King, and was made a companion and classmate of the Duke of Orleans, who was of the same age as young Marigny. He received a thorough military education at Saumur, and at an early age was commissioned for the cavalry, but, seeing little chance of active service, returned to New Orleans to look after the enormous estate which his father was squandering in the most reckless style. There was no more accomplished or elegant gentleman among the Creoles of Louisiana than Mandeville Marigny, at that period. Though a very dangerous man to quarrel with, his character has always been remarkably mild, amiable, and even phlegmatic.

His associate on this occasion, and, indeed, throughout life, exhibited a remarkable contrast with Mandeville Marigny. Emile LaSere was then, and is now, when advanced beyond three-score, one of the most excitable, energetic, intense and fiery little men we ever knew. Scarcely above the height and weight of an average boy of fourteen, he has always held his own, and, generally, towered above the mass of his countrymen in spirit and manly bearing. His quick and fiery nature involved him in many conflicts, from which he always emerged with honor, and, generally, with victory. As generous and magnanimous, as passionate and impulsive, his quarrels and combats always ended in the field. He has been known to assist in staunching the wounds he had inflicted in a duel, and to sit up long nights at the bedside of one of the victims of his own skill and prowess. No man ever fought so many duels who was so free from the qualities which belong to the professional duelist. In fact, his combats were prompted by a real chivalry of nature, and by a quick temper, which sought the vent of the duello, and with this escape, was succeeded by a generous and magnanimous feeling toward his bitterest foe.

It was this same chivalric trait which made Emile LaSere the most reliable of friends in a great emergency, and the most indomitable of resistants to everything which had an aspect of domineering bravado, and presumption.



It was in this light Marigny and LaSere regarded the terms communicated by Shamburg's friends. They accepted them at once, only asking that a week be allowed to make the necessary preparations for the combat. This condition was conceded, and the parties set to work to prepare their principals. Cuvillier had never had a cavalry sword in his hand, and was a poor equestrian. But he was fortunate in his instructor and second. Marigny took him in hand, and obtaining the use of a very spirited and docile horse, belonging to Mr. Ursin Pouligny, the Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans, set to work to put Cuvillier through a thorough course of cavalry exercise. His knowledge, experience and skill in handling a horse and sword proved of great advantage, and his pupil being apt and active, before the time arrived for the combat, Marigny had turned out man and horse a complete and accomplished cuirassier. His own good long, straight sword supplied the necessary weapon. The fine charger borrowed for the occasion had been drilled to such perfect command and control, that when mounted the agile and graceful Creole, looked the picture of a Centaur.

The Carrollton Race Course was selected for the combat. This place lay along the only railroad which then ran out of New Orleans and near the bank of the Mississippi. From the decks of the steamers and vessels plying on the river, every object on the race course was plainly discernible. Despite all the efforts of the parties it was impossible to keep so notable an affair secret. The combatants were so well known, even the horses selected by them had been communicated to the public through the hints of grooms and stable boys. The whole affair became the subject of much discussion, and indeed of several angry and violent disputes, and of numerous and large wagers.

At last the day arrived, and though the hour selected was very early in the morning, a large crowd had already clambered over the high paling enclosing the race track, and occupied the seats of the stand and the limbs of the trees which commanded a view of the ground. Col. Oliver, who was the lessee of the track, had not only afforded its use for this special occasion, but, to give *ecarté* to the combat, he had loaned his splendid milk white stallion to Lieut. Shamburg, who had practiced the high spirited animal until he had become a thorough proficient in cavalry tactics. Mounted on such a charger, confident in his skill and strength, Shamburg felt himself an equal of the best dragoon that ever charged a squadron.

On the day appointed for the combat, the parties were promptly on the field. The principals and seconds were all mounted, the latter being armed with sabres and holster pistols. The principals had sabres only. Shamburg the U. S. regulation broadsword, Cuvillier the long straight, heavy sword of the French cuirassier. Everything proceeded with great regularity and propriety. The terms were read out and the positions of the parties and of the seconds carefully marked out. Stationed one hundred yards apart, at the words, "Charge—one, two, three," the combatants were to advance upon one another and engage with their swords until one or both was unhorsed, when the seconds should interfere and stop the fight. In case neither was unhorsed in the charge, they were to wheel when they reached the stakes and make another charge. There were other conditions which were not very important. The combatants presented a gay and splendid appearance as they trotted up to their respective positions. Shamburg wore the undress uniform of the Second Dragoons, and handled his magnificent milk

white charger with the most perfect ease and skill.

Those who with their eyes measured the great breath of his shoulders, the powerful muscular development of his arms, and his firm seat on his saddle, trembled for the frail, delicate and effeminate looking Creole, who, mounted on an elegant and apparently gentle riding horse, and donned in the ordinary attire of a gentleman and civilian, moved with so calm and even cheerful an air to take the position allotted to him in a combat apparently so unequal and unfair.

The spectators, however, were not permitted to indulge in the reflections suggested by the contrast of the two combatants before the word was given, and the cavaliers putting spurs to their animals leaped forward to the conflict. The highly trained charges rushed at each other with the fire and vigor of veteran warriors, and their riders with their swords held aloft, fixed their eyes upon each other with deadly resolve. Cuvillier having been practiced in the Cuirassier style held his sword straight forward from his body, whilst Shamburg waved his broad blade over his head.

When they met it was with a tremendous shock of the horse, which nearly upset the rider and gave them little chance of using their sabers with effect. Shamburg's horse leaped aside and saved his rider from the desperate plunge of Cuvillier's sword, whilst the latter, stooping to his pommel, escaped the tremendous slash which Shamburg made at his head, the sabre, however, lighting upon Cuvillier's hat and knocking it from his head. The impulse of the charging horses had carried them some distance past each other, and they could not rein up until they had gained the pass from which they had started. As Cuvillier passed his second, LaSere, that quick eyed, active little man leaped from his horse, and picking up his hat restored it to his principal. This charge had been a harmless one. The only injury done was to Cuvillier's fine beaver, which was pretty badly slashed. The horses were greatly excited, and by their fierce eyes, foaming mouths and nervous demeanor, showed that they entered fully into the spirit of the affair.

After a breathing spell, and a pause long enough to tighten their girths and rearrange their bridles, the combatants again took their positions, and the ominous query rang out "Are you ready?"

The silence of all parties was the only response. Then followed the order: "Charge! one, two, three."

With even more fury and fire than in the first rencontre, the cavaliers rushed at each other. Just as the terrible collision was about to take place, Shamburg's horse was seen to rear up, and Cuvillier's to plunge madly against him, and his rider's sword, which was held forward, directed at the body of Shamburg, passed through the neck of the noble animal, causing him to reel and fall sideways to the ground, carrying his rider with him. The seconds rushed forward and ordered the combat to cease.

Attention was then given to the wounded charger, who lay on the ground, bleeding profusely. The grooms and hostlers were called, and his wound examined. It proved to be a fatal one. The main artery of the neck had been severed, and the noble animal soon bled to death.

The cavaliers and their friends returned to the city much mortified and disgusted with the incidents and results of a combat which, it was thought by many, would be a practical revival of the spirit and customs of the chivalry of the Middle Ages. The spectators, too, were sadly dissatisfied with a conclusion which suggested

to them the bitter sarcasm that the more robust and noble animal of the four had been the only sufferer from a rencontre, in which the chief actors were actuated more by vanity and a desire for display and sensational effect than by any sense of honor or resentment of true chivalry. This was certainly not true, so far as it was applied to Cuvillier and his gallant friends.

The whole affair was most repugnant to their tastes and feelings. It was only their determination to resent what they considered offensive bravado, that they consented to so unusual and, under the circumstances, so unfair a mode of combat. The greatest sufferer in this affair was Colonel Oliver, the owner of the slaughtered charger. The Colonel put a very high estimate upon his horse, and demand was made upon Shamburg for his value. The question was fully discussed who was responsible for the loss of the horse, and it was apprehended that the dispute would get into the courts. Cuvillier declined any responsibility, and Shamburg averred that it was not by his act or fault that the horse was killed; that he was loosed with a full knowledge of all risks to which he would be exposed, and that his death was an accident of the fortunes of war.

We do not know how this question was ever determined, but the general understanding was that Col. Oliver lost a very valuable horse.

This, we believe, was the first and last duel on horseback which ever occurred in the United States.

The event served to illustrate a very common error, which prevailed among Northerners and foreigners, that the Creoles would only accept the duello on their own terms, and with the weapons in the use of which they were practiced and skilled.

We have known a great many other illustrations of the falsity of this idea, and but one case in which we ever knew of a Creole declining a combat on account of the weapon and terms, and that is so ludicrous an incident, that we shall be excused by our readers for relating it at length in a separate sketch. It may serve, in its comical aspects, somewhat to relieve the grave and tragic character of these sketches:

## II. Harpoons—Twenty Paces.

We have said in our account of the duel on horseback, that the Creoles rarely rejected the terms of combat, on account of the unusual character of the weapons selected. Their sentiment of honor, however, condemned such resorts. Whilst by the practical Anglo-American, who yielded to the demand of the code against his own convictions and education, and only in deference to a prevalent custom and prejudice of the society in which he had cast his fortunes, no such scruples or ideas were recognized. His notion was to fight on the best and safest terms for himself, and to use every advantage he might possess over his antagonist, not forbidden by the express terms of the contract. Denouncing this interpretation of the spirit of the code, the Creole deemed it unmanly to decline the terms, though all unused to the selected weapons, and unskilled in the mode of combat prescribed by the challenged party. We never knew of but one exception to this rule of action on the part of this spirited race, and as it is amusing as well as illustrative of the character of the two races, we will here relate it:

Opposite to the upper suburb of New Orleans, on the right bank of the river, lives Mr. J. M. Harvey, a gentleman who has lived a very adventurous life, who emigrated from a Northern or Western State, some thirty years ago, and intermarrying with a wealthy and prominent Creole family, has resided on a large and valuable property near the city, and become a man of wealth and influence. Previous to his set-

tlement in Louisiana, Harvey had been engaged in the merchant service, and had served his time before the mast and in several whaling voyages. Having married a Creole, Harvey brought himself in connection with a large and highly respectable circle of relatives and friends, to whose ideas and tastes he found it essential to his social status that he should strive to conform, but which were quite opposite and repugnant to his old notions and feelings. The transition was certainly a very violent one to an old skipper, whose ideas and tastes had been acquired on the deck and in the hard service of a Nantucket whaler, to be suddenly called on to adapt his manners, tastes and conduct to the highly refined ideas and chivalric rules which govern Creole society.

Smollet, in the amusing adventure of Peregrine Pickle's effort to accomplish a change of manners in one of his favorites, has afforded a precedent of the difficulty of this task, which, in its incidents and results, strongly resembled the circumstances of Harvey's efforts to conform to Creole institutions.

There was a gay party at a Creole neighbors, which was attended by Harvey. During the evening a game of cards was proposed; and the game was proceeding quite pleasantly until an altercation arose between Harvey and a Creole gentleman of high position named Albert F. The dispute finally wound up in words of insult from Albert F. to Harvey, and in a knock down from the heavy fist of Harvey, the blow inflicting a black-eye upon the unfortunate Creole. The parties were separated.

The next day Harvey was waited upon by the friend of Albert with a demand for satisfaction, and a request to be referred to his friend to arrange the terms of an early meeting. Harvey asked him what he meant. The second replied he meant that he should meet Mr. F. in mortal combat, and atone for the blow he had given him.

"But," replied Harvey, "he grossly insulted me, and I returned the insult with a blow. I think that makes us even, or if we ain't even I'll pay up the balance."

The second was surprised to hear such a response from a gentleman who had married into a Creole family, and as a mutual friend he would warn Harvey that if he persisted in this view of his duty, he would be tabooed by all his relatives. This suggestion somewhat alarmed Harvey. He was proud of his newly attained social position, and would make great sacrifices to maintain that position and preserve the respect of his relatives. Under the influence of these feelings he asked his kindly monitor what would be the terms of the proposed combat.

The second, brightening up at the success of his appeal to the "better feelings" of Harvey, and at the prospect of a lively affair, quickly responded, "Oh! of course, being an American, you have the choice of weapons."

The announcement was a great relief to Harvey, for he had already been notified that F— was an experienced duellist, skilled in the use of the weapons generally employed in affairs of honor. He, therefore, asked with an air of great simplicity, "what were the proper weapons to be used by gentlemen on such occasions?"

"Pistols, swords, rifles, shot-guns, or any dangerous weapon in which you may be skilled."

This answer produced a visible impression on Harvey, whose face brightened up with an expression of satisfaction and relief from an embarrassing dilemma.

"I understand you, he said, and I will meet your friend on the terms you state, and you can fix the meeting as to time and place to suit your own convenience, I only stipulate as to the weapons."

"That is prompt and like a gentleman of

honor. Please favor me with the indication of your choice of weapons, that I may communicate to my friend."

"My weapons are harpoons, hickory handles, ten feet in length, distance twenty feet. I have a brace of them from which your friend can make his choice."

The Creole's second was astonished, shocked, and puzzled. He had never heard the word harpoon before; had been in a dozen duels with all sorts of weapons, and never saw or heard of such an arm. Not knowing the French word for harpoon, Harvey stepped into his office, and bringing out two formidable specimens of that style of weapon which had seen good service in the Pacific, he exhibited them to the astonished Creole as the dangerous instruments from which he would concede to his adversary the right of choosing the one with which to avenge the insult he had offered him. He took occasion to illustrate the manner in which harpoons were handled.

The astounded and disgusted Creole exclaimed, "Why, sir, do you suppose my friend is a fish, to be stuck by such a d—d tool as that?" "Fish or no fish," replied Harvey, "that is my weapon. Your friend is quite as skillful in handling sword or pistol as I am with the harpoon. When I challenge him I shall be obliged to accept his weapons, and now I claim my rights as the challenged party to choose the only one which I feel I can use with skill and effect." "But, sir, your proposition is *bizarre*, ridiculous, and will bring contempt on all the parties engaged in it. This is a serious affair, sir, and I hope you will treat it seriously."

"You will find it serious enough if one of those harpoons strike your head at a distance of twenty feet," replied Harvey, at the same time going through the harpoon exercise as practiced in whaling ships. The indignant Creole thereupon retired in great disgust, reported to his principal, and the next day the affair was reported through the city. It may illustrate the radical difference of ideas of the two races, that whilst the Creole friends of Mr. F— reported the incident as one which reflected great disgrace upon Harvey, the Anglo-Americans laughed over it most heartily as a rich joke and a fair satire upon the absurdity and the unreasonable laws of the duello.\*

The above narrative of the facts was contested by Mr. Fabre, (as is nearly always the case with any account of a duel ever written,) at the first publication of the story, and the following statements were then made:

In August, 1851, I had a personal altercation with Mr. Harvey, in the course of which I slapped his face and got a blow in return, after which we were separated by the bystanders.

As this happened quite late at night and I had some business engagements in the parish of St. Bernard, I requested my friend Maj. Z. Trudeau, then State Senator for the parish of Jefferson, to call on Mr. Harvey early next morning and arrange the terms of a hostile meeting, leaving to my opponent, as a matter of course, the choice of weapons.

To this message Mr. Harvey made no response, simply declining to fight me with *any weapon*; whereupon the whole matter was dropped.

No mention was made of "harpoons" by Mr. Harvey or his friend, but had he felt inclined to fight at all, I feel certain that he would have been fully accommodated.

I am no "duelist," but have never yet refused, and I hope never shall decline to meet any man I might quarrel with, even should his preferences be for "harpoons," tomahawks or meat axes for dueling purposes.

Very truly, yours. ALBERT FABRE.  
New Orleans, June 21, 1839.

### III. A Street Duel.

About six months after the aforementioned duel, (that is, about 1852,) some discussion arose one night in the political club room on Chartres street, between Mr. Fabre and the celebrated John DeBuys, and after the meeting the parties passed from words to blows. It was then about two o'clock in the morning, and as the difficulty had taken place at the corner of Dauphine and St. Peters streets, it was arranged that the disagreement should then and there be settled by an immediate appeal to arms.

It so happened that Rosiere (the well-remembered fencing master) lived very near the locality, and upon application to him a couple of swords were obtained without trouble. Rosiere himself consented to act as second for DeBuys, and Rene C—y, who had been with the party during the first quarrel, acted as second for Mr. Fabre. Returning now to the street, the parties were assigned to their places, at the corner of Dauphine and Toulouse streets, under a gas light.

The principals now crossed their swords and several lunges and passes had already been made when the attention of a policeman, who happened to be passing at the time, was attracted to the spot. Approaching the scene he called upon the parties to desist, and attempted, without success, to compel them so to do. Finding that no attention was paid to what he said, and that all of the parties persisted, he sprang his rattle and soon had assembled at the scene a considerable force of the police.

It now became obvious that the affair could proceed no further. It was consequently arranged that the fight should be resumed upon the following day at the old Orleans Ball Room.

At noon, therefore, as agreed, the principals were assembled at the designated place. Mr. Fabre had now selected for his seconds George Price and J. Noree. Mr. DeBuys had as his witnesses Octave LeBlanc and Rosiere. The fight lasted about ten minutes, and resulted in Mr. Fabre receiving two wounds. He was struck once in the right arm and once in the breast. At this point the affair was terminated by the seconds, and the parties reconciled.

It is perhaps worth while to remark that three years after DeBuys received the fatal wounds, in his duel with Gerald, which resulted in his death.

\*The two duels given above are from the pen of one of our best known city journalists, and were incorporated with the present work at a time when it was proposed to make it the joint contribution of different writers.

#### IV—Matrimonial Infidelity.

On the night of the 14th of January, 1863, the citizens in the rear portion of the Second District were startled by the cry of murder, and frequent discharges of firearms. Those who hurried to the spot saw a young man in the act of falling lifeless upon the pavement, and standing near him and greatly agitated, the surviving principal in the tragedy. In explanation of the homicide, the following facts were elicited from various witnesses:

About one year before the war, Mr. Louis Martin, a young man then about twenty-five years of age, and a jeweler by occupation, contracted a marriage with the daughter of Mme Lavielle, a midwife from France. The latter had been for a number of years one of the best and most honorably known practitioners in her calling in the city, and having the skill, strong, steady nerves and personal influence over her patients, which entitled her to success, was rewarded in her last years by accumulating a considerable fortune.

It was her daughter, Camille, that Martin married just previous to his starting to Matamoros to commence business. Martin was spoken of then, and ever since, as a very quiet man.

Mme. Camille Martin, his wife, who is now at the most not more than twenty-two years of age, was at that time said to be one of the handsomest girls in that district. When before the Coroner, she appeared to be of small size, though perfectly made. A brunette as to complexion, hair and eyes, with delicate, almost perfectly regular features, and a slightly Spanish cast, communicated by her heavy eyebrows and eyelashes.

Upon this daughter the mother, according to all accounts, spared no expense or pains, either in education or in supplying the numberless whims of an only child. Her manners and appearance indicated a woman somewhat capricious and passionate by nature, and whose ideas had been affected by the imaginative authors of her mother-tongue.

Martin having gone to Matamoros, remained there—most of the time in company with his wife—until about two years ago. At that time he returned to the city, and, assisted by Mme. Lavielle, was enabled to open a store at the corner of St. Philip and St. Claude streets. He resided, with his wife and mother-in-law, about fifty yards higher up on St. Claude street, in the direction of Canal.

The homicide occurred on Wednesday night, at about half-past 7 o'clock, up to which hour Martin had been in his store. At that hour, rumor has it, that a negro, who had been on the watch near Martin's residence, came and informed him that a young man who figures in the narrative as Salvador Fernandez, was in the neighborhood of his residence. Martin's own statement is that the meeting was accidental. At the time the two men actually came together Salvador was seated on the steps exactly opposite Martin's house.

The statement of one of Martin's clerks is, that when he left the store he did not carry away any one of the knives ordinarily used there. This fact was shown subsequently by actual count. Martin appears to have had a clasp knife, according to the statement of witnesses, about five or six inches long. The first thing heard of the difficulty was the exclamation made by Salvador, "Assassin." This was heard by Mr. Cassard, who was walking immediately ahead of Martin when the latter started from his store. Subsequently to hearing this exclamation, Salvador fired three shots. The exclamation made by Salvador would seem to indicate that he had been already stabbed. This state of things was, however, contradicted by

several of the witnesses. Martin was seen, at some time during the struggle—either before inflicting any blows, as contended by his friends, or after one or two of the shots had been fired, to retreat several steps and stoop, in avoiding the shots, almost to the gutter. Subsequently he sprang upon the body of Salvador, then prostrate, according to the statement of Luchet. According to Saens's statement, Salvador seems afterward to have retreated toward Canal street, uttering cries of murder, and when near the corner of Dumaine and St. Claude streets, (near the Lodge fence) fell, for the last time, in the arms of Mr. Bozonier. A fact to be kept in mind, in understanding the difficulty, is that the room of Fernandez was very close to, or, according to some accounts, adjoining the residence of Martin. His presence in the neighborhood did not, therefore, ordinarily appear singular, and the contiguity of the two residences accounted for the frequency of the interviews.

Below are given the statements of Madame Martin, given in conversation, as to what had preceded the tragedy:

"From the time I was eight years of age, I knew Salvador, and from that time we were raised up as children together. We were strongly attached, at the commencement of the war, although I was then very young, and neither of us then dreamed of loving any one else.

"After the city was captured by the Federal army, Salvador ran the blockade and went to Havana. He subsequently succeeded in entering the Confederacy, and remained in service until peace, as a Lieutenant.

"It was while he was thus absent that I heard that he had been killed in some battle; and, after giving away to the grief naturally engendered by his death, I thought myself absolved from the attachment which had previously existed between us.

"Subsequently I accepted the hand of Mr. Louis Martin.

"The first time I saw Salvador was after the war, and at the time I was about embarking for Matamoros. My husband had already become established in business there, and I was going thither to rejoin him.

"Just as I was crossing the levee Salvador met me. It was the first time I had seen him for years; and he showed by his attitude and manner that he loved me as much as ever.

"I told him, when he asked me what I was about to do, that I was then on my way to Matamoros. He reproached me with having married during his absence, and begged me not to go. I explained to him that I thought he was dead. He said that in that case I ought not to have married any one else.

"Finding that I was about going to Mexico, he begged me not to sail in the Allison—the vessel upon which my passage was already engaged—but to accept a cabin and berth upon a schooner belonging to himself or to a near relation. He stated that in case I should be willing to travel in this way, that everything should be placed at my disposal free of charge.

"I explained that I was under the protection of a relative, and that his proposal was simply impossible. I then bade him adieu—the vessel set sail, and I reached Matamoros in safety.

"After arriving there, I received a letter from Salvador telling me that he would soon rejoin me. I promptly wrote back word that he must do nothing of the sort; that the country was a miserable one, that I myself was weary with it, and that I would shortly return to the city. It was not a great while after that I did return.

"When I again saw him I was in conversation with a lady friend. Without paying any attention to her he passed between us, turning his

back upon her. I remonstrated and pointed out his apparent rudeness to my friend. He gave as his excuse that he was so agitated and happy at seeing me that he had forgotten every one else.

"Some time after, on Mardi Gras night, we met at the hall given at the New Opera House."

[As to what occurred at this hall, it appears from the statements of third parties that an adopted daughter of Mme. Lavielle had gone with Camille to the hall, and that in one of the loges occupied by Martin and his wife, Salvador had entered and paid marked attention to Mme. M. According to the statement of Mme. Camille Martin, Salvador, in the course of a warm dispute, had been struck by Martin. Be this as it may, when the adopted daughter returned home she reported to Mme. Lavielle that she would never go to another hall with her daughter Camille again—that she was *extravagante*, too light headed, and had acted all the evening, at sight of Fernandez, as if out of her senses.]

The statement of Mme. Martin is now resumed:

"We subsequently met at the National Theatre, and some difficulty again occurred between M. Martin and Fernandez. Salvador and I had gone to the supper room together and drank a bottle of wine. M. Martin became incensed at this and demanded an explanation. Salvador then stated that he had known me from a child; that he had always stood towards me as a sister—and that he would eat, speak and drink with me when he pleased. Something was then said about the parties descending to the banquettes to settle the difficulty then and there. The matter, as near as recollected, ended at the interposition of friends.

"We never became really lovers until St. Joseph's night following. At that time I begged Salvador when we met to end our friendship—that he was really crazy, and acting like a madman, and would inevitably ruin us both. He refused. He said that he would love me as long as he had life, and both upon that occasion and afterwards declared that neither I nor himself should ever survive a separation. Indeed, more than one time he proposed that we should both take poison together, and abandon life in each other's company. He had many singularities in this respect, which I never could understand, and which made me wonder where he could have obtained them.

"After the ball last mentioned, he was never willing that I should go out unless in his company. He was continually telling me that he never went to any reception upon my account, and was unwilling that I should go where I was not attended by or certain of meeting him. When I went to the theatre or any place of amusement, he always followed, and when I went out at night to visit any private house, he also attended me. Upon such occasions I started from home with a child as an escort, and Salvador would always be certain to rejoin me.

"The principal trouble with him was his constant jealousy. He wished me to leave my husband, reside with some of my relations and friends, and obtain a divorce.

"About two months ago Salvador, hearing that there was to be a wedding to which I was invited, and to which he was not, protested strongly against my attending. Among other arguments he used to induce me to remain away, he threatened to throw vitriol upon my dress just as I entered the house. Becoming out of patience at what he exacted, I told him I would go and amuse myself if I had to go there and dance in my petticoats. Subsequently, however, when the time came, I did not go

and so I remained away, together with all of my family, that would have gone with me.

"I saw Salvador almost every day; he was continually passing and repassing.

"The last time I ever met him was a few moments before his death. At that time I told him it was impossible for me to see him that evening and begged him to go away. He did so, but only went across the street to sit down upon the steps of a colored man's door. Why he did so I could not understand. While he was sitting there, my husband, who was expecting to collect some money from a negro that had been owing him, passed along and recognized Salvador. I did not see the difficulty, but I was subsequently told by my husband that he had stopped on seeing Salvador and asked him if his name was Fernandez. S. had then replied: "No—there's my name," and had drawn and discharged a revolver at the same moment. From what had been told me, and what I knew of Fernandez's character, I believe that he had fired first.

"At the time that the disturbance actually took place, I had commenced undressing by the fire, and was taking off my shoes and stockings. When my attention was called to the difficulty, I never for a moment suspected who the parties were. I thought it was simply the discharge of a fire-cracker that I heard, and ran to the door.

"Subsequently Martin entered the house and embraced me—telling me that he had met Fernandez, and had killed him on my account. I lost my senses at the news and scarcely knew what I said."

[One of the Coroner's witnesses, Henry Leamont, when off the stand, stated that the remarks of Mme. Martin at the time were: "You have killed Minouche—I loved and lived for him, and will die for him," with similar exclamations suggested by grief.]

"I did not at the time fully believe that Salvador was dead—I did not believe it until the next day when I had seen the papers, and had spoken with Deputy Coroner Espinola. It was this fact which caused me to visit his house (where I was told that the body lay) at an early hour in the morning. It was this ignorance which caused me to subsequently ask the Deputy Coroner to tell me about Salvador—whether he was dead or alive.

"As for M. Martin, he never doubted, or showed that he doubted, of my love at any time during our marriage. On the very evening that the homicide had been committed, before leaving the house, I had told him of a dream that I had the night previous, in which I had fancied myself dead. At that time he had protested that such an event could not happen, or if it did, that his body should be cut into a coffin for my remains."

Martin was tried for the homicide, but was acquitted. He subsequently sued for a divorce from his wife.

#### V.—The Spanish-Cuban Duel.

On Sunday morning, the 8th of May, 1869, a duel between Pepe Mulla, a native of Spain, and Carlos de Mayer, took place above Carrollton, and resulted in a dangerous wound through the breast to the latter—the Cuban principal.

For some days preceding the affair, the Crescent City had been variously agitated with rumors of quarrels and duels between our Spanish and Cuban population, growing out of the struggle in the "Ever-Faithful Isle," and several such difficulties had attracted the attention of the authorities since the commencement of the Cuban war. Those of the previous week, however, had been the result of the large torch-light demonstration about a

month before in favor of Cuban independence, at which speeches were made and *vivas* shouted, which gave deep offence to Spanish residents.

Their especial cause of complaint was a banner borne, or alleged to have been borne, in procession, bearing some such motto as "Death to Spain," "Death to Spaniards," and that such cries were raised as the Cubans marched through the streets.

The demonstration led to some angry recriminations and lengthy publications in the journals, and to the issue of the following card:

To the Cuban Refugees and those who sympathize with them:

The undersigned, a European Spaniard by birth, and who was brought up in New Orleans, is desirous of responding on the field of honor, and in any way they may indicate, to those who, in their meetings and processions in this city, have shouted "Death to Spain," "Death to the Spaniards!"

And whoever might desire to take up the matter is requested to address himself, either personally or through his friends, backers or seconds, to the undersigned, from six to eight o'clock in the morning, at the corner of Congress and Moreau streets, or in the afternoon, from two o'clock till dark, at the office of the Cemetery on Louisa street, Third District, to obtain whatever satisfaction he or they might desire under the penalty, should they fail so to do, of being looked upon as imposters, cowards and contemptible boasters. PEPE LLULLA.

New Orleans, May 4, 1869.

Pepe Llulla or Joseph Llulla, whose name is signed to the above, is a gentleman fifty years of age, who has been residing in this city for the last thirty-three years, and is well known all through the Third. For the last ten years he has enjoyed the reputation of a quiet and prosperous citizen, devoting his time to his cemetery. His previous history was, however, of not so quiet a character. The last of the bull fights ever given in this city came off under his auspices, upon the other side of the river. At the time of the Spanish riots here some years ago, Pepe Llulla was a large sufferer and had nearly everything he owned destroyed.

At one time he taught fencing, and he has the reputation of having the strongest wrist of any man in the profession. His skill in fencing, or with the "white weapons," is, however, no greater than with firearms. He has been known to shoot the pipe out of a man's mouth a dozen yards off, and has frequently shot nickels out of the hands of his friends.

As duels at that day were matters of every day occurrence, it need hardly be stated that Llulla had some excellent opportunities for showing his skill. He has probably fought more duels than he can now remember, and being a man of strong, steady nerves, fond of danger, and ready to fight a saw mill if occasion should arise, Pepe, though naturally good natured and of a popular turn, for a good many years had a stormy time of it.

A response to Llulla's placard, which was posted about the streets, and even upon the door of one of the Vice Presidents of the Cuban meeting, was received on Thursday. Upon that day the name of Carlos de Mayer, who had resided and perhaps been born in Cuba, was presented to Llulla and a verbal acceptance of the challenge given. Llulla thereupon pointed out the fact that the demand was not in writing, and named Alfred Wiltz as the gentleman who would serve as his second.

Upon the following day Messrs. Diaz and Anguera, as the seconds of Mayer, made a formal call upon Mr. Wiltz and Charles Culbertson, (the latter selected as the adviser of the former,)

and after two or three hours discussion no agreement could be arrived at as to the choice of the weapons, both parties claiming to have the right to the choice.

Upon the following day, with Messrs. Hernandez and Fernandez as interpreters, the weapons named by the seconds of Mayer—the regular dueling pistol—was agreed to by Llulla's friends. The latter, however, insisted upon naming the distance of twenty-five paces, and the principals to fire at will, as the method of settling the dispute. This was agreed to, and the Sunday following was appointed for the meeting at 9 o'clock, and the grounds the Metairie Course.

Previous to starting the seconds met at a gunsmith's, on Royal street, to mould the bullets and to select weapons which had never been used by either party. This point arranged, the principals, who had not been far off, were added to their number, and the whole party now proceeded to the Metairie Course.

Arrived there, a large crowd it appeared had got wind of what was to take place and had already arrived upon the ground. The party thereupon immediately continued upon the shell road to Carrollton, and between 10 and 11 o'clock found themselves in an open field about a mile in the rear of that town.

The toss up was now won, though the merriment was cloudy and the matter of but little consequence, by Diaz, the second of the Cuban; Llulla, with his coat buttoned up and his hat pulled well over his eyes, was placed with his back to the river, and Mayer, who is complimented by all parties for his fine appearance and courageous bearing, at twenty-five paces distant. The terms of the cartel were thereupon explained to the principals—each to advance (if he chose) and to fire at will.

The seconds having further intimated that the principals would be responsible to them if either fired before the command, Diaz pronounced the words, "Are you ready—fire."

For more than a minute after, neither party made any movement, but stood with arms raised watching what the other would do.

At the expiration of that time, the Cuban, who had been standing in the attitude prescribed by the code, made a step forward. As he did so, Pepe Llulla's pistol was discharged. Mayer halted, made an attempt to raise his pistol, and rolling his eyes like one who had received a mortal wound, fell heavily backward. The surgeons, Drs. Ribot and Hava, who had been made to remain at some distance off, were now summoned. The ball, upon examination, proved to have penetrated the breast upon the right side, and to have come out at the back.

One of the seconds of Llulla, Mr. Wiltz, now advanced to the side of the wounded man and proffered his assistance and a flask of brandy. Mayer at first declined the latter—said that it was nothing—that he was an old soldier, but was ultimately persuaded to swallow a draught upon the advice of his surgeon.

The surgeon of Pepe Llulla having been placed at the disposition of Mayer, the latter, with his seconds, returned to the city.

Shortly after his arrival, a second challenge was tendered him and accepted, and the second duel doubtless took place the day following.

At 12 o'clock on Monday it was announced by physicians in attendance, that the wounds of Carlos de Mayer were not of a dangerous character, and that the latter would be upon his feet in a couple of weeks. The ball is stated to have penetrated from the nipple of the right breast to behind the shoulder.

Llulla was made to give \$6000 bonds before Recorder Massicot that no more duels should occur in this parish.





# UNDER THE YOKE.

A novel under the above title was prepared for publication shortly after the war, whose scenes, characters and incidents were drawn from the life of this city, and which was intended to show the popular beliefs of those who sympathized with the unpopular side, and what class succeeded in obtaining power in the unsettled period which followed the war. What follows was intended to serve as a last chapter :

The reader is to suppose himself in the Crescent City, on one of those sultry nights when people find it almost impossible to remain indoors, and those who retire frequently get up and go out into court yards or in the streets in search of a breath of fresh air.

The date is after the war, and I have but recently arrived in this city. I met up with Balthazar, an old army friend, who has returned to his *ante-bellum* habits. He was the sleekest of men before the unpleasantness, and now more than ever affects an antique dandyism in his dress. Having exchanged the salutations and eager inquiries usual among old friends who meet for the first time after a long separation, we are promenading the streets, and going over in our conversation the changes of the last decade. Balthazar was a born gossip, with the talents of a Suetonius, and his tendency to philosophize has increased with his superfluous flesh. He was the easiest going of good natured men at first glance. At second, one thought he detected the faintest possible shadow upon his careless face.

"These confectioners' galleries," said he, as we passed beneath an open balcony, adorned with plants and flowers, and lit up with gas—"these galleries are our only places of resort and amusement in summer, and the drinking or eating of frozen sherbets and creams the only occupation endurable. The streets are lit up with the pale moonlight; but the garish gas lustres of the balcony are admissable as revealing surrounding beauty. Thus situated, where you can see above or below every well known face about town, either in company around you or promenading upon the banquette below, life ceases to be a burden, even in this 'City of the Sun.'"

He led the way and I followed. "And now," he said, "tell me what you have been doing since we parted at the break-up."

"My adventures led me to the trans-Mississippi—to Mexico, to any and everywhere. We must talk of something else while listening to the music of the 'Belle Helene' and 'Africaine.' But tell me, it must have been a rather melancholy feeling—the return of the fragments of the old army to the city."

"You are right—our friends hardly recognized us. In spite of telegraphic dispatches announcing the end of the war, they had remained incredulous to the last. The return of the *disjuncta membra* by every avenue of approach, alone convinced them of the fact."

"You were doubtless regarded with some curiosity upon your arrival?"

"The sympathy was absolutely painful—the

cause did not go down without a sigh. Women and children came to the doors and windows and gazed with such tearful, pitying faces, that each one felt like returning to what had been his home by the obscurest avenues of approach. The presentiments of many at the commencement of the war had been realized; the flower and bloom of the South had been laid beneath the sod, and the third of her bravest manhood would never return. With their rags and tatters and the slender stock of baggage of those that did get back, they were the representatives of the general desolation of the land for which they had fought with such sublime devotion. They were impoverished and their home circles were broken up. They had descended in the social scale, while those with less conscience had accumulated wealth and honors."

"With such a tremendous *bouleversement* of old and new ideas, Balthazar, the wonder is not that the country should have remained disturbed and unsettled, but that it should have quieted down as much as it has."

"The reason was, said Balthazar, 'that they had already witnessed so many hardships and changes, that they were but little affected by the subsequent revolution—at the abrogation of former rights—at the transfer of power from the white to the black population. Once having surrendered, they accepted in silence the destiny of a people no longer able to struggle.'"

"That, Balthazar," said I, "is the proper attitude of a brave and high-minded people—to struggle, once having determined to maintain a right—until you have no further strength. Having reached that point the South did well to concede that the cause she had contended for was lost, without further resistance. But instead of moralizing, amuse me with the details of some of the characters we see around, and who, doubtless, will contribute something at some day to the history of the city. Who, for instance, are the four who are now promenading below upon the street?"

"They are all men of the time. They might say in imitation of Voltaire, 'We are all either thieves or statesmen.' The two first who walk arm in arm have both been governors—one under the old and the other the new regime; they both showed much more ability for gambling and horse-racing than for studying the happiness of a people. The third of the party has been a governor too, for which of his talents it is not precisely known; he was tolerably good as a reporter of prize fights before his gubernatorial term; it is hardly known what talent he has since developed since. His companion was sent to the penitentiary in the State in which he was raised, but to the U. S. Congress from this."

"And the one who is dressed in the dandyish, raffianly style?"

"That is a former Coroner, who hired his jury for a pittance by the month, and kept the fees allowed them by law for himself. In a celebrated steamboat disaster which once occurred, and in which there were 175 dead bodies, our Coroner felt it his duty to hold not one, but 175 inquests,



and charged the twenty-five dollars allowed him by law for an inquest upon each body. Figures like these tell. The conduct of the Coroner illustrates the policy of the day."

"And the next couple?"

"A couple of officials, who, finding the fees of their office too small, have contrived to increase them by selling the property taken from thieves, by selling releases to parties sent to the Workhouse, by levying contributions upon bagnies and gaming-houses, and by similar honest means."

"After such an inventory of prosperous notabilities, it is hardly worth asking if there are any honest men among the others."

"Probably not. The rest are holders of petty offices who maintain their places under all parties, and who steal from each with equal impartiality. The best known of these is the one who wears whiskers like those that are strapped on to the face of the heavy stage villain. He was the protege once of a bookseller, who was appointed to a lucrative office, and who made him his confidential clerk, and dying suddenly left him master of his affairs. The clerk was now taken into partnership in the bookstore. The latter was insured for \$10,000, and soon afterward was burnt down. The \$10,000 was now claimed and obtained from the insurance office, and with this sum one would think there ought to have been some assets to the firm. But no; the accounts were made to show that the deceased bookseller was in debt to the clerk, and not the latter to the former. But what is known as the 'Top-Rail' and 'Under Dog' parties affords a tolerable fair classification of the community. The under dogs have become hacked, and are not left a leg to stand on by the war, and will henceforth remain so; for you cannot teach an old dog new tricks. The top-rail crowd have been upheaved by the recent revolution. They embarked—when the excitement was all that way—as heavily as any one for the defence of Dixie, but were not long, as Napoleon said about Providence, in inclining to the side that had the strongest battalions. Nearly all of the men of the time are made up of this class."

"That distinguished legislator who is now passing, deserted at the right moment from Mobile, and brought with him the plans of the city to the Federal fleet; that United States Commissioner was formerly a Tombs lawyer, and subsequently an auctioneer; under the carpet-bag dynasty he became a lawyer, and since his accession to office has arrested almost every public officer in the State, from Governors down to Mayors. The friend to whom he is talking is a commissioner, too. He acquired considerable popularity by being to some extent Southern in his prejudices and instincts, and by concealing himself in his acquisitions with as little political display as possible. That rather good looking party who, with the other two, is the celebrated inventor who discovered two or three guns and a submarine machine for destroying all of the fleets in the world. What was still better than these inventions, he succeeded in obtaining the appropriations for carrying them out. He certainly is the luckiest of scoundrels—he has never been punished for forgery, arson, or poisoning, and succeeded once in getting off when the rope was actually around his neck—to arrive in this city and obtain the honors that have ever since been awaiting him."

"It must be confessed that the negro seems a poor judge of the honesty of the men he places in office. But one must expect great changes in every revolution."

"Changes? You may well say changes. 'After the Deluge' has been with us literally realized—the waters have already passed over us."

"There were some eighteen hundred wealthy sugar planters in the State before the war, as many raisers of cotton, and the various tax rolls of the city and parishes would have shown perhaps as many more men of wealth. Where are they now? Seven hundred have gone through the courts of bankruptcy in the last year. A good many died broken hearted. A good many are subsisting in poverty upon estates that would have once sold each for a million dollars, doubtful about food and shelter, liable to be washed away by the now unrestrained river floods, and in constant danger of being plundered by former slaves. It is hard to see that the entire wealth of a parish is not equal to the value of a good crop of cotton for one year."

"Canal street however, is still frequented by a well-dressed mob, and a swarm of pretty women. But what were formerly the finest looking men in town have become old and withered up. They appear to-day like so many Van Winkles. The men who, ten years ago, were hid in Cimmerian darkness, have taken their places, and become the central figures. Still the appearance of things is not altogether indicative of melancholy."

"There is much more philosophy in us than one would perhaps suppose, even in the most impatient and passionate natures, over the ills of life. We would have danced if we had returned conquerors; failing in this, but glad to return at all, we dance just the same."

"Judging from the number of bows you exchange with passers-by, you have not wasted your time as to making acquaintances," Balthazar.

"I have seen too many characters and have heard every principle so often defended and disputed, that I am not at this day disposed to be exclusive," said my friend, with a sigh. "One must bow to those who have been prosperous, and must not inquire too closely by what puffing or what short-cuts they made their reputation or fortune. I don't fling it up, for instance, to the judge, and the successful advocate who are now passing that they were once upon the same side with us, and had not become convinced of the error of their ways until the judicial crime awaited the desertion of the one and a fortune the other."

In fact, so far from doing it, Balthazar lifted his hat.

"I used to see," said Balthazar, *sotto voce*, "the wife of our friend, the contractor, who has just passed, at the market, carrying home her supplies in a brown paper parcel. I met her again this morning; but this time she was attended by a servant with a basket of meats and vegetables, and a red snapper flapped on top. Such is life. But I forgive him—the same I do our friend over there, whose sugar crop used to be worth half a million, who would place *rouleaux* of gold upon his mantel-piece for his friends to draw from, but whose friendship now would not profit me a cent."

"Have you, then, no respect for the property-holders that sacrificed their interest to their conscience—who gave up their worldly goods in preference to taking an oath which they could not approve as men of honor. You may spare me the list of battles and the inventory of our armies, if you will tell me of the weak and defenceless who did that."

"It is true," said my friend, "it was not unfrequently done—it is true that Butler must have plundered this city in this way alone, to the extent of \$10,000,000. But what I am curious to know is how many never regretted the step; how many would have acted in this way twice. I wish to know the precise effect produced upon the South by the loss of a third of  
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we like; the number of families that have disappeared from their former sphere; who will be known no more and whose children will become vagabonds or worse through misfortune."

"The energy of the first generation will live in the second. Those families that would have survived in any event, will devote themselves successfully to repulsive labor. They will resign themselves without a murmur and without loss of honor to undistinguished poverty. The terrible facts of the revolution and the destruction of the whole framework of society will be a calamity, but one that may be overcome."

"No, *mon ami*. These revolutions have occurred before, and it is the unscrupulous who prosper. The families that date back to the Crusades date back to the lucky speculators who bought out the heroes who fought in Palestine. The rich families to-day of Paris are those who obtained the patronage of the allied army after Waterloo, when other classes were ruined."

"You were always more of a worldly philosopher than a patriotic soldier. You have evidently forgotten altogether your old secession prejudices and dislikes."

"One must make polite concessions now—we admit now-a-days our neighbor's plan of how not to do it was plausible. The only class I entertain any animosity against are those who are fanatic and precise on one side, or irrepressible upon the other; who will come into your pulpit and say you are not orthodox, or who in the midst of a crowd when you can't take them aside and explain the matter privately, will swear that you are too sleek and well fed."

"In a place where politics and faiths are as much mixed up and twisted as they have always been in this city, an obstinate orator of this description—"

"Orators! you may well speak of their indiscreet oratory. They have never been out themselves, but they cannot hear of your taking the oath. They have never struck a blow, but will harrow you up in the crowds you most wish to conciliate, for your weakness of spirit in wishing to remain in the country. For instance, I brought together this morning four or five moneyed men, each one of a different stripe, and had just asked them into Tom Carey's, to talk, over a friendly glass, of what seemed a profitable scheme. Just as we had ranged ourselves against the counter, and were beginning to talk at our ease, in steps a saddy figure who stalks across the room with the fixity of gaze of a *Banquo*. His eye appeared so motionless that I hoped that he had not seen us. But just as we were about to come to a carry he shook hands with such fervor with the whole party that we had to ask him to unite. The result justified my dread. Once in the party he became the speaker of the occasion. He called up to mind those agitated times when the devil himself could not tell which way the cat was going to jump, and when you were compelled to take a course which each saw was not the right one. There was at first a faint cough and some hemming and hawing; but my party soon became interested, and instead of agreeing to the proposed project, began discussing whether this flag or that flag had been rightly dragged in the mire, or whether the 'firm treatment' of Unionists or rebels had been exactly the thing. In short, my whole scheme burst up in a row, and it was as much as I could do to keep my men apart."

"And about these carpet-baggers, whose names I hear in everybody's mouth?"

"The carpet-bagger is a man who came here in a brown linen coat, with dyed moustaches, paper collar and self-adjusting cravat. A stove-pipe hat is considered a sign of prosperity,

much affected by the class who were sutlers and camp-followers during the war, and the carpet-bag with which he is invested by tradition may or may not contain a superfluous or clean shirt; the one in which they appear in public is very apt to be dirty. So much for the *personnel* of the tribe. It must be confessed that in the art of dressing they are a long way behind their quadroom allies."

"Doubtless the carpet-bag will in time be adopted as the standard of these leaders, in the same way that the apron of the Persian blacksmith was set with all manner of precious stones, and became the sacred ensign of state. But to return to your gossip. Is the party who is sitting near us one of them?"

"He is the Colossus of their number—the Magnus Apollo of the cotton thieves. Since the war his operations have been conducted with such scope and depth—such audacity of conception, and such nerve in execution, that it is impossible not to admire."

"But in what way did he obtain his bad pre-eminence?"

"Our hero was possessed in the first place of \$100,000. With this sum actually in his breeches pocket, he did not have much trouble in borrowing as much more. He now repaired to this city. Once here, he dispatched letters home, stating that \$200,000 was no money. In order to accomplish anything, he would have to be sufficiently provided with the sinews of war to control the market. Upon the strength of these representations the funds were doubled. Continuing on upon this tack as long as remittances were to be obtained, he next wrote back that the cotton and sugar had been purchased; that they should be shipped from Galveston, Mobile or Vicksburg—this port or that—and that he had drawn for such and such amounts. Not to make a tedious explanation, he drew altogether for the sum of \$2,000,000. The suit which is against him now is for the destruction of the last steamer that went down. Having had the ill-fated steamer insured for its full value, he is now charged with causing and procuring the total destruction of the vessel. But people, however, who are worth two millions of debts are seldom convicted, even by the most rigorous of juries."

"And the party who sits opposite?"

"The \$2,000,000 speculator and debtor to society is the *scelerat* who appears at dinner parties in faultless linen, and who astonishes you at the Opera, or evening assemblies by the purity, not so much of his morals, as of his linen or gloves. The one of whom you now ask is an adventurer of a different class."

"Though young, he has already appeared prominently before the public by every road and avenue of rascality. He has embodied in himself the knavery and trickery of an entire generation. He is in this respect unlike most men, who are able to do justice to only one vice. He aspires to run through the whole gamut of rascality—through its flats and sharps—its appoggiatura and falsetto notes."

"He has in his day been under arrest so many times, and before the correctional tribunal, that clerks have become wearied with the examination of charges and printers of putting his name in type."

"He concedes himself that he was the offspring of one of the most notorious brothel mistresses of the town by, as he says, a certain prominent politician, but the probabilities of paternity were much stronger in favor of a bandy-legged gambling house turner, who enjoyed a still larger share of his mother's confidence and favor. Commencing life by setting up nine-pins in a bowling alley, he rose rapidly to the rank of a rinsor of glasses in the bar-room to which

he was attached. His industrial career met with a check here; the opening of a money-drawer upon one occasion was so much misconstrued by his employer as to lead to our hero's incarceration in the House of Refuge. This event, which would have put a quietus upon the hopes of another, was the making of his fortune. He there acquired a smattering of learning, and what to him was of still more service, learned to lie, steal and pick pockets along with the best.

"Such talents were not destined to remain long hid. A winter of tolerable success, after his escape, enabled him to make a rather fine display in the way of dress; and his morals and habits improved with his wardrobe. After being a spy and runner for a good many dubious enterprises, he succeeded in marrying a prosperous Magdalen who had retired from keeping an assignation house. From her he learned the names of those sinners who are not yet irretrievably damned. By skillfully using this knowledge he did not have much trouble in borrowing sums of money to keep their names from the public.

"His wife at length failing to assist him with any further advances—the golden hen was one day killed for its egg. The remaining fortune of the miserable woman was divided between the husband and the party who had assisted in sending her to a better world.

"The war found him in the penitentiary; but having obtained his release after the arrival in the State of Butler, along with other convicts, the talents he had hitherto employed in individual robberies he now extended upon a larger scale in a general plunder of the public. Before it was well known who he was, he had given the most undoubted proofs of his ardent patriotism—he had taken all manner of oaths; he had become loyal. He became a member of the Convention—he received lucrative appointments. He was greatly admired at one time for the ready tact and knowledge of the world which enabled him to so easily grasp at success; and knowledge of a certain kind he really possessed. However, it was of that class for whose entertainment his wife had been wont to act as hostess, and it was in introducing commanding officials to this fallen sisterhood that he had shown his greatest worldly tact."

While this conversation was progressing, a third party had taken his seat very near our table, and seemed, from his manner, to be paying the profoundest attention to our conversation. His presence partly suggested my next answer:

"You need not tell me any more to-night, Balthazar. Suffer me to believe until to-morrow that there are a few honest people left in the world."

We rose to leave.

At that moment Balthazar was touched upon the shoulder. In answer to a look of inquiry, the stranger pointed to a crescent badge which he wore concealed upon his breast, and which showed that he was a detective of the city police.

"You are under arrest," said the latter, "and the warrant is in my pocket, if you wish me to expose it here."

The face of Balthazar became overspread with a sickly pallor, but he only shrugged his shoulders.

"You are too well known to escape, and there is no need of my company. If you will take my advice you will walk directly from here to the stationhouse."

The suggestion seemed quietly acquiesced in. I was about following him.

Balthazar himself made a gesture to intimate that he did not wish company.

As he disappeared through the door I was so

much astonished at his taciturnity, at the suddenness with which the whole affair had happened, that I could scarcely inquire what had transpired.

"If I understood you," said the officer emptying the glass that Balthazar had ordered, but had left untouched, "you have but just arrived, and do not know much of the recent history of your friend."

"I know that he was a soldier, a patriot, who fought through four years of carnage."

"Four years of carnage—that was a very long time ago. Your friend is one of that kind of whom he himself spoke, who could not make their beliefs square with their actions twice."

"What! you wish to tell me that—"

"I am telling you that your friend, good patriot that he was, has taken one oath (to obtain certain offices and emoluments) that he was sorry in the first place that he ever took any part in the rebellion, and another oath swearing that he had nothing whatever to do with the Confederate cause. He abuses the carpet-bag dynasty, but the fact is he is one of the ring himself. He complains only because he does not get his full share of the plunder."

"I shall not believe you—it is impossible that such a man—"

"It is nevertheless true. He has received a great deal of notarial practice—has had the control of important suits and estates, and has been received as security on bonds, and all that, simply because he was in the ring. If the arrest of to-night had not been made, (and it was made to ruin him,) he would have been appointed upon the Police Board, and would perhaps have become one of the managers of the \$700,000 of the plunder to be derived from one of the last legislative bills."

"And what is the charge against him now?"

"There are a dozen charges and he will never get over them—one, for instance, of defrauding the U. S. Government by withdrawing whiskey from the Customhouse, under pretence of sending it to a foreign port, (which thus escapes a heavy tax,) and of sending off in its stead so many barrels of water. He was in the ring, too, which brought in the \$450,000 worth of sugar, which has just been seized. There are other charges of extortion, breach of trust and embezzlement, which he might easily wear out or stave off, by postponements and continuances in court, and procuring the absences of witnesses—even if the allegations are all true. But the misfortune, beyond all remedy, is that he has been abandoned by his ring—that is, he is now left out in the cold by all parties, and is as politically dead as if he had been left on the field of battle."

The detective having helped himself to a cigar, and half emptied a carafe of brandy of its contents without stopping in his discourse, left me, with the remark that one must get ahead in life, and to do so now-a-days it was necessary to make some shorter cuts and more abrupt turns than an honest conscience would always allow. "And," said he, as he looked back, going down stairs and puffed behind a volume of smoke, "so long as the role of an honest man is played out, and rogues are too lucky or are considered too high-minded ever to be hung or shot, I don't see any particular reason for being needlessly honest myself."

It was the last time I ever saw Balthazar. A paragraph in the daily journals soon after told of the death of a man by suicide, who had been remarkable during his lifetime for his neatness and elegance in dress, and who, previous to taking poison, had arranged himself for his own funeral.

The body was nearly consumed by decomposition—trouble

# SHORT STORIES.

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## I—Under the Gaslight.

A certain one of the silent shadows, nameless in this narrative, but known to every one who has had occasion to study crime in this city, as a detective in years past, deserves much more notice than an ungenerous public has thus far given him. He is spoken of by the title of Captain among his friends, and has about him very much of a military air. His figure is stiff and erect, his skin is the color of scorched parchment, and has the appearance of being tightly drawn over his jaws. You are not surprised at hearing that he is considered to have the strongest wrist of any fencer in the city, and is regarded a dangerous foe to encounter, in one way or the other.

In this way the Captain is as much a character as Hugo's Detective Javert. He knows all varieties of turbulent spirits from the days of the *watchinangoes*, (as policemen were once here called) vigilance committees, and know-nothing riots, down to those of a more modern day. He is so familiar with the city that he could tell the street he was upon, or the hour of the day or night, by the rattling of the vehicles, the day of the week by the crowd upon the street, or to what place of amusement promenaders intended visiting from their drees and manner. He can tell what particular meeting is being held in a public building from the faint gleam of light unobserved by all else but him, and in the same way that an Arab estimates distance by the color or the taste of the soil, so this cold but profound observer forms his opinion of men and things from minute signs in a large city.

Old sensation-seekers look upon the Captain as a treasure, and want no better guide through dark labyrinths and doubtful situations. If a duel, prize fight or execution were to come off to-morrow—if the body of a suicide or of a murderer's victim was to be visited, the old stager would pick out the Captain as the best possible company to examine into the matter in hand.

It was not long since when the Captain had been acting as our cicerone in a remote suburb of the city that he proposed in returning that the cab should drive a little out of the direct route homeward. As the Captain has some touch of sentiment and philosophy, and his conversation, whether of successful politicians and wire-workers, or of successful thieves and blackguards, is always amusing, no objection was made to the diversion.

The gas-lighter was just about completing his rounds, the shades of evening were deepening into thick shadows, when the driver turned down into the rear portion of the Second District. At one moment we were passing the coffeehouse, in front of which a highly respectable lady was accidentally killed. At another we paused in front of one of the obscure cabarets, whose black-whiskered keeper would speak a jargon of all languages; in still another locality visited the guests would be found engaged in playing dominos, keno or baccharat, or amusing

proceed upon its way without stopping, as if everything was understood by instinct; some times the Captain would alight and exchange a few words with the cabaretier or some of his guests. Their answers, however, appeared all unsatisfactory, and threw no light on the movements of the party for whom the Captain was evidently seeking.

The driver was now ordered to try Gallatin, Barracks and Old Levee streets. A glance was given at Ougate Alley—a still more careful and scrutinizing visit was made to the shoemaker's New Amsterdam, Stockholm, Green Tree, and similar coffeehouses. Nothing there but rivermen, sailors, and their male and female plunderers. A bald-headed musician was playing a piano in one—three or four fiddlers occupied a dais in another—principally, as it appeared, for the especial amusement of a visitor who was executing a lively break-down upon a table. In another place visitors and guests appeared to suffer from a general seizure of clothing, and in a state of awful nudity, were dancing with the frenzy of so many bacchantes.

The latter scene was irredeemably shocking to even the hardened nerves of our guide, who appeared willing enough to get away without reckoning his chances of being robbed or having his throat cut.

"There will be three or four complaints made to-morrow of pocketbooks having been stolen, of garroting, slungshotting, or perhaps of murder, but it's not my place to interfere—the party is not here that I want."

"And that queer-looking restaurant in Burgundy?"

That was the one owned by the notorious Laura Fry, recently dead. She closed instead of commencing her career by getting married, and in less than twelve hours the man whom she honored with her hand had been a lover, husband, widower, legatee, and had closed the day by sleeping in a cell of the lockup. The man's name was Salvador Fortunes, and the woman whose history is thus singularly mixed up with his, was once a well known courtesan. The fact that the woman died suddenly, and exhibited in her death agonies some of the symptoms of poisoning, besides being dreadfully bloated and swollen after death, led to the supposition that a terrible crime had been committed, and to Salvador's incarceration.

The deceased, after going through the usual career incident to a woman of her avocation, established a restaurant upon Burgundy street during the last years of the war, and owing to the large number of soldiers then in the city, soon began to accumulate dollars by the thousand. The house, in fact, attracted the disreputable of both sexes until 4 o'clock in the morning Laura would superintend her restaurant having her sofa conveyed to the kitchen when worn out with fatigue.

After the war when business became dull, she went to Monterey, but subsequently returned to the city, possessed still, as supposed, of

first one lover and then another, and being made to suffer more or less by each and all of them. In one case she was induced to make some sort of written instrument by which the control of her property was transferred to a fast friend, and the natural result soon followed that she was shut out of house and home. The affair ended by a law suit.

Her last attachment was to Salvador, and his account of the matter was that not liking to be living with a woman to whom he was not married, he had all along determined to invoke the blessing of the church, and had only been prevented by one unavoidable circumstance and another. At the time the death took place, the wedding dress had been ordered, and the ceremony was to have been performed as soon as it was finished.

One night the attached couple agreed to pay a visit to the French Market on the following morning, and at the time appointed prepared an early breakfast. Shortly after Laura commenced complaining of pains, and vomited up a black looking fluid. A cup of coffee and a lemonade, administered by Salvador, produced no happier effect. Salvador now applied to a physician, but lost some time in finding one who would consent to act without a certainty of being paid.

On the day after, the wedding ceremony was performed, although the deceased must have known that she was upon the point of death. She furthermore made a will, in which she declared her last friend (as the custom nearly always is) her legatee. She died in the afternoon. Upon calling upon a doctor for a certificate of natural death, those who appeared declined giving it, in view of the swollen appearance of the body, and perhaps other attendant circumstances.

Salvador meanwhile had been arrested to await the result of a post mortem examination upon the body by the Coroner, and was carried to his cell indulging in lamentations upon the singularity and severity of his fate.

The investigation, however, showed that the death was the result of disease and of the life Laura had always led. Its whole effect was to convince Salvador that a wedding day may be the most miserable in life, and that one sometimes gets worst punished for doing the most creditable actions.

"But you spoke just now Captain of wanting a certain party; what is the nature of your search?"

"It is the disposition made of a number of valuable diamonds recently, and the discovery of the party who robbed them from their owner. There is no need of telling you that half of the most curious information never finds its way in print, and that such publication would probably cost the informant his life that furnished it."

Meanwhile the cab had been driving toward the back portion of town—toward that portion which is only visited after dark, or under the gaslight—through Customhouse, Basin, Conti, Mirais and Tremé streets.

"The financial troubles of the city have affected this class as well as every other," said our guide. "There has been a day when five thousand people might have been encountered at midnight in this portion of the city, occupied in gambling, carousing, sight-seeing, or dissipation in one form or another. Upon these remote thoroughfares, during the war, when the army was here, any quantity of soldiers and army officials were to be encountered. That was the golden day for the bagnios, coffee-houses and restaurants of this portion of the city, of high and low degree. More than one fortune was quickly won, (from lovers of the unsophisticated class,) or thrown away upon

those who were only too worldly-wise or scrupulous. Nearly all of the diamonds that are worn, and a good many of the silks that are flaunted, date back to that remote day."

"It appears to cost something for the better class of these votaries of pleasure to live?"

"Probably. The landladies argue that as their satellites can easily relieve a well-fledged and infatuated victim from the country of three or four hundred dollars, that it is but fair they should have their share of the profit. Hence, they exact at least \$30 a week for board, and other expenses amount to at least as much more. Besides, the butterflies generally die in debt, and require coffins, and the diamond rings hardly ever keep long enough to pay for these."

The detective alighted at the door of a house of noble proportions, of a dark red hue, and whose aristocratic tint doubtless served as a fitting prelude to the architectural glories within. So at least hinted the plated glass door, lined with delicate curtains, and the marble steps that led thereto.

In answer to the summons which the Captain made at the door he was ushered in, as could be seen from the cab, through a passage way adorned with a couple of statues representing some obscure divinities of light, and in whose hands were held lighted flambeaux. Beyond this lay the drawing-room, peopled with a few figures in glittering attire, and who, from their costume and manners, might have been visitants from the Mountains of the Moon. Neither did the decorations of the rooms in the pictures that hung from the walls, the plated mirrors, the delicately tinted furniture, appear to be altogether of a sublimar character, though evidently intended to embody a sybarite's dream—luxury and repose.

The grotesque and bizarre aspect of everything—splendor without comfort; glitter and sparkle, suggestive of death and despair, in the background—gave rise to singular reflections. However, the questions asked after the Captain returned, were sufficiently guarded and discreet.

"This palace looks too magnificent to be precisely a private residence. Or, if it is one, it is such as a grateful nation ought to give to her ablest son, to her bravest General, her most virtuous statesman or best reporter. Is it possible that a distinguished General or banker really resides here?"

"No—they only come here as visitors. The house you are in is, in point of fact, the most magnificent of the *maisons d'amour*. In the same way that the Mississippi contributes the mud deposits of a dozen different States, in the same way does the visitor contribute toward the cost of the building. However, residents of the city, perhaps, too, pay their share. In good times the mistress in her old establishment could set aside \$2000 weekly toward paying for the expenses of the new building."

At this moment a visitor was discovered through the now open door, descending the stairs, pursued, as he descended, by the curses and oburgations of an angry woman over the banisters.

"The building appears to be none the richer from his visit," said the detective, explanatorily. "This young man, nevertheless, has a respectable and high-spirited mother, who would rather see him in his grave, or furnish him money by taking in washing, than that he should thus sully her name."

Shortly after the report of a pistol was heard, coming from a remote portion of the building.

"That, I take it," said the guide, "is my man—the party whom I have been looking for at the various places we have visited. His name is Charles, I believe, and he is a—some-

times affectedly, sometimes in earnest. In such cases one party or the other has to leave."

The conjecture proved to be correct. There was a noise heard once more at the head of the stairs. It appeared, however, that the unsophisticated visitor, so far from being timid, had had the best of the affray, and had succeeded in throwing the aggressor over the banisters.

The party who thus unexpectedly reached the lower floor was elaborately dressed with a white cravat and a plentiful display of shirt-bosom—one of those figures that might be frequently encountered at the Opera or on the corners of Canal on a bright day.

The detective whispered a word in his ear:

"You are wanted and are looked after. You had better go to headquarters and report."

The well dressed visitor from the upper floor turned deathly pale. It was obvious that all thoughts of his sudden descent had been forgotten.

"Am I under arrest?" he asked.

"You can go by yourself—the next hour will do," and the interview was ended. We had left the house, and were once more in the street.

"The party we have just met," said the guide, "is one of three others who recently went into a jewelry store as country merchants. While the storekeeper was occupied in selling three pretended countrymen a silver watch, the fourth, by way of a distraction, filled his pockets from one of the trays of diamonds. As this party ran into the street when discovered, and the other three remained, the unfortunate jeweler was awkwardly situated for running after him. The thief is found, it is true, now, but justice is not sufficiently lynx-eyed to bring him to punishment in this country. The jeweler will probably be glad to get a portion of his money back, and dismiss the prosecution. Or even supposing that he should convict his man, and send him to the State penitentiary, he would escape from there, as is being done almost every day without trouble. Still, even here, burglars get picked up sooner or later. Do you remember Watson, who robbed \$40,000 of jewelry? He escaped from our penitentiary and went back to England. Unluckier there than here, he did not remain a month before he was sent to Botany Bay."

"But to return to the house you have just entered. What is the moral you derive from your twenty years of experience?"

"The moral is that it requires as much talent to succeed as a thief or a pimp as it does as an honest man—that to go slow by the old fashioned roads of honesty is the best policy, and that for the woman whose cheek once forgets to blush at the mention of dishonor there is really but little difference between rustling in diamonds and silks and dying in a dance house."

## II—Adventures of a Girl of the Period.

Certain characters come in course of time to figuring so often in police records, and reporters are so often annoyed with having to write their names, or with having, at the prayers and entreaties of respectable friends, to scratch out and erase them, that they become almost part of the history of the time. The crucified thieves, Delilahs, Laïs and Phrynes, descend to posterity along with the good, and, in fact, the names of the latter are much oftener forgotten.

What is proposed now to be done is to make up a full history of the adventures of one such character as is already published in detailed reports.

In 1855, a young girl, named Annie ———, with rosy complexion, slender form and intense black eyes, figured in the Fourth District, in the neighborhood of the Magazine Market.

The thousand attractions of a city were so great as to keep Annie much oftener in the streets than at home. The cause of charity at fairs received nearly always the support of her presence; and if the books she read were not of the highest order of merit from their contents, they were generally attractive at least from their title-pages and bindings. It was the misfortune of Annie to be unduly influenced by title-pages and covers, not only in her books, but her acquaintances, and call was the binding that most appealed to her easily-dazzled fancy.

Her adventures commenced by getting married; but becoming disgusted with the modest household which she had been given by her husband, she one day sold the furniture, and returned home with the yield from the transaction in her pocket. Next she met with a clerk in an up-town store, with whose fascinating manners she was so charmed that she attempted—the husband about this time dying—to pass herself off as a romantic girl. The object of her admiration she generally spoke of and wrote to as "Dear Gus," and one night she made him go to church with the family, in the best suit of clothes that Dear Gus could obtain on credit. She attempted the same experiment a second time, and the couple actually did start off at night to listen to an eloquent sermon; but Gus, who was a man of no principle, had nearly yawned the top of his head off on his previous visit, and was only moderately pleased at the prospect of the second. Gus, before they had gone half way, expressed his contempt for her romance and devotion, and, stopping her in the middle of the street, demanded if she took him for an egregious simpleton?

They went off together, but it was toward a restaurant and not the church they set out.

Her friends did not know much about Annie after that, and a short letter which she wrote dated from another city will be sufficiently long, in spite of had spelling to draw a moral:

"Dear Gus—Havana is the meanest place I've ever seen, and I've had the blows so bad I feel ready to quit living. But I take the liberty of hoping you are not enjoying the same complaint. It's hard to write to one, for a ten months' love, when your happiness is plaid out. Some may call this love. I don't. So good buy, Dear Gus, and no more, from ANNIE."

The farewell proved (with an exception soon to be named) eternal, as farewells must, where the farewell party is an unprincipled "Dear Gus," and so thought the latter himself when he saw that the letter was dated from Eugene's Hotel, No. 64 Seniente Rey, near Plaza del Christovill.

It was not until a couple of years after that that Annie again returned to the city. Meanwhile she had met up with, in Havana, one of those adventuresses so dreaded by hotel keepers, dry goods merchants, and, in fact, by every class from whom anything is to be made, and Annie, with her still rosy cheeks and fresh looking and infantile face, was palmed off as an heiress, the daughter of an American Governor or Senator, who had sought the mild zephyrs of the gulf to restore her health.

The hotel-keeper of the San Isabel, becoming, at length, fatigued with the size of a bill which swelled to \$200 in a month, and the jeweler, bouquetier, livery stables and modistes, growing too impatient at the extravagant tastes of the two, our heroine's health recovered sufficiently to return.

A couple of years after, (for affairs did not prosper here,) the scene shifted to the interior of a sub-urban church in the neighborhood of the Hotel Dieu. The sacred edifice was thrown open for the performance of a nuptial ceremony, and a gorgeously gotten up bride and



groom had brought together an interested, not to say an excited, crowd as witnesses.

The parties to this marriage were, first, a young lady who was then said to come of rich but respectable parents in some remote State, though in reality our old friend Annie ———; and, secondly, a hack driver of such ebony hue that charcoal would make a white mark upon his face.

The bride, who was still good looking, had been since her arrival from Havana under the protection of a friend.

It was at this period that an accident occurred with her old friend, (now Capt. D.,) which had better be described before going on with the wedding. "Dear Gus" had fought a duel since last heard from, and killed a young man of position and character. He had gone to the war with one of the roughest companies sent from this city, and had come back with only an indifferent reputation.

The Captain, at the end of the unpleasantness, finding himself without friends or resources, obtained the situation of a supernumerary upon the police. One night, while upon duty, he had seen Annie pass richly dressed and her hands glittering with diamonds. The flash of these gems suggested an idea to the Captain. The next morning, proceeding before the Recorder, he proceeded to put it in execution.

Having called to the attention of Recorder Gastinel the fact that he had once made, while on a furlough from the army, a speech upon a public occasion from the same platform with him, he then begged that a certain party should be released from the Workhouse, promising that, if the request was granted, the Workhouse party should leave. The Recorder thereupon granted the request.

The Captain then proceeded to the Workhouse and obtained the release of his friend. His next move (it was dark by this time) was to obtain two police uniforms, one for himself, the other for his friend, and dressed in these, and with an overcoat worn on top, to proceed to Annie's residence.

Arrived there, Capt. Gus, whose face was now shadowed with whiskers and otherwise unrecognizable, knocked and succeeded in gaining entrance. The terrified inmate was then in *dishabille*, but the fact did not prevent the Captain from entering, and demanding to search the premises.

This demand he proceeded to put into execution, tumbling clothes from the armoir and even going so far as to wrest the rings from Annie's hand. She protested in vain that he had no right to make the search, and protested that he "ought to have a little piece of paper" if he really was warranted by law.

Giving way at length to loud outcries, the real police were brought to the scene. The Captain was arrested and confined in one cell, and Annie in another. Making subsequently some complaint about her money being stolen from her, the clothing she had on was removed from her, in order to discover whether or not the money was concealed about her person.

This arrest and the complaints she made led to two or three subsequent arrests, without much satisfaction ever being obtained. The diamonds, too, were gone. Let us now return to the actual wedding, and how it came about.

The party under whose protection Annie was then remaining had frequently sent her out to ride with no other attendant than the ebony hack-driver, whom we left standing at her side at the altar.

In what manner this Othello pleaded his suit, whether he told of his hair-breath 'scapes, of being run into by dray drivers or arrested by police officers, or whether Desdemona loved

him for the dangers he had passed, in getting clear of both drivers and police officers, are doubts which no Shakespeare is yet able to solve. At any rate, the parties determined upon marriage in spite of the protestations of her friends in general and the curses of her friends in particular.

In spite of tempting offers to increase her allowance by the *cher ami*, to the altar she went, and in a wedding dress as costly as her finances would admit, the golden fillet was placed upon her finger.

Desdemona, the result soon showed, sacrificed everything to her attachment for Othello, and when the latter removed his now blushing bride from the aristocratic looking mansion in which she had lately resided, it was to carry her to the unpretending cottage of his own. The marriage didn't result as happily as might have been expected from one founded solely on love. Othello's occupation, in the first place, was gone, that is to say, he was no longer willing to do anything—not so much as to curry his horses, or even himself.

It need hardly be said that love in the cottage soon ended, and that another change came over her history.

Some of those establishments upon our principal streets, and which are intended for purchasers of the opposite sex, are certainly worth glancing at more than once, even if you do not wear bonnets or crinolines, or adorn your head with hack hair and waterfalls. One of these we have in our mind's eye will serve as a sample. The name of the proprietress is inscribed in golden letters upon its stone front. The windows of the *boulique* are adorned with plate glass of the largest pattern, and bowered and garlanded with ribbons. One is permitted to admire the delicate Valenciennes, Pointe d'Alencon, and other ornaments of the beau sexe, including a wax doll, who, like many others that are living, seems dressed, not in the latest fashion, but what soon will be. Delicate lace curtains hide the interior of this female bazaar from the rude gaze of the outside world, and except with a companion of the other sex, one meets in entering a somewhat constrained welcome. Not much opportunity is afforded him to chaffer about the price of the gay tinted articles that lie scattered around, and any vacillation in purchasing would probably insure his immediate ejection. If you happen to be a clerk and do not feel too aggrieved, one might almost be amused at the different treatment a gentleman receives when in a store kept by a lady, and what the latter expects when she in turn becomes a purchaser. Think of a clerk who should decline allowing a lady to turn over every pattern in his store, and insist that she should instantly trade or travel. And yet man is such a submissive animal that he never dreams of complaining.

It was in such an establishment as this that Annie next loomed up. She was employed here as a seamstress of the lowest order, and her wages were \$21 a month. In returning to hard work she had been seized with a momentary gleam of hope of settling down to a virtuous life. Unfortunately she had become, by this time, addicted to liquor. Unfortunately too she had taken part in the elopement of one of those delicate young shop-keepers, (with a hair dresser) who are brought out to this city from France. Annie was discharged, and the night following she was arrested for being drunk and disorderly.

She was sent to the Workhouse to keep company with the numbers of others who wear the coarse garb of blue, and it was soon difficult to remember that she had

erons nature—that she had ever belonged to any respectable class of humanity. She by no means stood alone. Dozens of other parties who had once held prominent positions as head clerks, men of business, officers in the recent war, etc., have had to travel in that stage coach of vagabondage, the Black Maria.

It was while there that Annie wrote in a delicate hand from the Asylum of Pariahs the following note:

CITY WORKHOUSE, —, 1863.

To the Hon. Recorder Gastinel:

Dear Sir—I was committed by you on the 10th on the charge of drunkenness for the term of thirty days.

If your honor will be kind enough to remember, you promised me that if I would get a few lines from Sister Frances, in the Charity Hospital, to the effect that I had recently been under her care, that you would release me.

Your honor, I have written a letter stating the case, and sent it by George Bernard, the Black Maria driver of the First District. He went twice since yesterday morning, but unfortunately was not successful in seeing her, as I suppose she is busy in the chapel. But, your honor, my suspense is so great I could not wait longer, but, relying on your kindness and generosity, I implore you to grant my release either this evening or to-morrow, and I hope you will not refuse me when you learn that I am more fit to be the inmate of a hospital than a prison. If you should kindly liberate me, I will stay with Sister Frances until I am well. If I come before your honor again, give me six months without release.

Hoping I have not written in vain, I am yours, respectfully,

ANNIE —.

The request was granted by the Recorder but did no good. Annie — was sent to the hospital in the Street Commissioner's wagon, but in so weak a condition that she appeared to be dead before she arrived there. The driver thereupon carried her to the old building used to contain coffins for paupers, and placed her inside of one of these. It was in fact within this narrow prison-house in which she had been prematurely placed, that she breathed her last. Her remains were carried to Pepe Llulla's Cemetery, and some of the bricks which had been taken from the old Orleans Theatre, after it burned down, were used for the "oven" in which she was buried.

One would have thought that the complications which had attached at every stage to this woman's life would have stopped here. Nothing of the sort. The last paramour with whom Annie had lived was an old broker, who had commenced life by being a police officer. He had a claim, during the war, against a widow possessed of a house and some means, and who abandoned it to go into the Confederacy during the stormy period. When she returned she found her house and furniture seized and her children stripped of everything, although no citation or summons had been made. The whole matter, after long litigation was finally disposed of adversely to the claims of the widow and executory process issued. But in whose name? Not that of the broker, against whom judgments were also pending, and who did not feel it safe to sue in his own name. The name that he now happened to think of was that of Annie. So that it happened that a cast off mistress was accidentally remembered after her death. A month after she was mouldering in her coffin, a forged document bearing her name was used to deprive a poor widow of the only roof left to shelter her; and singular as it may seem, when the forging was actually proven in court, the suit was allowed to stand decided in his favor.

### III.—Life Upon the Half-Shell.

Any one who has witnessed many disturbances, must have remarked that between certain men, or certain classes of men, there is a sort of instinctive opposition or antipathy. Something which leads them to quarrel or disagree whenever or wherever they meet—whether for the first or the last time.

It was apropos of this remark that such a meeting occurred not a great many nights ago, at a late hour, and we wish to tell from hearsay one of the amusing accounts given of it. The scene was in an out of the way saloon, on one of the back streets. The exact locality of the cabaret was bespoken by a lurid lamp, inscribed with the simple motto of "Oysters."

In this saloon, and ranged along the counter, two men, each armed with a silver pronged fork, were standing, and from obvious difference in appearance and character, stood in grotesque contrast, each eating the oysters that were placed before him, and each alternately waited upon by the same oyster opener. This arrangement was obviously watched with the closest jealousy by both parties, and judging from the grim and saturnine look with which the oyster eating proceeded the occupation was suggestive much more of a duel than of a friendly meal.

However, before the counter had been lined with a great many shells the features of one of the two men, the one who in physique and strength would have made a magnificent drayman or blacksmith, began to relax; he opened his jaws in a calmly meditative, (not to say drunken,) manner, and closed and worked them with slow, ruminative movement. The world was his oyster, and in his actual mood he would have then consumed a dozen worlds, or a dozen oysters, with the same philosophical indifference.

The features of his antagonist, and who would have been taken for a *blaze*, well-fed man of society, never meanwhile changed; he emptied his oyster shells with the air of one belonging to the silver-fork school, and the shells, when emptied, were cautiously and precisely placed upon the counter with the air of method and business with which a veteran gamester handles his betting checks. The oyster duel or contest between the two rivals proceeded at first without further incident than the calling for Maunsel White, birds-eye peppers and other condiments.

At the opening, however, of the sixth bivalve, a discussion arose, through some inattention or carelessness, as to who was entitled to the smallest, and who the largest, of the delicacies in question. Both now commenced applying epithets, with the air of men who had drank too much to be discreet, and were yet not quarrelsome enough to fight outright. The strong man was called "Beast," by his better dressed rival; while the latter was denounced as a bloated blow-hard, who only managed to keep afloat and afloat by his cheek and airs.

"My family, sir," said the better dressed of the two men, throwing himself, as if glad of a chance, in the attitude of a speaker, "have been identified with the prosperity of this city. When the city was great from its agriculture and commerce, my family was great—its commission houses, with its name, controlled the products and capital of the State. There was never any administration in which my name has not contributed able men to fill offices of honor and trust!"

"Looker here, mister—I know you; you are an old office holder; that's what you are, and all you are. You keep yourself from going to the workhouse by blowing. Some of your name and stock ought to have been known as public



men; they have always got all of the offices there was to get, and divided them up, when they could, among their family and friends. You have froze on to everything there was to freeze to; and that's about all you have done."

"It is not worth while talking to a d—drough about what he can't understand," resumed the first speaker, with a drunken air of grandeur, and at the same time throwing himself into an oratorical position. "Why, sir," said he, driving his fork through an oyster and brandishing it in the air, "why sir, our history dates from the time when another portion of the city was the great business centre—the history of my name would illustrate the decline and fall of the prosperity of the city. Why, sir, the men to whom I have the honor to claim relation, made Crescentia the entrepot for the commerce of the West, filled her with tropical products, developed her cotton and sugar culture, controlled her Western shipments, and as factors represented the thoughts, feelings and prejudices of the class who gave the State her wealth."

"That does not prevent you from being a d—d old slow coach and dead beat now, who don't understand how to get ahead by new ideas and crosscuts? You are only fit to keep things at a standstill, where they were twenty years ago."

"New ideas? You are a hog who has no ideas whatever—no reverence or sentiment for age. Bah! Give me some whiskey, barkeeper; he is not worth the fine speech I made, and which he can't comprehend."

"Give him a drink that will poison him—something that will work off the whole of his loud-mouthed, swindling, stealing, office-holding stock, and I will pay for the liquor, barkeeper. At the same time a glass for me, too. I want to drink to him with that toast."

The glasses were placed before them in silence, and the liquor poured out and emptied down with similar running compliments. A glass of water was placed on the counter, and before a second one could be filled, the first was claimed by both characters.

The rougher looking of the men got hold of it first, but it was snatched from his hand by his better dressed rival, who intimated, by putting his hand to his side, that he was prepared to hold possession. A hand-to-hand struggle followed. There was a couple or so of shots fired, and the rougher speaker had his shirt collar and bosom torn open until it was made to resemble an exaggerated Byronic model, and the whole affair ended by his rival's being knocked down with the tumbler.

"You may think, barkeeper," said the upright combatant, "that I ought to pay for that tumbler, but I shall do nothing of the sort. Its your fault in not having honest visitors and keeping an orderly house, that the tumbler was broke. And as for that infernal cuss on the floor there—here come along—you."

He caught his prostrate and weak-kneed foe by the collar, and both disappeared through the door.

"Ain't they the d—dest rummiest pair that ever you see?" inquired the bar-keeper, when they were gone.

"Who are they?" was the immediate inquiry.

"The heaviest of the two is a contractor of some sort, and the other helps him with his influence in getting contracts through. They are brothers-in-law, though they never seem to agree about anything except the contracts, and are always flying at each other that way. Which ever gets the best of it carries the other home. Good night," said the barkeeper, as he put up the shutters and pushed the whole party out of doors, "there are a heap of queer characters, and the queerest in the world are those who agree so well about some things and disagree about others."

#### IV—Hymenial.

It is not an unpleasant affair to attend the marriages of young couples—to see bridal veils and orange blossoms—to hear the "Heaven bless you!" and the other polite phrases with which a good natured world starts the youthful pair on their way, and, as it were, pats them on their back.

Of the marriage of which we are now to speak, the reader must suppose that those fine expressions of friends have been for some time forgotten. Several months have rolled by, and we are deep into the honeymoon. The marriage thus far has been a happy one. There is a handsome revenue. There is a residence in the fashionable part of town. It is not difficult to be happy on such terms.

The only point of disagreement between the pair is the strong friendship the husband has for a bachelor friend. It may be because the young man has melancholy drooping moustaches with spiked points, or it may be because he has weak eyes. Or it may be because Madam imagines that the young man with weak eyes misleads her husband, occupies too much of his time, or that the pointed moustaches points for him the downward path. At any rate, she can't abide the weak-eyed guest.

The young man lives, when at home, up or down the coast, and does not remain in town many days at a time. But hitherto, when he came to the city, it was sheer nonsense to talk of his going to a hotel. The friendship of the husband would brook no denial. A bed and a place at the table were always at his disposal.

Thus matters stood up to the last visit. On that occasion the young man from the country parish was not as usual at the boat. But instead of being escorted to the residence he was shown the way to a rather gloomy counting-room. A door leading to the rear opened into a dark, empty-looking, cob-webbed apartment still more sombre.

The soul of the weak-eyed young man began to be alive to some misgivings. He thought he detected a sinister tone in the conversation of his friend which all of his efforts failed to conceal. What still further confirmed these misgivings and caused his moustaches to be more than over drooping, was the sight of a pistol barrel.

There was no mistake about the matter. The muzzle was actually pointed at his breast.

The husband held in one hand a sealed package, which had the appearance of containing several closely written sheets.

"Deny at the peril of your life. Did you write this?"

"But—"

"Yes, or no?"

The weak-eyed young man was struck down with horror. He answered "yes."

"She has confessed all," continued the husband, "she was detected with flowers from you for which she could not account. Unless you imitate her example—"

A dramatic emphasis with the muzzle of the pistol completed the rest of the sentence. The friend remained silent. He had lost the use of his senses.

"On but one condition, proceeded the husband, can you live, and that is by signing a written acknowledgment that you are the author of this package."

The unfortunate heard and remembered, but without comprehending, except that to deny something was death, and to sign the writing might be death in another way, too.

The husband now withdrew to the counting-room, followed by the friend. A number of clerks were present. One of them, without any trace of violence, was ordered to produce writing material. It was done.

"When?" said the husband.  
 "Never—at least, various times," stammered the weak-eyed friend.

The question and answer were written down, and served as the prelude to similar interrogatories and answers.

Just as the weak-eyed young man was signing it, the wife in question entered. The weak-eyed young man lost more than ever the control of his senses.

"Madam," said the husband, "you arrive in time; you will make an excellent witness. He has confessed all. He is guilty."

"No doubt of it—I am glad you think so. I never liked him."

"He is a traitor to friendship."

"Aha, you see now that I am always right. Did I not warn —"

"This is no time for jesting. That man, madam, has confessed that this package which a messenger has informed me was evidently intended for your eye—"

"Well, what about this package—what does it contain?"

"Do you wish to deny that it contains the damning evidence of his guilt?"

"Have you read the letter?"

"No, there is no need—"

A loud peal of laughter from the wife followed the remark.

"Well," said she, "you are a simpleton. I tried to make you a little jealous of this precious friend of yours, but this is carrying matters rather far. But read—let's see what the letter contains."

The package was hastily broken open, and what appeared at first hush to be a string of two hundred verses became manifest. There was absolutely nothing else.

"I see it all now," said the host with an immensely relieved air, suffering the manuscript to fall like lead. "The egregious ass instead of writing love-letters, has only been making rhymes, and I wouldn't read one of them for love of money, if they were all addressed to my wife. "Friend," said he, addressing the weak-eyed young man, with the spiked moustaches, "it is about time for us to part. You had better break yourself of the offence of writing dull verses, and whether you continue to sin in this way or not, do not, when you are again tried, confess to a crime which neither you or the lady ever committed."

#### V.—Story of a Crevasse.

During the spring season of 1869, the most striking and captivating of the fair visitors to the city was a young lady frequently seen at the Varieties Theatre, the Opera House and the ice cream saloons of Canal street, and who, during a well known fair, had charge of one of the most prominent punch bowls in the hall. The belle in question was remarked for her fascinating manners, her low-necked, coquettish dress, and, in particular, for her well-groomed and carefully arranged tresses. Her manners excited admiration in the breasts of all, and no other feeling besides, than that of envy that two of her admirers were allowed almost to monopolize her time.

The chances of the young candidates for the favor were so near evenly divided that bets were freely made at the clubs as to the success of both parties. The day at length arrived when the wedding ceremony was to have been performed at the family residence of the lady, and it was then announced that a gentleman whom we shall speak of as D—, was to be the happy bridegroom.

His rival still spoke confidently of his hopes of winning in the envied quarter, although his prospects did not appear very encouraging con-

sidering that the day and another bridegroom had actually been named. The fact upon which he based his expectations was that the lady had repeatedly assured him that she loved him and him only, and had again and again asserted that the ceremony, in spite of the entreaties and preparations of her family, would never take place.

So much having been given, it now remains to state what actually occurred on the night of the wedding. The account which follows rests upon the details as given by the lady's friends, and perhaps in some places, as will be guessed, upon the letters of the lady.

The bride, according to this account, appears to have believed to the last, that the ceremony would be postponed by the direct interposition of her family. She was at that time in the country, seventy-five miles from the city, and the rival, with whom she was really in love, had, though invited, yet failed to arrive at the family mansion.

A thousand times in the last day she determined by positive announcement to break off the marriage, but was overruled by her friends. She is said to have once thrown herself at her mother's feet and begged without effect that the marriage might at least be postponed.

The ceremony was fixed for an early hour on Thursday evening, and the time at length arrived. The bride had previously become desperate, and had shut herself up in her chamber. She had even refused to dress herself in the bridal robes purchased for the occasion, and resolved to appear in the presence of the minister only to state her objections to the ceremony in the most solemn manner.

Upon being led to the parlor her agitation became so great that restoratives had to be employed. Her subsequent statement was that she was scarcely conscious of what she was doing when she stood before the minister.

The bans were now read for the last time—the attendant witnesses had been appealed to to show cause, if any, why the ceremony should not take place—the bridegroom had responded, and it only remained for the bride to do the same thing.

It was precisely at this moment that the remarkable facts occurred that would seem almost incredible if they had not been already published in the papers. Just as the bride was called upon to make a response, the appalling fact was announced that the river had broken its banks. It was at one of those points where the current presses with its whole force against a hastily constructed levee, and before the tremendous force of the great river, almost the whole of the newly built mound was swept suddenly away.

In a moment, the house was filled with consternation. The guests were hurrying away, the bride was fainting, and the bridegroom was endeavoring to induce the minister to hasten the few words that remained to complete the ceremony.

It was at this juncture that the rival, who had thus far been left in the cold, made his appearance, and the now fainting bride was carried by him from the scene of danger. Once having her in his possession, both parties felt that no time was to be lost in preventing a recurrence of the same matrimonial danger. The result of this reflection was, that a neighboring minister of another denomination was called into service, and the marriage ceremony actually gone through with the second time in one night. One would, naturally, suppose that the chapter of accidents had ended. On the contrary, however, it was at this point that the romance of the affair commences. The ceremony, which had been interrupted in the first instance, by the crevasse,

was interrupted in the second by the appearance of the lady's friends, and, in spite of all outcries from the bridegroom of the second contract, the bride was carried away.

The friends and witnesses of the first bridegroom contended that the first wedding ceremony had been complied with in all of its forms. The lady, upon the other hand, protested that her faculties were, at the time, too paralysed with fear to be capable of giving consent and that the second ceremony, and the second only, was the only one that had for her any meaning.

As the matter stood at last accounts, neither husband appears able to gain possession of the bride, and it is not improbable that the double marriage will be brought before the spiritual or legal rights for settlement.

#### VI—The End of an Old Suit.

The well known case of Armabide was recently up for a hearing with every prospect (as all know now) that Armabide's heirs would recover a very considerable estate.

"Call the next witness, Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, from his cushioned tribunal. The moment after the loud voice of the Deputy Sheriff was heard three times calling upon Joviana Armabide to come into court.

The witness has been called, and while the Judge is waiting beneath his crimson canopy, the counsel are studying the next points that will arise, and the reporters are cursing the necessity of having to be present at all—some one at their ear is whispering a gossiping history of the case, and explaining why Joviana Armabide will never answer the summons. Let us listen to this story until the report of the Deputy Sheriff to the court is heard.

This is an old case (says the speaker) in which Armabide, who had made a fortune in the coffee-house business was the principal. Joviana was his daughter, and a very pretty daughter she was. Her first appearance in public was in connection with a theft of valuable diamonds years ago. Joviana, at that time, had been staying for a day or two in the house of the lady who had sustained the loss, and the strong circumstances against Joviana were substantiated by her own confession in court.

When brought before the Recorder, she admitted, as well as could be understood through her sobs and tears, the theft of the jewelry, but absolutely refused to tell what had subsequently become of them. She was at the time so sensitive, young and fresh, and looked so naive and charming, that the harsh myrmidons of the law were left in doubt whether she had used the diamonds as playthings for her doll, or had committed the theft at the solicitation of a lover. One supposition was as probable as the other.

But to return to her father, old Armabide. He made his money by hard licks, by working behind his counter for forty years, and was sometimes assisted by Joviana, who was lively and intelligent, and who doubtless had as many friends and patrons as the father. At any rate the old man managed to acquire two or three good renting buildings in Exchange Alley and several houses of still more value on Old Levee street.

Old Armabide was living along easy enough, upon his income, some three or four years ago, and spent his time with friends of similar tastes and habits in playing dominoes, smoking, and in absynthe drinking at one of the coffeehouses that still passed under his name. The truth was that every day he seemed to become more and more fond of each of these amusements, particularly that of absynthe drinking.

Joviana had grown into a woman by this time with a good many capricious tastes of her own. The diamond business, by the way, had never been satisfactorily explained, or what party had proved to be the beneficiary. The case had shown that her principles were not very strong, and her affections were not much stronger. She did not like in particular, naturally enough, the way old Armabide was spending his money with his friends.

One night, while under the influence of liquor, the old man gave his name as secnrity, or put it in jeopardy in some way, to the whole extent of his fortune. Shortly after, the principal failed.

Armabide's property being now liable to attachment, he first pleaded in court that his signature was obtained by fraud. He next transferred his whole estate to his daughter. Thirdly, he more than ever played dominos and caroused with young friends.

Joviana had outgrown the days when she sometimes stood behind the counter. She was now the legal possessor of the estate; was now old enough to get married. She wanted the money converted into solid cash. What furthermore excited attention, the lover, who had been spoken of in connection with the diamond larceny, now openly appeared upon the scene. Joviana was obviously completely under his influence.

One night Joviana's father started from home with a large sum of money in an old leather pocket-book, and after frequent potations engaged about midnight in drinking hot whisky punches, and rolling with all his might at the rows of pins in a bowling alley. Becoming heated at this exercise, and reanimated to renewed exertions by the applause of a number of rough-looking spectators, he took off his coat containing his money. He hardly knew himself how he was conveyed home except that it was in a carriage of some sort. It hardly need be stated that before he arrived there the money was missing; the pocket-book contained \$200 in greenbacks.

Joviana had been dreaming of marriage and of purchasing a bridal trousseau with this money. She now remembered a similar accident, a few nights before, where the old man had been carried to a disreputable bagnio, and where, after being robbed of everything that he had, he was conveyed to the station by a police officer. The consequence was that she now claimed the estate which Armabide, as has been shown, made over to her by legal instrument. Upon his making opposition, a petition was entered by her before one of the District Courts to have him enjoined, upon the ground that he was unable to manage his affairs.

To this management of the estate the old man refused to submit, and, particularly, to yielding up certain valuable deeds, which Joviana seemed particularly anxious to obtain, and upon which, in some mysterious way, seemed to depend her marriage settlement.

Finding all other means failed, and determined to get possession at all hazards, she went so far as to have her father arrested, under a warrant, for trespass. The imprisonment lasted for only a few hours. Nevertheless, it showed Armabide that he had not only dispossessed himself of all power, but that his daughter and only living relative had become so hopelessly infatuated with some one else, that she had sinned against the most sacred of ties.

That night, (for, as has been stated, his imprisonment lasted only for a day,) upon recovering his liberty, old Armabide repaired to the accustomed cabaret, and amused himself mechanically at his game of dominoes, protesting at the time that his heart was broken. When

he left his friends he retired to one of the old three-story buildings which he had once called his own. What he did afterwards was never known, except from conjecture. His dead body was found the following day, bloated and swollen, in one of the remotest rooms of the old unfurnished house, and left but little doubt that the old man came to his death from poison, administered by his own hand.

Though Joviana's friends were very much divided as to the amount of guilt for which she was responsible under the circumstances, such a death must have been a dreadful shock to a young girl, whether innocent or guilty, with any pretension to feeling. It afflicted her, however, in more ways than one. The old man's estate was now discovered to be of an unsubstantial, visionary character, totally eaten up with debt, in case his lawsuit was not gained. That was the first discovery. The next fact that was discovered was that Jovina, deserted by the man that had promised to marry her, in the same way that she herself had betrayed her father, was in every sense a ruined woman.

Thus betrayed by her friends, and abandoned by Heaven and men, the poor girl appears not to have made one single struggle. She lived along, no one, not even the administrator of the estate, knew how or cared to inquire—in one of the old outhouses or shanties which appeared to have remained to her until the day of her death.

To return now to the summons of the Deputy Sheriff. It was to appear and answer in the old and now successful suits brought by her father that her name was now called in court, and it was while the Deputy Sheriff was exercising his stentorian lungs, that the above story was told. But the only answer, however, to the crier's voice, was the notes of a tolling bell and the passing of a funeral cortege.

Joviana had been summoned already by higher messengers, and had passed into the presence of the dread tribunal from which there is no appeal.

#### VII.—The King of Berbrices.

We have friend whom we shall call Asmodens, who meets with surpassing adventures. He is never either any better pleased than in relating them—where he finds a listener. He candidly admits that he has met with extraordinary success—that he is a man *de bonnes fortunes*, that is as dangerous as the hero who was pointed out to be shunned by watchful mammas to their daughters and who depopulated the streets upon which he lived through the jealousy of husbands.

It was a night or two ago, at the opera, concert or show of some kind, that some one addressed an inquiry to Asmodens, between the acts, in reference to an individual who sat near:

"Who," said the querist, "is the gentleman who is dressed like a minister, but who looks like a prize fighter recently in training?"

"That is the father," said Asmodens, who saw his opportunity, and who made a movement of his hand to his heart—"the father of the ethereal creature just beyond, whose head is bound with the brass band and the blue and white fillets. She is the belle of belles, and would have slain, doubtless, her lovers by the score had her father not moderated their ardor much more by his friendship than she has done by her cruelty."

"But in what way? He certainly looks good natured—apparently the last man that would banish his friends from his house."

"That is precisely it. On the contrary he is devoted to his friends, and no one is fonder of company. But he has the misfortune to learn

boxing in the course of his travels in his youth.

"He has never outgrown his fondness for the art. A young man, for instance, would come to visit his daughter. His cruel hospitality would make him suppose the visit intended for himself. He would force the bashful youth to drinking more than he was accustomed to in the first place, and in the second, to trying on the muffs or boxing gloves, before being able to obtain a sight of the daughter. For a timid and weak-kneed young man in such a case, there was no more chance than for a blind dog in a meat house.

"I became infatuated once myself, but was as much surprised as the guests of Amicus were at being compelled to engage in such an encounter. But unluckier than Pollux, this King of Berbrices had it all his own way. He knocked me about pitilessly without moving out of his tracks, first in one way and then in another—against the wall, over the piano stool and rocking chair, and once in the lap of beauty herself. If the last fall had not awakened other ideas I should have brass-knuckled her papa if it had been the last official act of my life."

"And as it was?"

"As it was, he left me where I had fell. The thought of eloping at once with the daughter, and of escaping the danger of being murdered myself, or of committing the crime, suggested a nobler ambition. The daughter would readily have consented; for though, as I have stated, she had dead loads of suitors, they stood off at a respectful distance, smiling and timid, like a dog whose ears you have pinched or tail mashed, looking wistful and willing, but afraid again to come too near."

"And the elopement?"

"We would have eloped to a dead certainty, had it not been for a slight accident. My innamorata at times visited at the house of the family with whom I had been staying, and, upon the evening in question, instead of being at home to profit by her company, I had been enticed to a soiree where the mistress of the house was as cruel as the aforementioned papa; that is, she was a very effective dancer, and she made me dance with her, under pretence of amusing me, almost every waltz or galop. It was after midnight when I reached home, my night-key had been left in my room, and my head swimming from the effects of the dancing and of petroleum champagne. I was locked out.

"However, my room was upon the gallery, and the appearance of a colored waiter whom I knew and who happened at the moment to be passing, suggested the idea of making him climb to the gallery above, obtaining the key from my room mantel-piece, and of throwing it down. No sooner was the idea formed than it was executed. In the twinkling of a bedpost he was in the room—not that I had pointed out—but the one next to it.

"In a moment more he had struck a light, and a feminine voice which, I now too well recognized, was heard screaming out 'Who's there, murder, watch, help,' and the thousand agonized cries that women only too well know how to make. The truth of the matter was that she had been prevented by the inundation of the street from returning home, had been assigned this room and just before retiring had been reading of the Kersteiner outrage on the Gentilly Road. At sight of my messenger she put the worst possible construction upon his presence, and the shrieks had been the consequence.

"The blundering Mercury meanwhile had dropped his light, and came a tearing down a balcony post like a lizard, head foremost. I would have hurried him away and said nothing of the matter. Unfortunately a policeman who

had been awatoned ten squares off—had come np—my messenger made his escape—but so did not I, and the affair got abroad.

"I attempted, when I could, to explain the affair. It was no nee. She did not believe my story in the first place, and her only answer was that a man who would send a negro blundering ahead in that way was a natural born fool—was absolutely crazy, and did not deserve—"

The rising of the curtain cut short the rest of the narrative.

#### VIII.—Sunday.

The day found a good many worn down and exasperated to the last degree by the storm. A good many determined to celebrate the day as one of rest, by lying abed, and only stepping out doors to get shaved, attend church, read journals, saunter a little through the principal streets, and merely to drop in and apologize for not attending the lunches or convivial assemblages to which they had been invited.

Unfortunately one meets on Sundays fifty acquaintances to whom it is absolutely necessary to speak. You receive, besides a dozen new introductions. These acquaintances, as likely as not, care nothing for the strict laws of temperance, and become brutal when you tell them you were raised by temperate parents, and that you are yet to taste your first drop of liquor. In short, instead of modest lunches, you receive a dozen polite but firm invitations to drink fire-water, and to some of these you are, perhaps, cowardly enough to yield.

If your evil genius has betrayed you into such a party, as likely as not you will have no other occupation than to visit most of the prominent coffeehouses, and institute comparisons between the various vegetable and fermented juices. Your party will at first commence wandering about from coffeehouse to coffeehouse in a purposeless sort of way; skipping about here and there, but as the hour advances, and nonchalant promenades or saunter to assume more and more of a zigzag tendency, each saloon is taken into its regular order.

One such crowd on the Sunday in question became amusing. It consisted of a prosperous party, who had been lucky in his speculations, and who was good natured enough to assume the role of host. Its two other striking component parts were a slim young man of a complimentary turn and of a dismal tone of voice, and, secondly, a good journeyman drinker, with a red face and a tendency to view things in an awkward or unfavorable light.

The drinking stage of the proceedings was at length temporarily ended by an invitation to dinner, which admitted of still less refusal than an invitation to drink, and with some sepulchral protestations about felicity on the part of the slim young man, and about dinner parties being a bore from the red faced gentleman, the invitation was accepted.

Thereupon the party passed behind one of those rosewood or mahogany doors whose handle was silver and whose glass-lights were lined with delicately marked lace.

A decanter and glasses once inside, presented by this time a familiar appearance to the company, and these and the cigar case having been decided upon, the aspirations of the party took the direction of high art.

The parlor was hung with pictures, and they wandered around from one frame to another, pointing out with their canes one merit here and another there, or laying down, with a flourish of lighted cigars, various imaginary canons of art—about one in particular, which seemed a favorite with the host. The slim, complimentary young man, though his tone of voice was somewhat too guttural, could dis-

cover more merits than anyone else, while the red-faced gentleman who contradicted him point for point, was the only one who could discover any defects. In the tone of the ghost addressing Hamlet, the picture was spoken of as the slow growth of years, and something muttered in too low a tone to be heard about light and shade—mezzo-tints, chiaro-obscuro, effects, etc. The red-faced gentleman, however, took a realistic view of what everybody else was ready to pronounce an oil painting, and it was nothing but a d—d thread and needle picture, which every girl that went to a fancy school knew how to make, and knew nothing else.

Before the red-faced gentleman could finish his explanation, he was introduced to the lady of the house as the author of the picture in question, and, as a sni-able punishment, requested to lead her in to dinner. What followed at table none of the party have since been able to remember more than vaguely, but there was no doubt about its being an awkward meal. The hostess was angry, the guests thick-tongued, and, besides these drawbacks, the embarrassed host had to keep the dismal young man and the red-faced gentleman from perpetually locking horns. For instance, when the Amphitruon attempted to joke with the lady about bringing home unexpectedly so many guests, the red-faced gentleman would insist that "You are too rough with her, squire; go easy. You can't make women understand a joke." While the slim young man would break forth in a sepulchral voice with some poetical quotation on the virtues of the opposite sex.

The feast ended without the host having to turn his party out of doors, but it is not likely that the next church service was deprived of its patrons, or that the matron of the house was imposed upon at the next return of Sunday.

#### IX.—A Story about a Procession.

It sometimes happens that a reporter, without pretending to enjoy the confidence of the *beaus*, or to have much time to waste in combing out tangled locks for their benefit, hear, nevertheless, an occasional morsel of gossip from this quarter. He may, for instance, be traveling in the city car, be seated too near at the hotel table, or perhaps waiting under a beauty-laden balcony for a procession. However he may have heard it, whether in one of those ways, or by washing off the guilty ink stains and making himself look smart, he is willing to make affidavit that the following story was heard; furthermore that it was heard from one of the prettiest pullets that ever wore white ivory comb in raven tresses, or that ever echoed the walnut-shaped heels of her hottines upon Canal street. The last fact it is necessary to state, in order to understand what follows:

"A couple of months ago there came to the house, at which I was staying, a young girl from up the coast who awaited the arrival of her father or mother to return home, and who meanwhile declined seeing any of the outside world. To this there was one exception. Her parents did not write to her, or send her any money necessary to defray her expenses direct, but through the hands of a confidential agent. It was, therefore, necessary that she should see him in order to receive remittances, other letters and other information from home.

"Of course it soon transpired that the young lady was desperately in love with the young man; and some time after that, instead of intending to return home, she had in reality but just run away.

"About the time that this discovery was made, the girl learned that the young man was already engaged, and that so far as marrying him was concerned, she might just as well have

remained at home. The young man, in fact, went off and got married, and, what was worse, left her, lamenting, with no money and no resources.

"She was in a bad way by this time, and we were a little afraid she would commit suicide. To keep from actual want she began to dispose of some jewelry, and begged me upon one occasion to assist her in pawning a bracelet. I had never done anything of the sort before, but I felt very sorry for the poor girl and I was goose enough to determine for once to try.

"The first place I went to was to a pawnbroker's upon St. Charles street, to whom I showed the bracelet in question. His answer when I asked him what he would give me for it, led me to think that brokers were the politest of men. After some words, he said it was not possible such a pretty woman as I could find any need for display of jewelry; that he would advance me \$100 without the need of exacting any pledge. I knew it was not worth that much, and I asked him again to name a precise sum that he would give for the jewel, for I knew that he was jesting when he offered so much. As he still repeated his answer, and I saw by this time what his meaning was, I was obliged to be contented with giving him a look, and left the office in a little less hopeful spirit than when I entered. However, I ultimately disposed of it for half what he offered to me.

"When I went back home and gave the girl the money, she seemed to recover courage at the sight. I had brought back with me a bouquet, and she now asked me what I was going to do. I told her that there would be a procession of one of the clubs, and that I intended throwing my bouquet to a friend. The thought struck her as a bright idea. 'I mean to have one, too,' she said, and immediately ordered off the servant girl to get the finest one she could find. The bouquet was found, and the procession soon after came marching on with music, banners and a thousand lamps.

"I flung mine to a party who had nothing whatever to do with this story, and watched with some curiosity what my friend would do with hers. She held it by a string in suspense, while at least five hundred men passed by, and made each one believe that he would become the lucky possessor. However, she finally singled out a young man in the — Guards, who pleased her fancy, and dropped it into his hands. The young man looked pleased enough, of course, the procession passed on, and in a short time after we had both forgotten all about the matter.

"It was not, however, the case with him. He contrived to get introduced to the house and to this girl, and after such a commencement it did not take very long for either party to make up their mind. They soon fell head over ears in love, of course, and, doubtless, (for she left us soon after) the blessing of the church has by this time riveted and clinched their vows."

#### X.—Amphitriton.

An acquaintance of ours is a *gourmet* of some reputation. He can talk about dinners from the time of Heliogabalus to Baron Brise. He loves to bring good feeders together, as did Mr. Blimber, with his friends in Dombey and Son. These he has several times "hospitably entreated" at what was supposed in advance to be at his expense. Some accident or fatality would cause it to be at their own. We recount an instance or so, to put the public on their guard:

Once he excited a hungry crowd of half a dozen by a graphic description of a new restaurant just opened. The excitement increased when he added that he had been invited to dinner with his friends. The excitement moderated

when it became known a carriage would be necessary, the price of which would alone be equal to that of a good dinner. The party still decided on going.

The restaurant was found with some difficulty, and the landlord seemed embarrassed. He nevertheless welcomed his guests to his bar-room, his billiard saloon and pistol gallery. The liquor was tolerable, and the runs at billiards not so bad; still the landlord's harkeeper seemed ignorant that the visitors were guests, and bar, billiards and pistol gallery cost more money than the carriages. The guests grew restive and recollected that their object in coming was dinner. The latter at length was announced—and such a dinner! The staple of the meal was croakers and sour claret. The guests were furious. What added to their disgust was that the landlord appeared the picture of contentment and serenity. Instead of thanking him for his meal, they coldly demanded their bill. It was the turn of Boniface now to look offended.

"But you are my guests, gentlemen," said he, "there is no charge." The soft impeachment was declined. The guests point blank preferred paying to attempting a gratitude they were unable to feel. One with fiery whiskers, who had distinguished himself at the pistol gallery, intimated that satisfaction was due him for having invited him to such a meal. Thus hard pressed, the landlord stated that the honor of dining so distinguished a party was totally unexpected until its arrival, and that he had been taken by surprise. But the fact was he had done his best.

There was nothing to do but to curse the originator of the enterprise, whose unauthorized invitation had involved the eating of an indigestible meal, and a passage of arms with the landlord, who was not after all much to blame, and to get back to town with what spirits and resolutions they could.

On another occasion our Amphitriton was presented to an acquaintance whose conversation afforded him so much satisfaction, that an invitation to dinner for himself and friends was offered upon the spot. The party was lively, the liquor only moderately adulterated, and manner no worse than one is ordinarily condemned to eat. Unfortunately our Amphitriton was disposed to show himself in a controversial mood. He attacked every one in the party upon their weakest side. The dinner concluded stormily. By the time the dessert was brought in the host had torn the coat of the distinguished guest from the tails to the collar, and the distinguished guest was heating the hospitable giver of the feast with a claret bottle over the head. The party brought up at the police station, and the restaurateur has been inquiring from that day to this who is to pay for the dinner.

The last hospitable feat told of him was of his having persuaded a florid-complected arrival to keep him company until the close of the third dinner. It then appeared that our Amphitriton had forgotten some point in the fare, and that it was necessary to descend below to repair his error. He succeeded with some difficulty in getting down the stairs, but failed totally in ever getting back. Restaurateur and guests have ever since had their minds filled with the worst forebodings, and he is informed, if this notice should happen to encounter his eye, that by making his appearance he will learn something, as Artemus Ward would say, to his advantage.

#### XI.—The Adventures of a Marquis.

Old Anthony Fernandez, who was recently before the Second District Court on a snit for interdiction, has had rather a gay and amusing life of it for some seventy odd summers, it would appear from the revelations of witnesses and



old chroniclers of scandal. The battle of New Orleans found him a musician in one of the companies that went from the city, and the adventurous Anthony doubtless understood how to make as much out of his exploits as if he had been the "Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock" himself. This country, at any rate became, after the battle, too small to contain him. His father, who had been a prosperous undertaker, dying about this time, and leaving him possessed of a considerable fortune, Anthony lost no time in crossing the waters, and spent some time at the College of Henry IV. He had the reputation of being one of the handsomest men of his day, and not overscrupulous with one sex or the other. What with his money, his good looks, and his unbounded cheek, the adventures of Gil Blas were nothing to his. A duchess became desperately enamored of him, and Anthony despairing of making Europeans believe that Americans were so stupid as to have no nobility, determined to adopt a title for himself. The "Marquis of Barataria" was the name he then successfully went by, until in an evil hour he gave a countryman the cold shoulder, and the title was publicly proclaimed to be one of his own invention.

The best known of his adventures in Europe was in connection with the celebrated divorce case of George IV., brought against Queen Caroline for adultery, and in which Anthony was summoned as a witness. Rumor had it that while she was once traveling *inconnu* in Italy, she met up with the fascinating Anthony, and made him much happier than her husband. However this may be, Anthony was not introduced upon the stand; and another rumor had it that £10,000 were paid to buy him off.

Coming to this country, or rather to Mexico, he next became involved in some intrigue there, which caused him to receive notice to quit. His intrigue with the Mexican Cleopatra appears to have dampened the ardor of Anthony in this direction. He found his way back to New Orleans, and in the less romantic role of auctioneer contrived to regain some of the money he had so readily spent in his younger days.

The war found him so violent a Confederate that nothing but the arrival of Gen. Butler in the city could induce him to become a good Union citizen. But the strong patriotism he always manifested on the occasion of every election was insufficient to secure him any office, and it is said that his disgust at the ingratitude of republics was what brought on his first alienation of mind.

It was about a year ago that, finding his health failing, he betook himself to Paris, and sought a resting place in one of the *Maisons de Santé*, with which that city abounds. It was to one of these he went, where the nurses are of that class of penitents that seek by acting in such capacities to atone for former errors. Once inside this institution Anthony's old luck overtook him. His nurse made him sleek and fat, and the Marquis, from gratitude, or perhaps from infatuation for the lady, (spoken of as amiable, good natured and pretty,) brought her to this country and married her. The marriage was not a fortunate one. It gave rise to a suit for interdiction, and about the time this was disposed of, the unhappy lady met with a violent death. Her dress had caught fire and before it could be extinguished she was a corpse.

#### XII.—Virtue.

—night was remarkable for its serenity and the clearness of the sky. It was bound in blue and gold, as we heard some one remark. At every window, and upon every door-sill, there were dead loads of pretty bouquets rendered

*languisantes* by the heat, and apparently ready to judge from the relaxed expression of more than one, to drop for life into the arms of an moderately amiable youth, who had the animation or energy to propose. So long as the thermometer continues to stand where it does, would be impossible for any inamorata to make much resistance.

The moonlight, indeed, was so provocative sentiment, that even steadfast talkers of politics, and of the price of cotton or stocks, more than once forgot their cue, and turned an approving glance heavenward. It suggested a story that was told, and the only satisfaction the listener has where the narrator is long-winded, is that he may repeat the narrative to other sufferers.

It was of a youth, who was, sometimes, good-natured in the disposition of his money, and who once, when a poor neighbor lost her child contributed one-half of the money needed toward purchasing a coffin. He did more—he rode to the cemetery in a carriage, and Providence, as if to reward him for his goodness of heart placed him *vis-à-vis* of a very pretty fellow mourner. The acquaintance subsequently ripened into an intimacy, but about this our hero acted badly. Another expedition was soon afterward made, but this time it was to a restaurant and on arriving there the affair took such turn that acquaintance, friendship and intimacy all ended between the two.

The couple did not happen together for a long time afterwards, and when they did the young man was out of business and employment, and had a rather hungry cast of countenance. His appearance was so suggestive that it led to explanation, and the result of it was a tender of one of those diminutive pocket books which the other sex carry—a generous offer which of course was declined. The goodness of heart, however, which suggested the offer made a lifetime impression—suggested remorse and reform, and an honest proposal. Active employment for the young man soon followed and last night, for aught that is known to the contrary, the two lovers were in common, perhaps, with hundreds of couples all over the city indulging in sweet union in all manner of happy dreams for the future.

#### XIII.—An Impromptu Wedding.

At the party given by Madame X—, a number of young people of social temperament were assembled together, and the mistress of the mansion was the gayest of her guests. The affair, altogether, was like an ordinary gay party, and the only thing worth remarking upon the occasion was a full grown doll, which could be seen from the principal saloon, and which in dress and general appearance bore a resemblance to the hospitable hostess.

In fact it was taken for a living personage by a young man whose sight, either through natural or artificial causes, was weak—who vowed that he had become the victim of love at first sight, and who absolutely insisted, too upon becoming acquainted with the unknown.

The young man not yet having been formally presented to the hostess, and the sudden passion having been made known to her, the situation suggested a practical joke. The intoxicated youth was presented to the lady of the house as the mysterious unknown; a conversation soon ensued of the kind that is sacred to lovers. The waxen dummy was forgotten—the sudden passion progressed, at least upon one side, with the most outrageous intensity. In short, there was a declaration, and the proposal was declared to be reciprocated. The most absurd part of the adventure (which followed after the flow of champagne) was that a clergyman was intro-

duced—it was agreed that the marriage ceremony should then and there take place, and the idea was actually carried out.

At this point, unable to continue the joke any further, the pretended bride did not appear any more during the evening, and took it for granted that the bridegroom would soon discover the jest. But the morning after it became evident to her mind that no explanation had been made whatever. Indeed, the young bridegroom, it appeared, had been escorted to what was pointed out to him as the bridal chamber, and congratulated upon his good fortune; then, too, it was shown that he had left the house in a way which indicated flight sometime during the night.

But, what added to the mystery was, that the doll had disappeared from the room in which it had been left, and required some search to discover it. The affair, altogether, ended so droll, and the young hostess was so much exasperated at the impertinence of some of her guests, that much less was said about it than might have been expected, by one of the principal parties to the joke. The affair, besides, led to a wild rumor that the bridegroom had been married to one of the full-grown wax figures commonly exposed in milliners' windows. At any rate, if the details appear a little muddy or difficult to be understood, it was owing to the fact that the bridegroom has not since appeared, to the ridiculous perversion and continuation of what would otherwise have been a very nice joke, and not to any misstatements of our reliable informant.

#### XIV—Adventures on the Night of the Riot.

It has occasioned some surprise among Smith's friends, who have always known him for a quiet citizen, to learn that he was recently mixed up in the riots, and that he played, at the time in question, an unusually lively role. To see a quiet-looking, slow, poking philosopher, roaming through the city like a wehr wolf, or like a Malay running a muck, is a fact that requires some explanation, and Smith has kindly furnished us with a narrative of his adventures. On the evening in question, he was the victim of two or three awkward blunders. In the first place, a wag had fastened, as a joke, a Radical badge to his coat collar, and he had paraded through town in happy unconsciousness of the fact. Secondly, as if one blunder in this direction was not enough, upon being teased about being a Radical, the bright idea had occurred to him of announcing himself a recent convert to carpet-bag principles and of defending every act of petty larceny, wholesale swindling, rape, murder, etc., that any of the followers of that faith had been guilty of. Thirdly, about the time the riot had commenced somebody had mistaken him for Wickliffe, Conway, or some of that crowd. All of these facts crowding rather fast upon the heels of each other, and the alarm about the riot occurring just at that moment, poor Smith soon found himself surrounded by a crowd who gazed upon him with an unkindly eye, and who thought his movements would bear watching. Shortly after the first pistol shot was fired, and Smith was suspected of being the man who did the firing.

With such a start as this, some of Smith's adventures for the night may be easily guessed at. Discovering that he was in a dangerous neighborhood, he made a break down Canal street with some start of his pursuers, but went head-over heels against the chains on the neutral ground, his followers yelling "Hit him again" as he fell. Recovering himself now, he s ruck down Royal, Dumaine, Villere, and thence to one of the markets, and was there lucky enough to be lost in the crowd.

His adventures, however, were not yet ended. On his way back home he was fired at, he says, a half a dozen times from colored clubs and coffee-houses, and once while endeavoring to secrete himself behind a corner, narrowly escaped being arrested on a charge of attempting to set fire to the premises. To conclude Smith's own account of his adventures, after going through all these trials and tribulations, he was subsequently locked up by the Coroner as being the Smith who had taken part in one of the murders up town, and who had fired at the crowd from a gallery.

Smith could be perhaps induced to come down in some of his statements, but there is no doubt that things were made uncommonly lively about him on the night in question.

#### XV—The Voodoo Dance.

About the commencement of the last fashionable season, a young girl of about twenty years of age came to the city and secured a residence at one of the best known of our up-town boarding schools. She came, at the time of her arrival, from one of the parishes up the coast, whither she had been to visit some of her nearest relatives. At the time of her arrival it was announced that she was on her way to the residence of her guardian in Mississippi, (her parents, also of that State, being dead,) and that in his house she would make her permanent home.

Once established comfortably in the large boarding-school above referred to, it came to be remarked that one week after another passed away, and still the young lady made no move toward starting home. This event, however, did not excite much attention. It had now been ascertained that her father while alive had been a physician (by birth an Italian) of considerable scientific attainments, and had spent most of his time in classifying the various genera and species of insects and reptilia to be found in the South. In assisting him to classify his specimens and arranging his cases, his daughter had shown extraordinary aptitude, and had even acquired some of the learned doctor's fondness for insects, bugs, and various species of serpents. It was even whispered that she had acquired from her father a knowledge of the power of taming serpents, and had paid much attention to the African superstitions of the servants by whom she was surrounded. By one of these, an old nurse, she was attended on her visit to the city.

It was also alleged that the young girl's relatives and friends, at the death of her parents, had viewed with disgust what appeared to be her growing tastes in this direction, and with this feeling were not sorry to see her established at a fashionable school where she could occupy her time in literary pursuits, or in receiving company, as might suit her disposition.

During the two or three first months of her residence in this city, she received many invitations in society, and partly from her independence of manner, partly from her reputation for wealth and attainments, met with a more than ordinary flattering reception. Other causes added to these. Though there was a certain obliquity of vision in her eyes, and though these latter were of an emerald or sea-green hue, with red-rimmed eyelids, and though her features ordinarily appeared livid and swollen, there were certain extraordinary traits and features which attracted connoisseurs of female beauty. In spite of this attraction, she was always seen alone on the streets, and received none of the visitors who attempted to cultivate her acquaintance.

To this statement there was one exception. A gentleman connected with a firm of trust and



responsibility was the son of her guardian. Him it was necessary to receive as the agent of her family. As all of her letters, remittances and information from home came through his hands, it was necessary to see him frequently.

Of course it soon transpired that the young girl was violently in love with the factor. It came to be suspected that so far from being upon her way to return to her friends that she had visited the city with the express purpose of gaining his love.

It furthermore was made evident that her powers of fascination were at an absolute discount in this quarter, that the gentleman was already engaged to another lady, and that the marriage was shortly to be consummated.

During the months that these facts were slowly being brought to light, she had mostly occupied herself with the studies proper to a young lady whose education is nearly completed, though still paying much more attention to natural history than to any other branch. It was subsequently made to appear that she had visited several public institutions in disguise on Mardi Gras night; that she had been in attendance at all the side-shows about the levee, where serpents are exhibited, and that she had had interviews with the various astrologists, clairvoyants, fortune-tellers of the city, and with even that still darker and more dangerous class of pretenders who claim to be able to shape the future by our wishes and passions.

Thus much stated it remains now to be described what occurred on the night of the first of June.

The first of June, as is known to old gossips, is the time of year that is devoted by the Voudon worshippers to the celebration of their most sacred rites. It is at this period they retire to the Lake-end, and indulge in frequent suppers and midnight bathing, and that the dances and other superstitious observances are practiced with the most vigor and intensity. Any one who is curious to pay them a visit can do so by proceeding to the Lake-end of the Pontchartrain Railroad, and going down the road on the right hand side of the track for half-a-mile.

The great Voudon event of Monday was the crowning of a new Queen in place of the celebrated Marie Leveau, who now numbers some sixty or seventy years of age, and who, it need hardly be said, is too old to longer discharge the onerous duties of the office. As most of these followers of the fetish faith are in reality nothing but worshippers of Vennu or Astarte, that is to say, of youth and beauty, they naturally are among the first to grow impatient of old age, and so Queen Marie, in spite of the dread with which her name is regarded, finds it best to resign the magic scepter.

A curious study would be the rise and growth of this dark superstition among our colored, and, in some cases, foreign populations, though it doubtless has always existed in some form or other since the first Africans were brought to this country.

Old Marie herself, whose influence and power have been wielded without question for the last twenty years, appears to have been originally a nurse and old family servant, known to all the old population, and at one time in great request in dressing the bodies of the dead. It was from this occupation that her pretensions to be the priestesses of a religion, and to have the power

of affecting events by spells and charms, doubtless arose.

Her power was greatly disputed at one time by a rival who had the enterprise to send to Africa for a large doll-like idol, and which, when dressed and bedevilled with beads, tattoo marks and all manner of Congo toggery, produced a tremendous impression among the credulous. It was regarded by Marie as such a dangerous talisman that the idol was carried away—was brought at one time before the Recorder for him to decide whose property it was, or whether any violence had been used in wresting it from its first owner. However, the scales of justice inclined against Rosalie; the magic doll was decreed to the Queen, who doubtless had the most power as a procuress, and from that time to this the Voudon Queen has swayed the minds of thousands of believers in this city. It is probable that there are at this time a dozen altars in different parts of town.

Thus much stated, we return to the night of the anniversary.

At that time the event had become known to the class who keep familiar with the gossip about courts and ballrooms, cockpits and other places of resort in the Second District, and the fast men of the town, who had availed themselves of the opportunity to be present, saw the chapel which had been fitted up for the occasion, thronged with numerous worshippers at the mystic rites, most of whom were women and quadroons, though mixed somewhat with foreign-born guests, and with one or two who were obviously to the manor born. These women were all dressed elaborately, some of them in bridal costume, and with an extraordinary regard to the fineness and purity of their underclothing and linen. At one end of the chapel a corpse was exposed.

The rites having commenced, an elderly turbaned female, dressed in yellow and red, ascended a sort of dais and chaunted a wild sort of fetish song, to which the others kept up an accompaniment with their voices and with a drum-like beat of their hands and feet. At the same time they commenced to slowly move in a circle, while gradually increasing the time. As the motion gained in intensity the flowers and other ornaments disappeared from their hair, and their dresses were torn open, and each one conducted herself like a bacchante. Every one was becoming drunk and intoxicated with the prevailing madness and excitement. As they danced in the circle, in the centre of which stood a basket with a dozen hissing snakes whose heads were projecting from the cover, each corybante touched the serpent's head with her brand.

In the midst of that saturnalia of witches, the pythoness of the extraordinary dance and revel was a young girl, with bare feet, and costumed *en chemise*. In one hand she held a torch, and with wild, mantacal gestures, headed the band. In this awful state of nudity she continued her ever increasing frantic movements, until reason itself abandoned its earthly tenement.

In a convulsive fit she finally fell, foaming at the mouth like one possessed, and it was only then that the mad carnival found a pause. The girl was torn half dead from the scene, and has never yet been restored to her faculties; but enough was learned of her history to discover that, in despair of ever realizing her love in any other way, she had been made a party to demoniacal rites, whose only effect had been to subvert her reason.













